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THE FILMS OF TOM BAKER

Nicholas and Alexandra (1971) (Columbia Pictures) 183 minutes

Cast
Nicholas...Michael Jayston
Alexandra...Janet Suzman
Alexis...Roderic Noble
Olga...Ania Marson
Tatiana...Lynne Frederick
Marie...Candace Glendenning
Anastasia...Fiona Fullerton
Grand Duke Nicholas...Harry Andrews
The Queen Mother Marie Fedorovna...Irene Worth
Rasputin...Tom Baker
Count Fredericks...Jack Hawkins
Dr. Botkin...Timothy West
Tegleva...Katharine Schofield
Gilliard...Jean-Claude Drouot
Nagorny...John Hallam
Dr. Federov...Guy Rolfe
Col. Kobylinsky
Count Witte...Laurence Olivier
Stolypin...Erci Porter
Sazoniv...Michael Redgrave
Kokovtsov...Maurice Denham
Rodzianko...Ralph Truman
Guchkov...Gordon Gostelow
Kerensky...John McEnery
Lenin...Michael Bryant
Mme. Krupskaya...Vivian Pickles
Trotsky...Brian Cox
Stalin...James Hazeldine
Martov...Stephen Greif
Pankratov...Steven Berkoff
Plekhanov...Eric Chapman
Yakolev...Iam Holm
Yurovsky...Alan Webb
Avadeyev...Leon Lissek
Goloshchekin...David Giles
General Alexeiev...Roy Dotrice
Prince Yussoupov...Martin Potter
Grand Duke Dmitry...Richard Warwick
Dr. Lazovert...Vernon Dobtcheff
American Ambassador Root...Alexander Knox
British Ambassador Buchanan...Ralph Neville
French Ambassador Paleogogue...Jorge Rigaud
German Consul Sklarz...Curt Jurgens
Gapon...Julian Glover
Petya...John Shrapnel
Sonya...Diana Quick
Col. Voikov...John Forbes Robertson
Flautist...Alan Dalton
Young Bolshevik...David Baxter
Young Opera Singer...Penny Sugg

Crew
Producer...Sam Spiegel
Director...Franklin J. Schaffner
Screenplay by...James Goldman
From the book by...Robert K. Massie
Music composed by...Richard Rodney Bennett
Associate Producer...Andrew Donally
Costume Designer...Yvonne Blake
Film Editor...Ernest Blake
Film Editor...Ernest Walter
Additional dialogue by...Edward Bond

I racconti di Canterbury (The Canterbury Tales) (1971)

Cast
The Student...Tom Baker
Director...Pier Paolo Pasolini
[Obviously, this listing is not compiled from any exhaustive source material. If any reader can supply more details of cast and crew, *Fantasy Empire* will run them.]

The Vault of Horror (1971) (Cinerama. A Metromedia/Amicus Production) Rated "R." 93 minutes.

Cast
"Midnight Mess"
Rogers...Daniel Massey
Donna...Anna Massey
Clive...Mike Pratt
Old Waiter...Erik Chitty
Waiter...Jerold Wells

"Bargain in Death"
Maitland...Michael Craig
Alex...Edward Judd
Tom...Robin Nedwell
Jerry...Geoffrey Davies
Gravedigger...Arthur Mullard
"This Trick'll Kill You"
Sebastian...Curt Jergens
Inez...Dawn Addams
Indian Girl...Jasmina Hilton
Fakir...Ishaq Bux
"The Neat Job"
Critchit...Terry Thomas
Eleanor...Glynis Johns
Jane...Marianne Stone
Wilson...John Forbes-Robertson
"Drawn and Quartered"
Moore...Tom Baker
Diltant...Denholm Elliott
Breedly
Breedly...Terence Alexander
Gaskill...John Witty
Crew
Producers...Max J. Rosenberg, Milton Subotsky
Executive Producer...Charles W. Fries
Production Executive...Paul Thompson
Screenplay by...Milton Subotsky
Director...Roy Ward Baker
Assistant Director...Anthony Waye
Photography...Denys Coop
Art Director...Tony Curtis
Editor...Oswald Hafenrichter

The Mutations (1973 in England/1974 in U.S.) (Columbia) Rated "R." 92 minutes

Cast
Nolter...Donald Pleasence
Lynch...Tom Baker
Brian...Julie Ege
Brian...Brad Harris
Hedi...Julie Ege
Burns...Michael Dunn
Tony...Scott Antony
Lauren...Jill Haworth
Bridget...Olga Anthony
Prostitute...Lisa Collings
Landlady...Joan Scott
Tramp...Toby Lennon
Doctor...Rochard Davies
Policeman...John Wreford
Nurse...Elithe Dunne
Dwarf Tony...Tony Mayne
Dwarf Molly...Molly Tweedle
Midget...Kathy Kitchen
Fat Lady...Fran Fullenwider
Skinny Lady...Lesley Roose
Bearded Lady...Lay Bura
Fire-Eater...Dee Bura
Monkey Woman...Madge Barnett
Popeye...Willie Ingram
Alligator Girl...Esther Blackmon
Pretzel Boy...Hugh Baily
Frog Boy...Felix Duarte
Crew
Producer...Robert D. Weinbach
Director...Jack cardiff
Executive Producer...J. Ronald Getty
Screenplay by...Robert D. Weinbach, Edward Mann
Photography...Paul Beesen
Art Director...Herbert Smith
Associate Producers...Herbert G. Luft, Brad Harris
Music...Basil Kirchin
In association with Jack Nathan, special side-show attractions presented by Walter L. Mancus & Sons
Editors...Russell Weelnough, David Beesley
Assistant Directors...Brian Dunbar, Ray Freeborn, Gareth Tandy

Frankenstein: The True Story (19731 TV movie) (Universal Pictures Television Limited) 200 minutes.

Cast In order of appearance)
Polidori...James Mason
...Leonard Whiting
...Davud McCallum
...Jane Seymour
...Nicola Pagett
The Creature...Michael Sarrazin
...Michael Wliding
Clarissa Kaye
...Agnes Moorehead
...Margaret Leighton
...Ralph Richardson
...John Gielgud
Sea Captain...Tom Baker
Crew
Producer...Hunt Stromberg, Jr.
Teleplay by...Christopher Isherwood, Don Bachardy
Director...Jack Smight
From the novel by...Mary Shelley

The Golden Voyage of Sinbad (1974) (Columbia) Rated "G." 105 minutes.
Cast
Sinbad...John Phillip Law
Margiana...Caroline Munro
Koura...Tom Baker
Vizier...Douglas Wilmer
Rachid...Martin Shaw
Hakim...Gregoire Aslan
Haroun...Kurt Christian
Achmed...Takis Emmanuel
Abdul...John D. Garfield
Omar...Aldo Sambrell
Crew
Producer...Charles H. Schneer, Ray Harryhausen
Director...Gordon Hessler
Photography...Ted Moore
Screenplay...Brian Clemens
Art Director...Fernando Gonzalez
Editor...Roy Watts
Music...Miklos Rozsa
Designer...John Stoll
Assistant Director...Miguel A. Gil, Jr.

The Curse of King Tut's Tomb (1980 TV movie)

Cast
...Eva Marie Saint
Howard Carter...Robin Ellis
Sabastian...Raymond Burr
Lord Carnarvon...Harry Andrews
...Wendy Hiller
...Angharadrees
Hassan...Tom Baker
Newspaper Reporter...Tom Baker [yes, this is correct]
...Barbara Murray
...Faith Brook
...Patricia Routledge
Fishbait...John Palmer
Narrator...Paul Scofield
Crew
Executive Producer...Hunt Stromberg, Jr., Stoddard W. Kerby
Producer...Peter Graham Scott
Teleplay by...Herb Meadow
Director...Philip Leacock

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WHAT DO THESE NAMES ALL HAVE IN COMMON?

A for Andromeda The Abominable Dr. Phibes Alice in Wonderland The Avengers Roy Ward Baker Tom Baker John Barry Frank Bellamy Honor Blackman Blake's 7 Walter R. Booth Les Bowie Captain Canuck Cerebus the Aardvark The Champions A Christmas Carol Arthur C. Clarke Brian Clemens Susan Cooper Hazel Court Peter Cushing Ronald Dahl Dan Dare The Day of the Triffids Dead of Night Terrance Dicks Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde Doctor Who Dracula Lord Dunsany Peter Ellenshaw Lionel Fanthorpe Terence Fisher Ian Fleming Flook Bryan Forbes Four D. Jones Frankenstein Stuart Freeborn Fu Manchu Garth The Goodies Gorgo Michael Gough Gulliver Hammer Films William Hartnell Jeff Hawke Lionel Jeffries Judge Dredd Nigel Kneale Christopher Lee Brian Lewis Herbert Lom George MacDonald Malcolm McDowell Mabinogion The Man in the White Suit The Man Who was Thursday Marvelman Mary Poppins A Matter of Life and Death Lois Maxwell Merlin Metal Mickey A Midsummer's Night's Dream Modesty Blaise Monty Python's Flying Circus Michael Moorcock The Mouse that Roared The Muppet Show The Narnian Chronicles Terry Nation Edith Nesbit New Worlds The Once and Future King Out of this World Jon Pertwee Peter Pan Stanley Pitt Donald Pleasence The Pobble Who Had No Toes The Protectors David Prowse Quatermass Arthur Rackham Oliver Reed The Rocky Horror Show Nicholas Roeg Ruddigore Jimmy Sangster Sapphire and Steel Scarth The Sorcerer Peter Sellers Space: 1999 Star Maidens Vargo Statten Barbara Steele Steeleye Span The Survivors Sylvie and Bruno Tales of the Unexpected Terry-Thomas Thomas the Rhymer Thunderbirds J.R.R. Tolkien Patrick Troughton E.C. Tubb UFO Edgar Wallace The Water Babies H.G. Wells Winnie the Pooh Worzel Gummidge W.B. Yeats and more!

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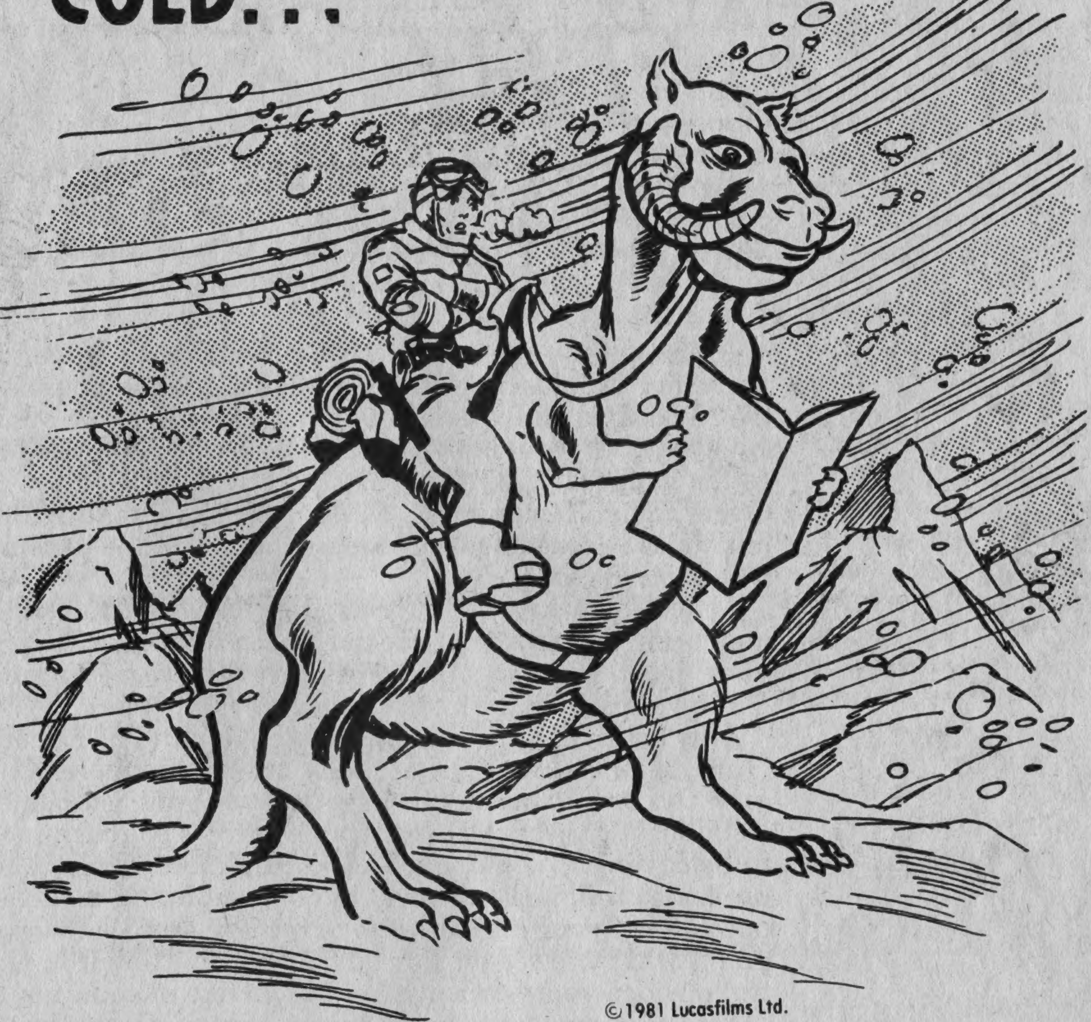

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THE SUN NEVER SETS

As Sapphire, Steel, and the Doctor should agree, time causes problems. What is desperately needed is a thirty-hour day, but even that would not solve everything. I'd never imagined putting a first issue together would take so much time, nor did I imagine that, once the material was ready that there would be delays in printing. Over the next few months, *Fantasy Empire* should settle down to a fairly steady schedule, and readers should be able to count on seeing it at a specific time.

I should warn you, however, that New Media Publishing, Inc. may bring you an extra issue during the summer to help you occupy your vacation hours. Don't be surprised if one monthly *Fantasy Empire* pops up in the midst of the bimonthly ones.

This issue contains the second of two parts of Robert Coulson's "Fantasy in Folksong." Originally conceived as one long article, it grew too long to run in one issue and was split. I hesitate to call this installment the conclusion, because there is so much more territory to be covered. Would you like to read more Coulson commentary on British folkmusic themes? I'm still exploring reader's tastes and opinions; if your *only* interest in fantasy and SF of the British Empire is what you see on TV, I'd like to know about it. (I hope you'll try to widen your horizons, but I'd still like to know about it.)

One of my major concerns is that *Fantasy Empire* not extensively duplicate features in wide circulation elsewhere. If a project I have in mind appears in some other journal, I'll try to recommend its purchase to you, and go on to something else. (Editors in every field try to avoid duplicating coverage exactly. It's a problem especially in the proliferating magazines devoted to TV hobbyists.)

My problem is that I don't as yet have instant access to contents of British newsstands or U.K. news releases. (For example, two weeks ago, I got in the mail a newspaper clipping of Peter Davison—Doctor Five om *Doctor Who*—dressed in cricketer's garb, along with a mid-thigh-length coat; he was in front of the TARDIS, taking a swing with a cricket bat, and a closer look revealed a sweater-vest under the coat. Will the new Doctor bat and bowl his way through an entire season wearing shinguards? Does *any* of the costume reflect what Davison will be wearing in the show? It's the sort of thing that puts editors through the mill.)

But worse than not getting press releases is the problem of unwittingly duplicating what is coming out in England. I hear that the British *Doctor Who Monthly* contains the sort of episode guide beginning in this issue of *Fantasy Empire*. I haven't yet seen it, and I understand it did not run a complete season in its first guide issue. However, I'm concerned that readers may feel they are getting too much of the same thing. Since I encourage all *Doctor Who* fans to buy Marvel's *Doctor Who Monthly* (as well as suggesting *Starlog* and *Starburst* to general admirers of British fantasy and SF), I certainly don't intend to publish exactly what those magazines publish. The same goes for Jean-Marc Lofficier's *The Doctor Who Programme Guide*. I'll try to maintain contents that bring you new material—or things you won't find elsewhere. (In the meantime, look at the Starlog photo guidebook *TV Episode Guides #1*, with its guide to all Tom Baker seasons of *Doctor Who*.)

You may notice an absence of BBC photographs in this issue (and, probably, #3) of *Fantasy Empire*. This is a matter of grim economics and not my wish. Negotiations are continuing.

You'll note a new column beginning this issue, "Lady Fandermere's Wind." There is so much fine work being done in specialized fields like this that it cannot all be experienced via the few professional magazines. Moreover, no magazine can give you what you'd experience at a convention. *Fantasy Empire* won't have room to tell you all about everything, but you should be able to get your fannish toes wet, if you pursue the suggestions in the fan column.

In addition to that fan column, this issue has another new feature, a reprint of the first complete adventure of *Four D. Jones*. If all goes well, *Fantasy Empire #3* will feature the comic-strip "Coming of Gurk" adventure from the comic-strip *Flook*. The former has, as far as I know, never before been collected. The latter was reprinted in book form years ago in England. (I confess I chose it knowing that; it's one of my very favorite *Flook* adventures and requires very little esoteric background on the reader's part.) Let me know whether you enjoy these complete stories enough for me to make such reprints a regular feature. They take a large bite out of each issue's editorial content, but they're such enjoyable fantasies and so difficult to find, even in England, that I wanted to give you a look at them.

CONTRIBUTORS WANTED!

Fantasy Empire **is always looking for writers and artists who are interested in British fantasy. If you have articles and/or artwork which pertain to any aspect of British fantasy we would be very interested in reviewing them for possible publication. While we can't print everything we receive, we do give every submission careful and enthusiastic consideration. Please enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope if you want your submission returned and please include your name and address on all your contributions. All submissions should be addressed to:** ***Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor, Ohio 44060.***

ADDITIONS & CORRECTIONS

By Maggie Thompson

> *"O shame! where is thy blush?"*
> —Hamlet, *Act III, Sc. 4*

In *Fantasy Empire* #1 you were introduced to this department. I suspected then that it would be difficult to fill eighty pages with facts without *some* problems. You can rest assured that each issue of this magazine will contain this department, where you can locate at once the gaffes and fluffs I and my production staff let slip by. No readers have sent in correspondence on the first issue yet, but an embarrassed editor has spotted a fair number herself.

The most egregiously idiotic error in #1 was in misspelling—not once, but twice—the author of the article on *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*. Francis Danes' name was misspelled on the contents page *and* the article's title page, and the foul-up happened somewhere in the middle of the editorial process and remained uncaught by anyone. This is especially embarrassing because Francis Danes is well known to *Doctor Who* fans in the U.S. as well as England. Frank and his brother Simon edit the amateur magazine *Fendahl*, which has brought *Doctor Who* fans word not only of that program but also of the recently telecast *Hitchhiker*. We're sorry, Francis.

Here's a list of other problems I caught, belatedly:

pp. 11-12: The story editor for *Star Wars'* radio version was Lindsay Smith. The National Public Radio station list was a disaster; tiny type, corrections telephoned to the typesetter, and an impending deadline conspired to complicate it. (I think Carol Kalish would willingly have incised the list in my anatomy with a knifepoint before she finished typesetting it. Now she gets to set it again—the corrected portions, at least.) Corrections:

AZ Tucson KUAT-AM 1550
    Tucson, KUAT-FM 90.5
IL De Kalb WNIU 89.5
KS Hutchinson KHCC-FM 90.1
    Pierceville KANZ-FM 91.1
KY Morehead WMKY-FM 90.3
    Worcester WICN-FM 90.5
MI Berrien Springs WAUS-FM 90.7
    Detroit WDET-FM 101.9
MN Duluth WSCD-FM 92.9
    Moorhead KCCM-FM 91.1
MO Point Lookout KSOZ-FM 91.7
    St. Louis KWMU-FM 91.0
NM Albuquerque KUNM-FM 90.1
    Las Cruces KRWG-FM 90.7
NY Binghamton WSKG-FM 89.3
OH Columbus WCBE-FM 90.5
    Columbus WOSU-FM 89.7
    Columbus WOSU-AM 820
    Yellow Springs WYSO-FM 91.3
PA Hershey WITF-FM 89.5
TN Murfreesboro WMOT-FM 89.5
TX Beaumont KVLU-FM 91.3
WV Buckhannon WVPW-FM 88.9
WI Brule WHSA-FM 89.9

p.23: Dorothea Chaplet's nickname of "dodo" should have been inserted in the Companions list, so that the uninitiated reader would be better able to follow the plot descriptions.

p. 24: The Cybermen invaded from the lost planet of Mondas.

p. 28: Barry Letts was producer in the show's ninth season.

p. 29: "Carnival of Monsters" was broadcast 1/27/73-2/17/73.

p. 30: Sarah Jane Smith's full name should have appeared in the Companions list.

p. 31: "The Face of Evil" was broadcast 1/1/77-1/22/77.

p. 32: Anthony Read was script editor from 4Y. John Leeson did the voice of K-9 in the sixteenth season and should have been listed with other Companions.

p. 33: Show 5F was "The Armageddon Factor." Show 5G ("The Creature from the Pit") was by David Fisher. Broadcast dates for the seventeenth season were September 1, 1979, through January 12, 1980, and were broken down as follows:

    5J "Destiny of the Daleks" 9/1/79-9/22/79
    5H "City of Death" 9/29/79-10/20/79
    5G "The Creature from the Pit" 10/27/79-11/17/79
    5K "The Nightmare of Eden" 11/24/79-12/15/79
    5L "The Horns of Nimon" 12/27/79-1/12/80
    5M "Shada" was partially filmed but no part was broadcast.

The eighteenth season ran, as far as I can tell, from August 30, 1980, through March 21, 1981. (I say "as far as I can tell," because they were the *planned* broadcast dates—which isn't necessarily the same thing.)

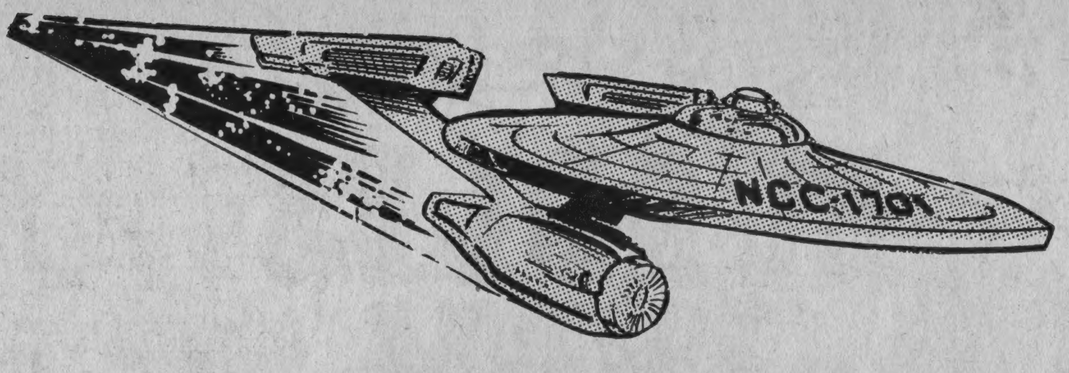
p. 34: The eighteenth season was apparently as follows:

    5N "The Leisure Hive" 8/30/80-9/20/80
    5Q "Meglos" 9/27/80-10/18/80
    5R "Full Circle" 10/25/80-11/15/80
    5P "State of Decay" 11/22/80-12/13/80
    5S "Warriors' Gate" 1/3/81-1/24/81
    5T "The Keeper of Traken" 1/31/81-2/21/81
    5V "Logopolis" 2/28/81-3/21/81

The bottom of the page was supposed to read, "BEGINNING NEXT ISSUE: An In-Depth Analysis of DOCTOR WHO. Part I, The First Season."

Mind you, I haven't gone into minor typographical errors. I suspect you can locate those for yourself and realize, for example, that the *Hitchhiker* article started on page 44, not on page 14, as the contents page said.

Let's gather here next issue to see whether things improve by *Fantasy Empire* #2.



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EI also covers the world of fan fiction and it examines not only the trends in this sub-genre and reviews the best work available, but it also presents its own ST fiction to help fill the demand by fans who feel cheated by the juvenilia published by Bantam Books. In fact, *EI #9* has an exhaustive article reviewing all of the Bantam Star Trek novels and we pull no punches in our critical study of these less than talented exercises.

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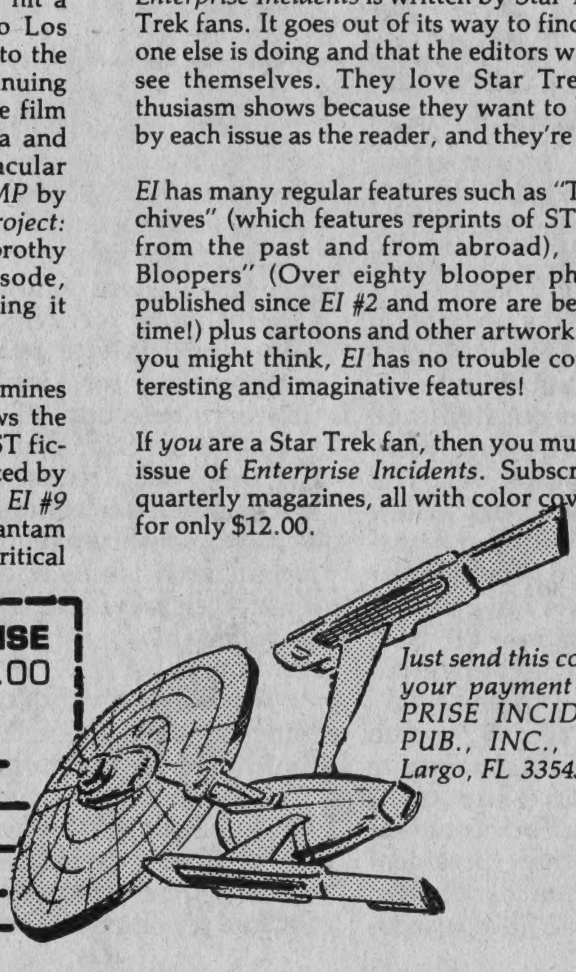

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BUNDLES FROM BRITAIN

[As word spread of the birth of *Fantasy Empire*, I began to receive from helpful people around the world clippings about aspects of British fantasy. This column will present as much news as possible each issue.]

"The Lion's Share" *(by Maggie)*: In the last *Bundles from Britain*, I discussed the changes affecting Time-Life, whose contracts with the BBC expire in March 1982. Larry Charet sends a clipping about the formation of a subsidiary of Public Media Inc. (whose other subsidiaries include Films Incorporated and Quartet Films). The subsidiary is Lionheart Television, 40 West 57th Street, New York, New York 10019. Many former Time-Life people will be working for Lionheart, which is now the exclusive representative of BBC Enterprises' syndicated material. (That's as opposed to the BBC's U.S. cable arm, RCTV, which was discussed in *Fantasy Empire #1*.) Former Time-Life staff members working for Lionheart include Wynn Nathan (president and chief executive officer for Lionheart), Frank Miller (executive vice president), Floyd Osburn (director of business administration), Mark Feldman (assistant to Osburn), and Mary Miller (director of program operations). Nelsa Gidney (who used to work for WNET-TV in New York) is vice president of programming for Lionheart. Lionheart's selection of 948 programs range from *Not the Nine O'Clock News* (recommended in last issue's letter column) to *The Shirley Bassey Show*. I hope to have news next issue about Lionheart's releases in the SF and fantasy areas.

* * *

"Fan into Pro" (by John Peel): Nineteen-year-old Andrew Smith had his dream become reality, when his script for *Doctor Who* was filmed. Shown third in the eighteenth season, his story ("Full Circle") pleased viewers. Set on a planet in the alternate dimension of E-space, the story revolved around the crashed Starliner, whose crew died centuries before but left descendants who are trying to get the ship ready for takeoff. A small band of young outlaws is joined by the boy Adric (played by Matthew Waterhouse), and all become involved with the Doctor and Romana. At tale's end, Adric stows away in the TARDIS.

"I will hold to my grave the firm view that, when structuring the story, the best thing to do is to say, 'There have been no previous *Doctor Who* stories,'" Smith said. But he added, "I like putting some continuity in the script; it takes away barriers that were never there in the first place."

The plot of "Full Circle" was complex, involving the mystery of the marsh creatures and the actions of the Deciders (who ruled the crew's descendants), who were forced into rather nasty decisions. "The complicated facets of the plot derived from the characters, their backgrounds, and their motivations, not from physical happenings. Mistfall and the attack of the Marshmen were the only things really 'spontaneous' in the story, the real drama—*I* think—being derived from the *behavior* of the characters, to each and every one of which I gave a tremendous amount of thought. For all the characters—including Adric—I wrote character histories, their life stories from birth to the time of the story, so that I really knew them. I put in details such as the time Adric ran away from Varsh (his brother) and his parents, while they still lived in the Starliner, to the hills where he wanted to be alone to think things out. Returning to the Starliner, he found his parents had been killed in an explosion—an explosion triggered by Decider Draith, designed to reinforce the idea that the vessel was still not nearly ready for takeoff, the area of the explosion supposed to be deserted at the time of ignition. Adric never knew this for sure, but he suspected it. It made him hate the ship and distrust the Deciders."

When it comes time for the novel, he intends to write it himself and has firm ideas on the subject. "I won't be sticking religiously to the script. Some things will be cut, some things added, and existing factors will be made more of in some circumstances. I plan to have a chapter on the crashing of the Starliner, with new characters, and perhaps we'll have a look at Adric's younger days. Perhaps."

He has been asked to submit a scene breakdown for a story for the new season. That doesn't necessarily mean another story, since many scene breakdowns are required before final choice is made of the stories to be filmed. Certainly, however, many people are hoping to see an Andrew Smith story in Peter Davison's first season.

* * *

"Fourth Medium Well Done" (by John Peel): Having entered its fourth medium, the six-part adaptation of Douglas ("I'm now living in tax exile in America") Adams' celebrated *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* is scoring another success. Viewer response to its television form is tremendous.

Shown at 9 p.m. on Mondays on BBC2, the show attracted a large audience, proving that the BBC investment of about $675,000 paid off. Effects were superb; the Vogon space-ship looked (on the outside) like a sleek, space-going aircraft carrier and (on the inside) like something after Neary finished his gardening in *Close Encounters*. The Vogans themselves were superbly ugly, but the cream of the crop (and the most difficult effect of all) was Zaphod Beeblebrox, with his two heads and three arms. Obviously, one each of Mark

Wing-Davey's heads and arms was a fake, but the makeup was so superb that it wasn't always easy to tell what was real. The Book's graphics, too, were very nice and go to show that the art of producing graphics has progressed to great heights. When some American company buys the show (as someone *must* do!), watch out for the first episode's Babel Fish sequence. (A Babel fish is a small yellow fish you stick into your ear, and you are given a full, insane explanation of the reason you should do so.)

There's only one small drawback: After the radio series, the repeat radio series, the Christmas show, the repeat Christmas show at Easter, the repeat Christmas show the following Christmas, the record, the novel, the second record, the second radio series, the repeat of the second radio series, and the second novel—the jokes are wearing a little thin for British fans.

* * *

"Picking up *Hitchhiker's* **[cq]"** (by Maggie): Production schedules being what they were on *Fantasy Empire #1*, many readers learned of National Public Radio's broadcast of *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* only after the series had completed its run on their local stations. I asked Ruth A. Lee of National Public Radio whether local NPR stations were limited in the number of broadcasts of the program, and she assured me that the stations were free to repeat the series of twelve episodes, if they wanted to do so. If you missed the broadcasts the first time around, why not ask your local NPR outlet to repeat the classic series?

In the meantime, one radio station in the country is vividly aware of the stature of *Hitchhiker*. Cleveland, Ohio, has no NPR station, thanks to a cut in school budgets, the consequent closing of the area NPR facility, and the resultant squabble over what local group should be given the franchise. WCLV-FM, 95.5 Mhz, is Cleveland's prestigious classical music station and syndicates many programs on a national basis. But each Saturday night the program manager, Robert D. Conrad, is host of a show which contains comedy numbers, show tunes, and folk music in a "curiously strange potpourri of music, wit, and convivial companionship for the housebound on live-it-up night." The show is so popular that it is rerun on Wednesday afternoon.

Conrad came across *Hitchhiker* in its lp record form and played a bit each week to a public which rapidly became devoted to it. When NPR offered the series in the U.S., Conrad offered to play it—commercial-free—so that listeners who could not hear it otherwise would have a chance. (The cassette of the show I mentioned last month turned out to be available only to reviewers.) NPR balked at Conrad's suggestion and stalled, while NPR radio stations across the country broadcast the show (often without advertising it or even telling interested listeners when the series was to begin). In one area which hungered for the complete series, NPR refused to make it available.

The situation was outlined in *Current* (a publication of the National Association of Educational Broadcasters) for May 11. It repeated Conrad's point that Clevelanders pay federal taxes, too, and therefore support the system which is refusing to give them equal benefits. "We intend to force the issue," he was reported as saying. "We think we've got a very good case." Conrad would, if necessary, begin with pressure on the Congress, finally going to the courts and the FCC, if necessary. NPR at present won't say no and it won't say yes. *Current* reports:

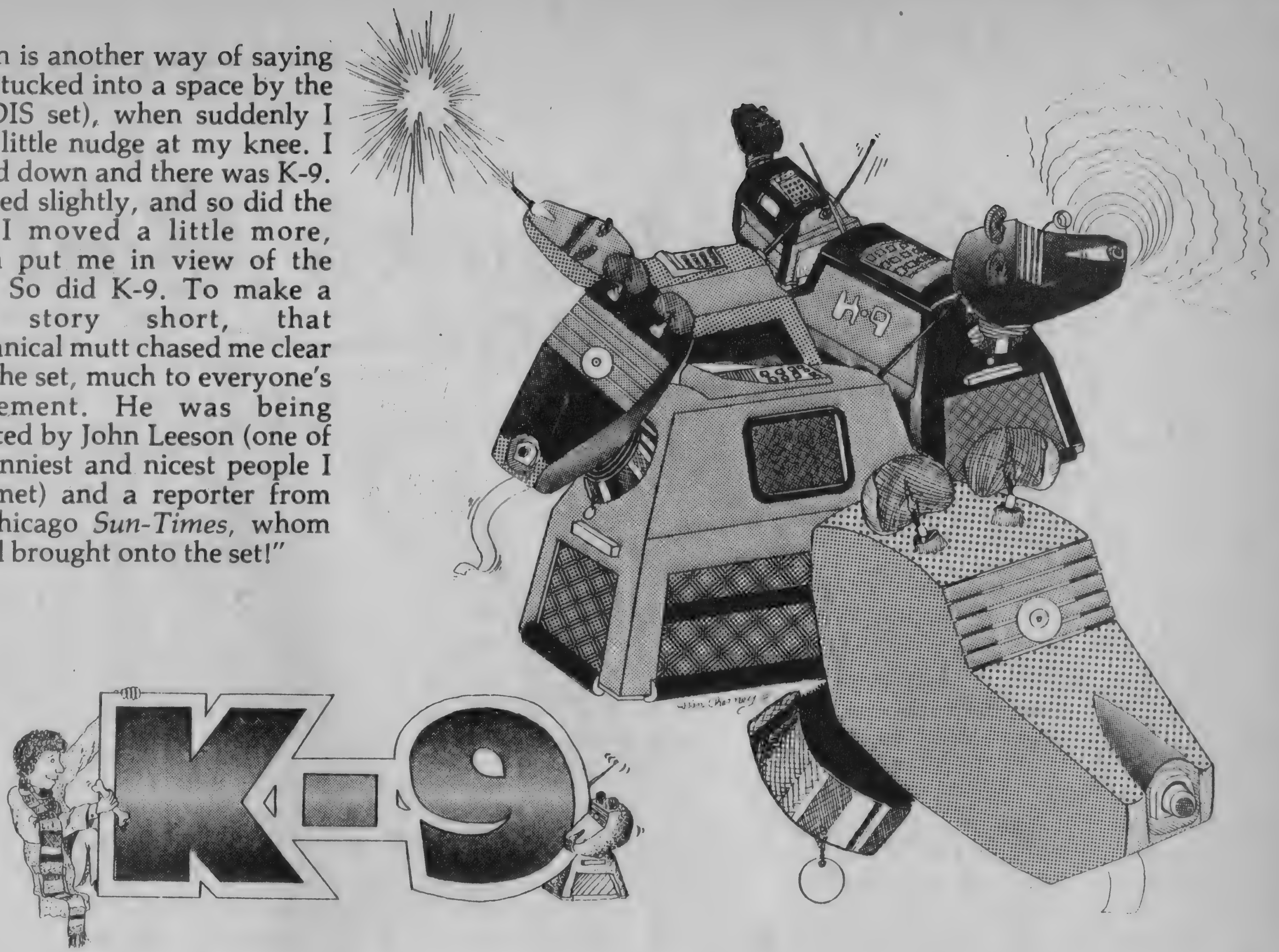
It's a question of priorities—system expansion or program delivery—according to a carefully balanced issue paper prepared for the Membership Committee by the NPR staff. 'The existing policy has served the system well in a period when it was necessary to develop an identity and attract new stations,' the paper says. 'If it is determined that the growth period is not over... the policy could be maintained.' However: 'If the system determines it is in its best interest to find alternative delivery mechanisms for public radio programs, there could be a trend toward less emphasis on "expansion stations" and more emphasis on distribution of programs.'

The issue will be considered by the NPR Membership Committee, which will take its recommendation to the NPR Board July 23-24. If it decides to make the programs available to commercial stations, the Board will then decide what price to charge. We'll keep you posted.

* * *

"Putting on the Dog?" (by John Peel): The Doctor's mechanical computer-dog, K-9, has bowed (ouch!) out of *Doctor Who* with the story "Warrior's Gate," but a British newspaper (the *Sun*) has been conducting a "Save K-9" campaign and claims to have scored a small victory. Bob Baker, co-creator of the canine companion, has been asked to submit a storyline for consideration for the nineteenth season —a storyline which includes K-9. A lot of children apparently like K-9; it remains to be seen whether the BBC will renew the dog's license.

Nancy Arena visited the *Doctor Who* set in the course of getting material for her article on Tom Baker. She writes, "I was carefully standing where Tom thought I would have a good chance of seeing everything while not being in the way (which is another way of saying I was tucked into a space by the TARDIS set), when suddenly I felt a little nudge at my knee. I looked down and there was K-9. I moved slightly, and so did the dog. I moved a little more, which put me in view of the crew. So did K-9. To make a long story short, that mechanical mutt chased me clear onto the set, much to everyone's amusement. He was being operated by John Leeson (one of the funniest and nicest people I ever met) and a reporter from the Chicago *Sun-Times*, whom *he* had brought onto the set!"



CONTRIBUTORS WANTED!

Fantasy Empire is always looking for writers and artists who are interested in British fantasy. If you have articles and/or artwork which pertain to any aspect of British fantasy we would be very interested in reviewing them for possible publication. While we can't print everything we recieve, we do give every submission careful and enthusiastic consideration. Please enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope if you want your submission returned and please include your name and address on all your contributions. All submissions should be addressed to: *Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor, Ohio 44060.*

[Note: Oscar Wilde was a British fantasist, but all hands agree this is an awful title, even for as long-winded a fan as I tend to be. Suggestions for a new title would be gratefully received.]

Lady Fandermere's Wind

This is a new department, one designed to spread news about amateur efforts to promote and discuss fantasy and SF from the British Empire. If you know about conventions, fanzines, or similiar efforts readers would be interested in, do let me know about them. (You know the address by now, right? Maggie Thompson, Fantasy Empire, *8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor, Ohio 44060 U.S.A.) The one thing I will not do (at least for now) is include the costs of memberships, subscriptions, etc. My reasoning is that such costs tend to change, and this type of column tends to be used for months. The result is that a club may get a membership request with a check for the 1981 cost in 1982. Correspondence results in which postage, checks, and paperwork pile up. What you should do is send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the address given and ask for current costs and further information. (People sometimes ask how to send an SASE. Simply fold (so as to fit into another envelope) a stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Write a request for whatever information you want and insert the folded envelope and your letter into another envelope. Alternatively, you can take a small, self-addressed envelope and put it with your request in a larger envelope.)*

Fantasy Empire *readers may run into another problem, that of wanting information from overseas. I'd suggest you check first to find out whether an equivalent item is available in your own country. If an importer has ordered a quantity, he can offer it for sale more cheaply than you'll be able to get it, once you've added postage, value-added-tax, and the like. However, if you want to get information from another country, you can enclose in your letter an international reply coupon instead of a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The recipient can use that to pay for the postage of his reply. It is my understanding, however, that an airmail reply from overseas will require* two *international reply coupons. Ask your local post office for details.*

This installment of Lady Fandermere's Wind *is mostly devoted to* Doctor Who *items.* DW *is not, however, its sole and inevitable topic, nor has one installment exhausted the excellent* DW *material available. There'll be more next time.*

"Who Did You Say Is Coming?": The big news circulating in *Doctor Who* fandom recently is, of course, Panopticon West, the first annual North American Doctor Who Appreciation Society Convention. (Current plans are to have the convention float from city to city, being put on by a different authorized con committee each year.) Tom Baker and Lalla Ward have said they plan to attend. Other announced guests are Bjo Trimble (columnist for *Starlog,* author of the *Star Trek Concordance,* and long-time SF fanwriter and artist); George Clayton Johnson (co-author of *Logan's Run* and *Star Trek*); and David Bischoff (vice-president of the Science Fiction Writers of America). Site of the convention will be the Camelot Inn in Tulsa, Oklahoma; dates are August 14-16. Membership in the con costs $12 before July 21, 1981, and $15 at the door—*if* the con membership is not filled before then (in which case, you'll be out of luck). Send your check or money order to Panopticon West, P.O. Box 4229, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74104 U.S.A. Will I see you there?

(You'll notice that this is the one exception to my rule about listing prices. You simply wouldn't have time to work out the details by mail before convention time.)

* * *

"More for *Who* Fans": NADWAS/DWAS is an "official" *Doctor Who* fan club, with the imprimateur of the BBC. It offers a monthly newsletter free with your membership; it also offers an assortment of associated items available only to members, though at additional cost. NADWAS members can now buy, for example, T-shirts and patches with the NADWAS logo. (You'll be able to spot fellow members across a crowded classroom or wandering through town. Think of all the conversations you'll start, as people stare at you and say, "Doctor *Who*?") "DWAS" stands for "Doctor Who Appreciation Society"; "NADWAS" stands for "North American Doctor Who Appreciation Society." Write to NADWAS, 6642 Andasol Avenue, Van Nuys, California 91406 U.S.A.; Barbara Elder is the editor of the U.S.

edition of the newsletter. If you live in the United Kingdom, you'll want to write to DWAS via Gordon Blows, c/o 38 Hazeldean Road, Harlesden, London, NW10 8QU, United Kingdom.

* * *

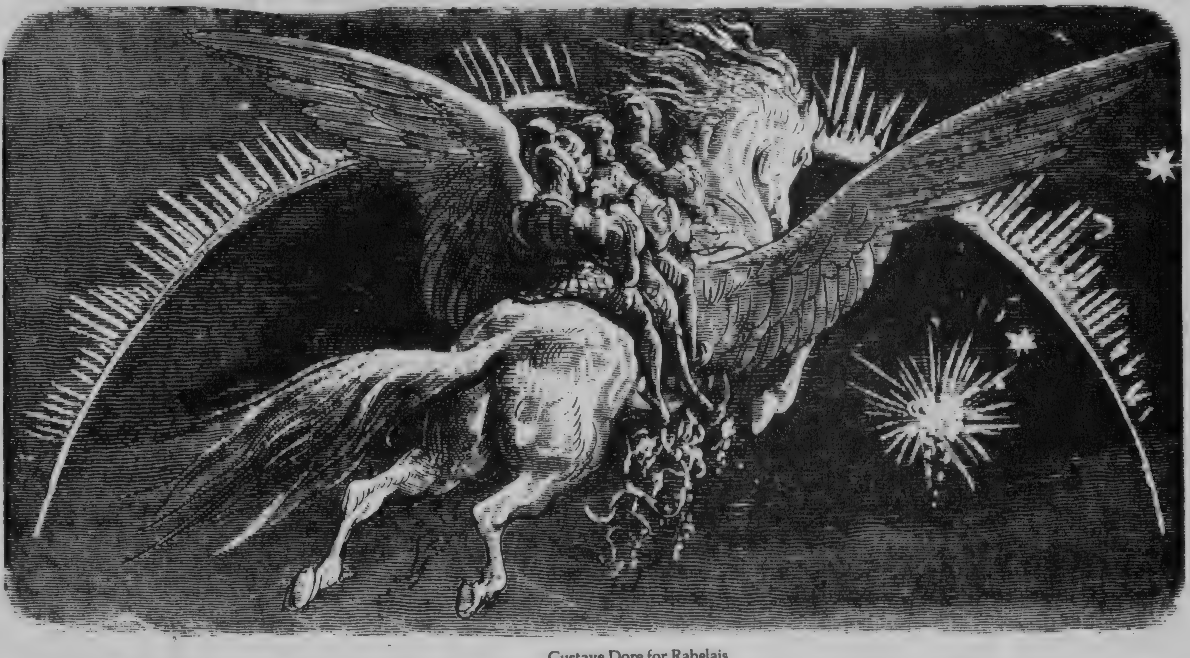
"Who's Down Under": I've just received a copy of a *Doctor Who* fanzine from Australia, *Zerinza #20*. It describes itself as "The Australasian Doctor Who Fanzine" and is a nice package of twelve offset pages of photos and text; it is put together by editor Antony Howe, P.O. Box 191, Gordon, New South Wales 2072 Australia. Many fans are accustomed to seeing fanzines from Canada, the U.S., and the U.K.; communications have been less routine with the Australian branch of *Who* fandom. This issue contains letters and articles of opinion, including one by Pat Fenech, "'Small, Young and Helpless': The Doctor's Female Assistants," which is based primarily on Baker's Doctor's female companions into the sixteenth season (though there are tangential discussions of Pertwee's Doctor). Of most interest, possibly, to the North American and British audiences is the article on Jon Pertwee's visit to Sydney. It's interesting to see that con committees suffer just as much Down Under as they do in the U.S. (There are the annoying attendees, the inevitable problems, and the thrill of meeting a favorite actor. Sweat and tears and joy must be a part of cons, no matter who is on a committee or where it is conducting its events.) Jon Pertwee comes across as a warm, helpful, and entertaining guest, and he did not charge the group a professional appearance fee, still warmly supporting a series on which he has not appeared for seven years.

* * *

"The Not-So-Monstrous *Fendahl*": You'll note Francis Danes' name in this month's "Additions and Corrections." He is more than the author of last issue's article on *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*; he is also co-editor with his brother Simon of *Fendahl*, a fanzine devoted to the Doctor and, sometimes, associated fantasy/SF on British TV. Circulation is very small at present but may grow as contacts with U.S. fandom increase. The lettercol and articles tend to be outspoken and may provoke intense rage or violent agreement, depending on your opinions. Recent issues have included features on the televised *Hitchhiker* and interviews with people involved with TV fantasy, as well as many reviews of *Doctor Who* episodes and books. Write Francis Danes, 15 Reigate Road, Worthing, West Sussex, BN11 5NF, United Kingdom.

* * *

"Something for Other Fantasy Fans": *The Hammer Journal* is an irregularly published newsletter devoted (of course) to Hammer Films Ltd. It's available from Richard Klemensen, 707 Greenbriar Road, Waterloo, Iowa 50703 U.S.A., and #1 (August 1980) has news of *The House of Hammer*, a series of thirteen one-hour Hammer horror films done for TV. I've heard marvelous things about the series, though none have been shown in the U.S. In any case, if you're a devoted fan, there's just no question about it; you should subscribe to this magazine, which is filled with photos, newsbits, background coverage of old films, and interviews. You should probably also consider becoming a member of the Hammer International Fan Club, c/o Colin Cowie (Club Secretary), 288 Lunsford Lane, Larkfield, Maidstone, Kent, ME20 6UH, United Kingdom.



Gustave Dore for Rabelais

©1981 Sue Martin, photographer

THEY THREW MARSHMALLOWS AT MACBETH

The Life and Times of TOM BAKER

by Nancy Arena

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In November 1980 it was publicly announced that, after seven years of portraying the time traveling Doctor on *Doctor Who*, Tom Baker had decided to leave the fantasy world at the BBC and go on to other things. In September I spoke with Baker regarding his decision to leave the series that had so radically changed his life, what led him to this point, and what his future might bring. We met at the BBC studios in London where he was filming *Doctor Who*.

Before entering the modern, sprawling complex, I confess, I had some slight feeling of trepidation, as I had been warned by various BBC personnel that tensions on the set were explosive and that Baker was vacillating between stony silence and tempestuous outbreaks. A carpenter's strike had delayed my visit by a week,

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The photographs used to illustrate this article come from the following sources: Stills marked "©1971 Columbia Pictures" are from ***Nicholas and Alexandra***, in which Baker played Rasputin. The photo marked "© 1973 Metromedia/Amicus" is from ***The Vault of Horror***, in which he played Moore. The still with Donald Pleasence marked "©1974 Columbia Pictures" is from ***The Mutations***, in which he played Lynch. Photos of the bearded Baker marked "©1974 Columbia Pictures" are from ***The Golden Voyage of Sinbad***, in which he played Koura. Sue Martin photographed him when he appeared at Sirius Productions' December 1980 ***Doctor Who*** convention in Los Angeles.

and the shooting schedule was to be a tight one because several days had been lost and production was falling way behind. I was met in the glassy lobby by Jane Judge, head of the *Who* production office, who gave me a badge with my name, the date, and the *Doctor Who* logo on it. "Don't lose it," she warned me with a grin, "or you'll be thrown out. This strike has everyone nervous."

Jane, a tall, pretty woman with a mass of brown hair, led me through a maze of corridors directly to the set, where dress rehearsals were in progress, and I was positioned behind two of the cameras, my feet carefully placed amid a complicated tangle of extension cables. The room seemed as large as a football field with various sets, including the familiar TARDIS interior, sectioning off the work areas.

It was very dark and as I looked up I could see never-ending rows of numbered Klieg lights, several of which were in use to focus on the scene in progress. On a platform high above me was Lalla Ward, the then-current companion Romana, being held captive in what appeared to be a converted dentist's chair, while several military types were discussing her fate. Jane left me to watch while she checked on Baker's availability, and I soon was approached by several technicians. "Hello, who are you? Would you like a cup of tea? Can I get you a better place to watch? Can you see the monitors okay?" Instead of the tense atmosphere I was expecting, I was met with nothing but friendliness. Ribald jokes and poor W. C. Fields impressions were abundant, and it was obvious that the crew was not only comfortable with each other but liked each other as well.

Jane returned and I was ushered out of the studio to Baker's dressing room (#201), a tiny closet of a place with bare walls, a small pink couch and a couple of purple chairs. Baker, looking pale and very tired, was signing autographs on picture postcards while names and brief synopses of letters were read to him. He had lost a great deal of weight recently, and his hair was less curly and shot with gray. "He's tired," was the explanation from Jane. "He's been working very hard." But wide smile and deep voice were very much in evidence as I was greeted with a warm handshake. "I have to go to work in a couple of minutes, but we'll meet back here during the lunch break, if that's all right with you and Jane?"

Back in the studio a few minutes later, I met the producer of the show, John Nathan-Turner, who said that things looked good for a new package of shows to be marketed in the United States. Lalla Ward was wandering around with John Leeson (voice of K-9) waiting for Baker to rehearse the next scene. When he arrived, now in full costume, she greeted him with a hug and a kiss, "Are you all right?" "Yes, certainly," he answered. "Hello, everybody. Let's get to work!" So much for tension on the set.

After a quick lunch in the plush and star-filled cafeteria and pub with Jane and Julie Jones (the talented young woman who directs the BBC publicity displays including the *Doctor Who* set-up in Blackpool), I returned to the dressing room where Baker, having refused lunch, was waiting. I sat in one of the purple chairs and immediately was directed to change positions. "Sit over here," Baker pointed to the couch, "where we can see each other better."

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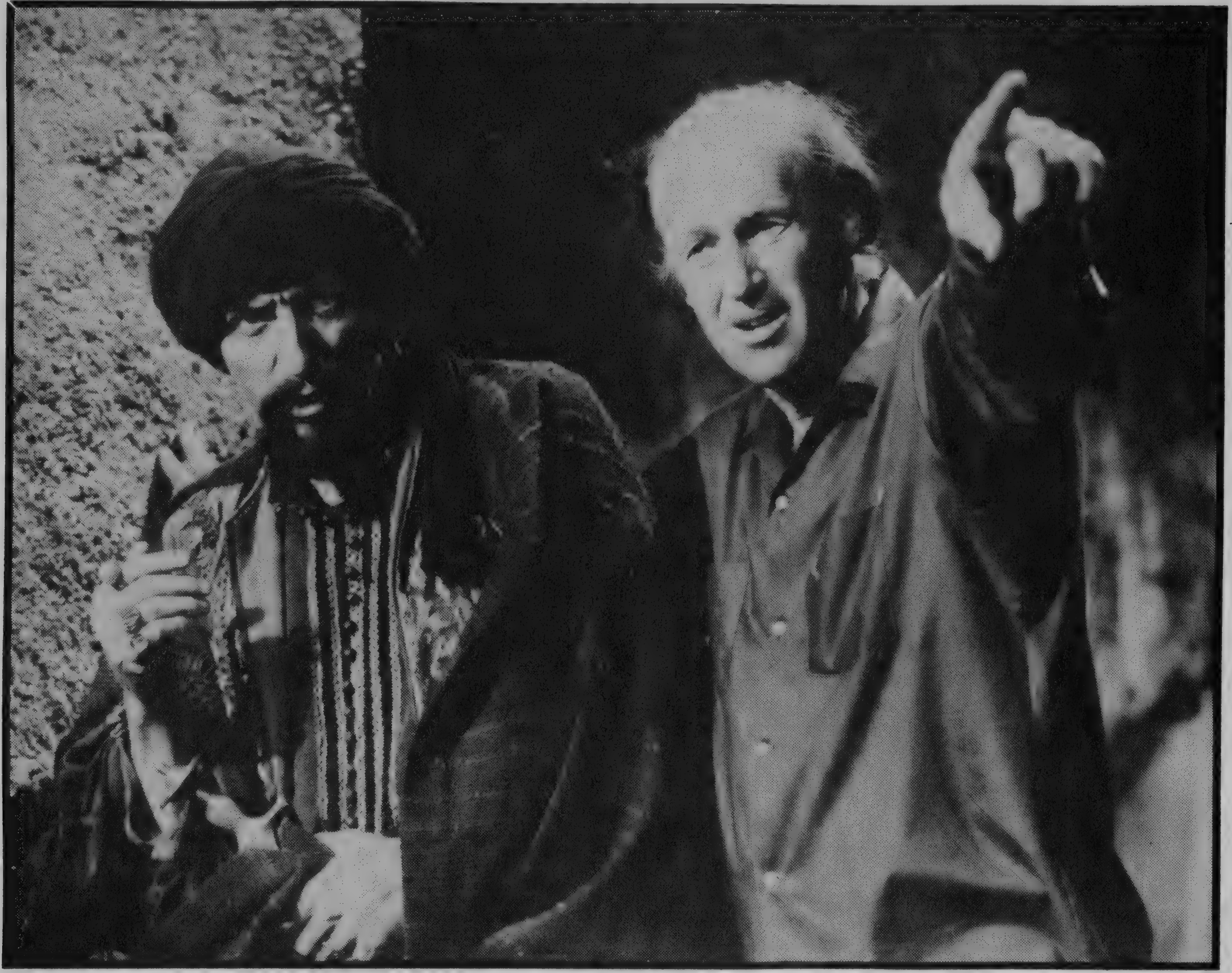
Baker is extremely articulate with a reputation for being a ladies' man, a drinker (though never when he's working), and a hard worker who throws himself into whatever he does with great intensity. He is flamboyant, shifting positions constantly, waving his hands expressively as he speaks, and chainsmoking. He laughs with ease, especially at himself.

Known for being inept with anything mechanical, he operated my tape recorder with relish, nearly destroying one tape as he changed to another. "Now," he said, when he had the tape going to his satisfaction, "ask me some questions."

Baker was born January 20, 1934, in Liverpool, England, the son of a Jewish father (who earned his living as a sailor) and an intensely devout Roman Catholic mother (who worked as a bar and hotel maid). He grew up in an Irish neighborhood and remembers the years of World War II clearly. "Airplanes were falling out of the sky and shops were being bombed and looted and I didn't have to go to school every day because it was too dangerous."

He spoke of being awakened in the middle of the night to go to an air raid shelter, and of laughing at German soldiers in the streets while becoming friendly with Italian soldiers, "since no one really took the Italians at all seriously." During the day he collected salvage "to defeat the dreadful Germans." It was an eventful childhood and, on the whole, "a pretty good one actually. It was an exciting time to be alive if you didn't get caught up by a bomb or a piece of shrapnel." Looking back, he speaks with regret, "I didn't learn anything. I think I've suffered from that ever since."

Baker is the eldest of three children with a sister eighteen months younger and a brother eight years younger. He rarely sees them today,



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though he thinks of them frequently and with great affection. His parents and most of his "close aunts" are dead and it seems that he never meets any family except at funerals, where "we pick it up as if no time had elapsed at all."

Under the influence of his mother and because "I was as theatrical as a working class child could be," he became intrigued at a very early age with "the rituals and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic church. I was into the melodrama, because children can't comprehend death. I was into the whole process of the burial of the dead and the brown candles and the incense." He paused. "I remember people not being so afraid to die..."

Already six-foot-one by the time he was eleven, Baker acted in school productions and, when he was fifteen, he was invited to join the well-known Abbey Theatre company in Dublin. His mother refused to let him go and so, in an effort to break away from his background, he took the "heroic" way out. At the age of sixteen he entered a monastery to work his way up as a novitiate monk with the Order of Pleormel (La Mennais Brothers), a teaching order situated on Jersey in the Channel Islands. After six years and a move to Shropshire, he resigned and now calls himself an agnostic, though he views with interest the religious revival sweeping the Near and Middle Eastern countries and the United States. "It's as if somehow it's a spontaneous revulsion to the sort of emptiness in the human existence," he states thoughtfully.

Within six weeks of leaving the monastery, the tall, gangly, and very shy Baker was snapped up by the compulsory National Service, where he soon became known as the village idiot, crying for effect during inspection, saluting anything that moved, and generally creating comical havoc. He became an expert on KP duty and eventually ended up tending the pigs. But it was here, after being pushed into a Unit show, that he

©1971 Columbia Pictures

discovered his talent for making people laugh and, by the time that his two years of service were up, he knew that he wanted to be an actor.

He received a scholarship to attend a small drama school in London but had several months to wait, so joined the Merchant Navy to fill time. "It was good preparation and was quite good fun. It's all grist for the mill, isn't it?" He worked on board the *Queen Mary* and several other ships, but acting was the main goal and he threw himself into it, supporting himself by whatever job he could work into his schedule. Tending roses, construction work, cleaning garbage areas and houses, reading poetry in ale houses for the experience—he did them all and doesn't seem to regret the time spent this way. "I find acting so difficult, and yet it's the only thing I want to do. It makes me very nervous, does acting. Other people that don't write or don't act think about things or talk about things and say, 'I could write a book,' and they never do or 'I could give an in-

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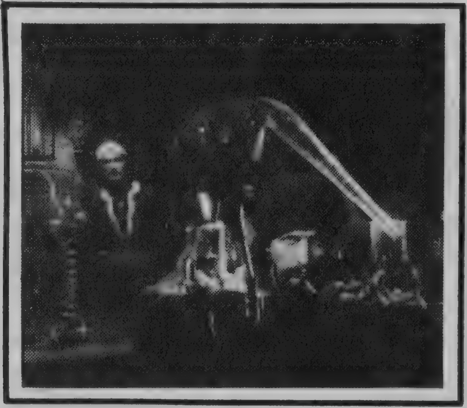

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terpretation of Othello,' and they don't. Whereas actors *can*." He smiled and gestured. "They see something and they think, 'Yes, I know,' and they can do a transmutation; they're alchemists. I've done so many other things, but fate is so capricious the way it leads people to doing what they want to do."

Eventually he was spotted at the York Repertory Theatre, playing the part of a dog in a late-night revue, by a talent scout for the National Theatre, where his first role was that of Don Quixote's horse in *The Trials of Sancho Panza*.

At the National, where he stayed for two and a half years, he was taught how to prepare for a role. "One was encouraged to really research whole periods and there were a lot of discussions about things." Whereas some actors approach a role by a deep sort of academic enquiry, Baker acts out a mixture of informing himself within reason, but finally playing his heart. "I play it off my fingertips and hope that it pleases people." Sometimes this method works well, but sometimes, as in the case of *Macbeth* at the Shaw theatre in 1973, it is a disaster. "Well," he said with a rueful laugh, "I fell on my ass on that one. They threw marshmallows at me and booed me." What did he do that caused such a negative reaction? "I don't know what I did. I thought I had it completely sewn up. I thought I knew exactly what was going on in Macbeth's head, or in my Macbeth's head, but the audience didn't. You see, you have to fake it as an actor so the audience says, 'Yes, I know what he's thinking,' but obviously something went wrong there." This experience disturbed him very much and he glossed over it with a smooth comment, "I was extremely agitated by that."

On the stage he has portrayed a variety of characters from the Prince of Morocco in *The Merchant of Venice* at the Old Vic, to the title role in *The Trials of Oscar Wilde*, and also received excellent notices for his performance as the intruder in *The Novelist*. But, as he began his movie career, he went back to the animals and played a bear in Shakespeare's *The Winter'sTale*, a film that starred Laurence Harvey. "It went nowhere; I've never seen that anywhere," he says now.

It was his second film, *Nicholas and Alexandra* (1971), that first brought him to the attention of the movie-going public. It is "the really big first one" and the one he remembers the most about. Recommended for the role by Sir Laurence Olivier, Baker played the part of the monk Gregori Rasputin and virtually walked away with the film. He received a large amount of media coverage from this work and a five-picture deal with Spiegel, but the contract was never followed through as subsequent pictures fell under the inflation and money-problem ax.

Other, not as successful, films include *Vault of Horror* (1973), of which he says bluntly, "It didn't stretch me a bit," a role as the Pope in *Luther* (1973), and a villain in *The Mutations* (1974). "My God, that was a dreadful film," he said. "It ran in London for about five nights, I think. And it got such severe notices here someone said, 'This film could become a cult!' But you never know, you see, when you're an actor. You get offered a script and you think, 'That doesn't seem very good,' and then they tell you that they've got Donald Pleasence playing the lead. And you say, 'Oh well, I'll be working with Donald, who is a very classy actor,' and, indeed, the best part of the film was actually the lunch hours and the evenings off with Donald."

Baker's only X-rated film was *Canterbury Tales*, which won the Golden Bear award at the 1972 Berlin Film Festival. Because of its bawdy language and nudity it was not released in the United States until 1979. (Yes, Baker appeared in the nude, too.) Though critically acclaimed, it suffered censorship and distribution problems, but Baker remembers with pleasure working for the late Pier Paolo Pasolini. "He was such a fast and such a funny and amusing director to be with. He didn't really much care, he just did exactly what he wanted to do. He had a marvelous anarchy which shows in his films. I enjoyed that."

In the United States, Baker is best known for his portrayal of the magician Koura in Ray Harryhausen's *Golden Voyage of Sinbad*. An acquaintance remembers her first viewing of the film, released in 1974. By the time the movie was nearing the climactic fight scene, the audience was wildly cheering Baker's powerful yet sympathetic Koura, and poor John Phillip Law's Sinbad was lost in the shuffle. Baker nodded, "Well, that makes very good sense, actually, because Sinbad's a terrible pain. The special effects are simply wonderful, aren't they? But Ray Harryhausen is a genius."

Baker learned to ride a horse for this film, doing a running leap at full gallop without a double. "I had a genius horse master to teach me, the best in Spain, possibly. It's much easier to ride Spanish horses, since they're cutting horses. You neck-rein them, although they have those very cruel rising bits, so as long as you keep your hands down you're all right. Of course, it's much easier to gallop a horse than it is to canter it. Horses are really dumb things and you've got to be *really* in charge of them."

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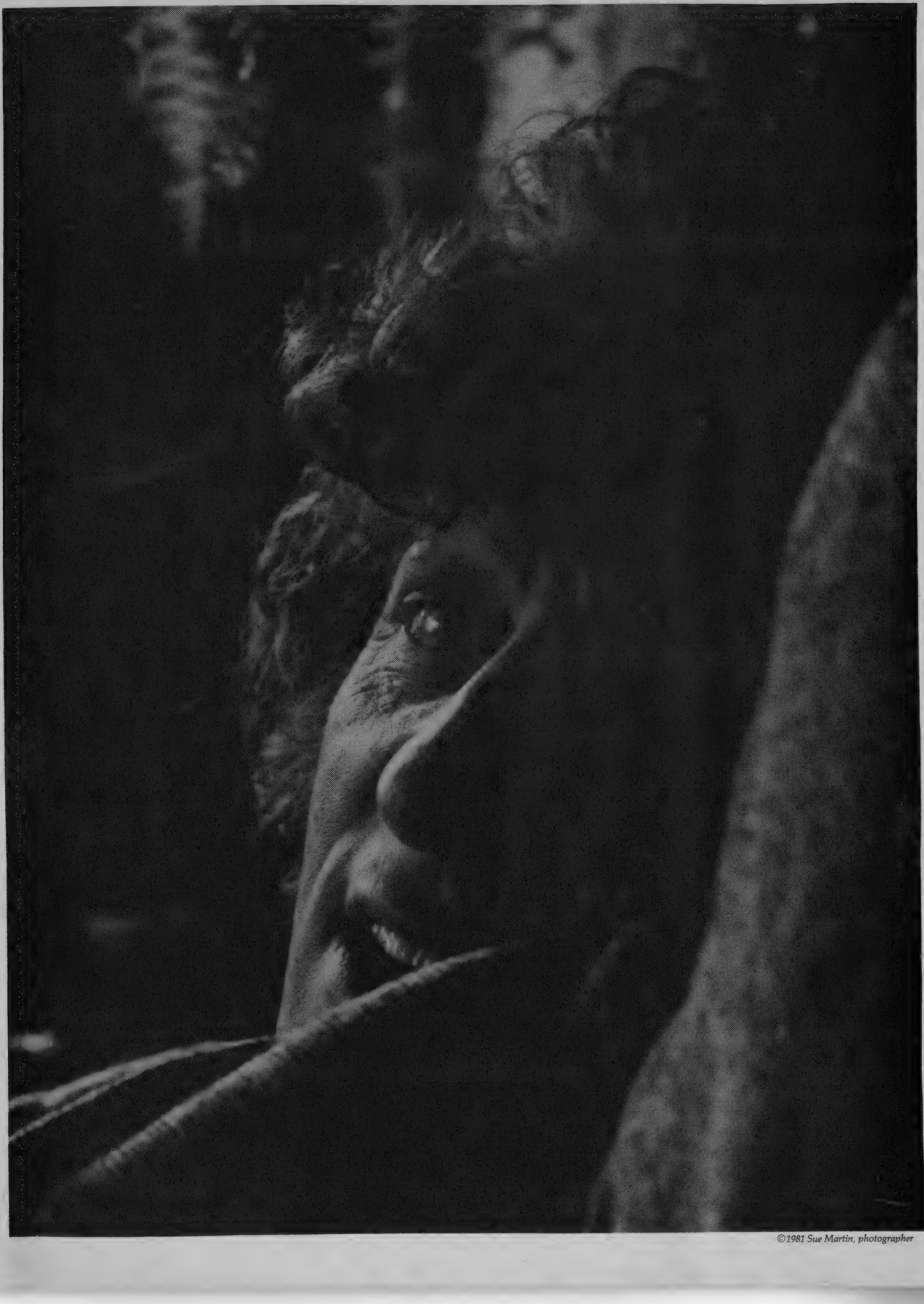

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On television, he appeared as the Indian doctor with Maggie Smith in *The Millionairess,* the ship captain in Jack Smight's *Frankenstein: The True Story,* and starred in *The Author of Beltraffio.* But after *Sinbad* he again found himself without work, so he went back to building construction as a cement worker, which is where Barry Letts, then producer for *Doctor Who,* found him. When the third Doctor, Jon Pertwee, announced his imminent departure, BBC-TV's Head of Drama Series Bill Slater asked Letts to check out Baker's performance in *Sinbad.* Letts liked Baker, and the rest (as they say) is history. Though he remembers watching the show occasionally and thinking that, from an actor's point of view, it would be an interesting part, he did not research the former Doctors. "I did not! *No*! I kept my fingers crossed that they'd let me sign the contract before they asked me what I was going to do with it, because I had no idea."

The various co-stars Baker has had over the years as the eccentric Doctor speak of him with affection, as one who cares more for the quality of the show than his own part in it. "He is a perfectionist," Lalla Ward later told me. "He is obsessed with trying to make the scripts more on the ball and his caring about the show is what makes the show so good."

When I remarked to Baker that some of his mannerisms were very close to those of William Hartnell, the first Doctor, especially the 'Ssshhh' routine, he was astounded. "Really? I don't know what Bill did it for. I only say 'Ssshhh' to make people laugh. I mean it becomes a catchphrase, doesn't it? I always say," he widened his eyes and put his fingers to his lips, " 'Ssshhh'," he whispered, "when I make the noise which, I think, amuses children acutally. If I actually drop something I go 'Ssshhh!' to somebody else, and I think that that amuses children. So that's the only reason I do it. I do a lot of things to make people laugh."

Baker has been labeled the most popular Doctor, and his lifestyle, whether he likes it or not, has changed because of it. He can't go into pubs any more "because I'd be observed" and taking a friend to dinner has become "very tiresome. Also it gets very tiresome for anyone I'm with. You see, if I took Jane out to dinner, down Chelsea or somewhere like that, people would recognize me and say, 'That's Tom Baker. That's Doctor Who.' And the next thing, nobody would *dare* disturb our conversation, but somebody will say, 'Who's the bird with him? Is she anyone famous?' And poor Jane's sitting there thinking, 'I wish they'd go.' Because it's actually very tiresome when you're being watched eating. "Because it's a... a... such a private thing, isn't it? It sort of means you have to eat very carefully, you know. I'm not allowed to splatter or be sick or spill the wine."

Gossip columns have tended to follow his every move, expanding his private life out of proportion. "The other day I was at a party with someone I didn't even know, I didn't even know their surname. She came up to me on the street, I think she is a journalist I know, and she said, 'Look, Tom, there's no use pretending, I really want to go with you to a free do. It's for Robert Powell's new film and I've asked about ten other chaps I'd rather have and they've all said no. If you want a free drink and a bit of a giggle...' So I said 'Okay' and I went off and I just happened to pick up, well, someone had taken my wine glass. It was the end of the evening, and I just happened to pick up a bottle of wine... it was *nothing.* Jane wouldn't bat an eyelid you know, if I came off like a pig. It was my wine anyway. There was no question of saying, 'Do you want some wine?' There were twelve bottles. So I pick up (the bottle) and as I raised it to my mouth," he mimed his actions, "Somebody fired off a picture. And there it was the next day in the gossip column saying, "BUMPTIOUS THESPIAN TOM BAKER DISAPPOINTS MILLIONS OF HIS FANS, TOO GREEDY EVEN TO WAIT FOR A GLASS.' Now that wasn't... that's just not *on!*"

This type of attention has made him very careful of how he behaves in public. "That kind of thing makes you very jumpy, you see. I mean, if I meet someone on the street, I can't embrace a girl in the street, not *downtown* I couldn't. So when people are talking to me very often I have to sort of distance myself, otherwise there's another snippet somewhere, you know, 'What do we hear about Tom Baker looking closely into the eyes of Diane Cilento last night' and you think, 'It was only because either she's short sighted or there's so much bloody noise going on, I was trying to listen!' So those things are kind of tiresome. But, on the other hand, I'm just saying that they're tiresome. I'm not complaining *hotly* about them because *that's the name of the game.* You can't complain. I don't expect people to become blind. Because you know, occasionally I see a film actor I know, occasionally, and I'm daunted. And I feel exactly what the children must feel when they meet me. I remember once meeting James Stewart and being absolutely speechless. And I just didn't know what to say to him. I just said, 'Hi' and I kept thinking *Destry Rides Again* and *The Glenn Miller Story.* Because *no one* is immune to fame. *No one!* Someone once said, "Fame is a great aphrodisiac.' Doesn't matter how sophisticated Alaister Mill is who runs this building, or Ian Trafalgar... when they bump into Prince Charles, a formality occurs."

I asked Baker if the price he was paying for his fame was worth the problems and there was a long silence before he answered. "I'm willing to pay that price, yes. So therefore, for me it's worth it, yes. That's value for me at the moment. I mean, *sometimes* I feel that I can't go on a minute longer. Among adults, never among children, but among the adults I sometimes feel this is silly. Enough of this and go back to some kind of relative privacy."

Baker was the youngest Doctor, a bachelor during his tenure, and as he became more "seeable" he found that women began to look at him differently. "You see, there's a kind of... it's a sort of intimacy with people I meet at, say, at dinner parties or a first night party or something. They think they know me. I'm not a *stupid* man and I'm clever enough to realize actually what they're responding to, which is understandable, is fiction. They're not responding to Tom Baker, because they don't know me. They assume that I'm like that character, who laughs at interviews, who's a bit silly and always reliable, which I couldn't be."

But he doesn't mind this. "The intimacy is established very quickly, and people are usually very affectionate. I don't take that very seriously, because I realize the potency; it's television they're responding to." Once the formal talk is out of the way, however, and the gossip and small talk begins, attitudes change. "After an hour the real person, the real character begins to emerge, doesn't it? That's why gossip is so important. Gossip is the spice of life. Anyone who says he doesn't like gossip is lying through his or her teeth," he said, baring his teeth. "It might take you two months if you met someone on a train and talked to him. But in two hours at a dinner party, someone will make a remark about capital punishment that calls for an answer, and that answer might be very revealing, because it's just gossip."

As for forming relationships, it's not difficult. "But of course I'm obsessively preoccupied with *Doctor Who*; I don't have all that much time, actually, which is a silly concession to make because there are other things in life besides acting and being in a program."

In England, Baker's fans are primarily children, who turn out in droves when he makes a personal appearance. A large portion of what little spare time he has is devoted to visiting hospitals and putting in hours at charity functions for children. In the United States, the majority of fans is grown. Baker thinks this must have something to do with programming. "*Ours* is all to do with a jolly Saturday afternoon; it's a family slot. If you market something at half-past five or six o'clock it's still the anticipatory time. You still haven't gone out to dinner, people still haven't got their clothes on to go out dancing or out roller skating. It's that suspended time, when you might sit down with cups of tea or your first drink. It's clever marketing." In the States, the program is frequently shown later in the evening, when children are in bed. He would be very interested to know what would happen to the English audience if two four-parters were rerun on a week night as an experiment. "But they're not interested in that; the spot it's in now holds off the opposition."

The difference in the ages of his fans is reflected in the type of mail he gets. With the occasional exception of a teen-age pubescent girl, "who gets a thing about the character of the Doctor," Baker's letters from English fans are admiring of the Doctor and ask for a signed picture. He finds the mail from the older Americans quite different. "Some of them are very charming. A girl offered me a thousand dollars a couple of weeks ago, to spend an afternoon with me. She offered to fly over here and spend a thousand dollars if only I would talk to her for an afternoon or something like that."

December 1, 1979, Baker attended the *Who* convention in Los Angeles and was astounded not only by the age difference, but by the overwhelming welcome he received. "That was a hell of a rushed trip, that. I was very impressed; I've never experienced a response like that before. I was slightly squiffy and terribly nervous. I remember doing a terrible routine with a piece of celery or something. You know, when I go out, there are hundreds of children there. I've got on good with small children. I'm not so good, actually, with adults."

I met Baker at that convention and he told me at the time, "I don't understand it all, but this is the greatest night of my life." More than eight hundred people attended with several hundred more turned away at the door due to lack of space. Baker signed autographs and talked until exhaustion forced him to retire, but not until impromptu plans were made for another session the next day on Venice beach. When I told him there was a videotape of his routine with the celery played at the next convention he was anxious about it. "Did it get a laugh again? Oh good," he said with a relieved sigh.

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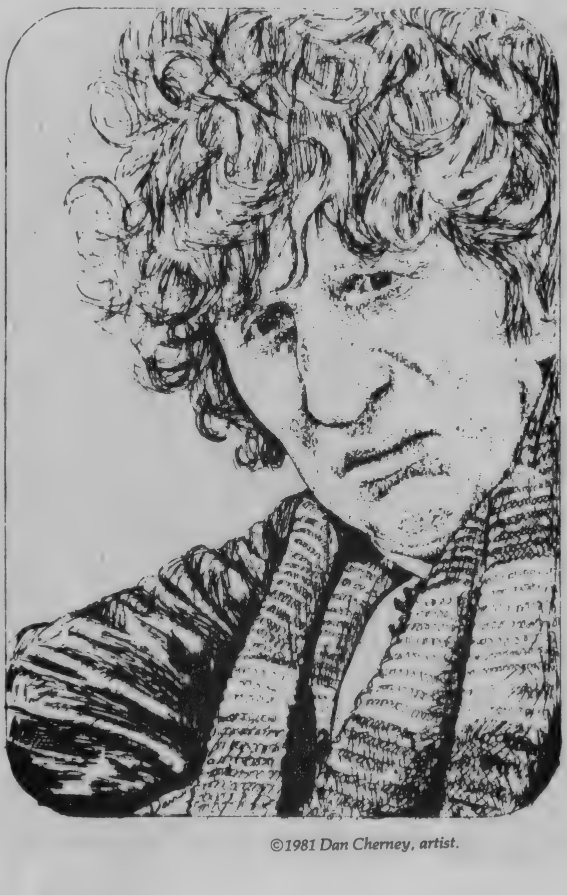
In the seven years Baker has portrayed the Doctor he has "traveled" with nine companions: a Navy doctor named Henry Sullivan, the journalist Sarah Jane Smith, the savage Leela, the robot dog K-9, two versions of the Time Lady Romana, Adric the smart-aleck young boy, and the newest pair, Tegan (an Australian airline stewardess) and Nyssa (a noble alien). But Baker wishes that, just once, the production company had allowed him to have an older companion. "I'd adore it! I've often suggested it. It'd be lovely to have a marvelous old lady who really couldn't run very fast. I remember when they were considering Miss Ward for this, I remember actually offering. I said, 'Well why don't you ask Miriam Margolis?' whom I consider to be a dazzling Jewish actress we've got who's built like a taxi, ahhh, but she's really high speed. I think we fall into the obvious trap of assuming all juvenile girls should be pretty." The idea that people are judged on their looks bothers Baker. "The suggestion of that is that girls who aren't so pretty can't be interesting. Or girls who are fat can't be sexy and witty. Or old ladies can't be thrilling companions. People are individuals and it's the individual who is so winning, isn't it, when you get to know them. Because it's what inside people's heads that's important, not the size of their bottoms. Or, indeed, the quality of their complexion or their age. Because that is an accident."

Terrance Dicks, former script editor for *Doctor Who* for five years and occasional writer for the show, gave the production office viewpoint on older companions while he was with the show. "It's a question of seniority, I think. The Doctor has always been the older and therefore the leader, somehow. And you think if there was an older person you would feel they have to be deferred to or catered to in some way. In a situation where they were there all the time I think it would give you a problem, because it's very much the Doctor's show and he must always dominate it. And so it's better if the companions are younger or more inexperienced. You get this kind of fatherly relationship, you see."

A growing complaint from critics of the show has been that the violence is too strong for a children's series. Baker disagrees. "I think there should be much more violence of the sort of violence children adore. I don't mean the realistic violence of fists or knives, that kind of violence, which I despise. I think, 'Really, so cliché.' I hate laser guns. I mean, sometimes when the monsters attack me I would adore to get a pepper gun out and sort of sneeze them over cliffs." He chuckles. "Yeah, I think the children would possibly like that. Or hypnotize them more. Outsmart them, instead of which, of course nearly all science fiction, or at least fantasy, is resolved by dynamite, which really I find pretty tedious. All ours are resolved by explosions. And it's the villains exploding themselves, because, of course, the moral hero which I play can never actually press the button. He just sets up a situation in which they actually take the decision and they take the wrong decision because *good* conquers *evil* in melodrama. It's not like in real life."

Being the star of a BBC television series, even one as popular as *Doctor Who,* which is the longest-running science fiction show in the history of television (with an 18-year run), does not mean that Baker has a say in the manner in which it is presented. "I'm sometimes allowed slight influences on *Doctor Who*, you know, but only slight ones."

Several years earlier, during "Image of the Fendahl," the Doctor handed a man a gun so that he could commit suicide. "It does seem rather out of character for me to have handed someone a gun to kill himself." He tried to remember the circumstances, but couldn't. "Yes, I suppose the thing is that, in a modern sense, he took the decision. But it does seem rather out of character. I'm surprised that I did that. But then I *do* make mistakes. Maybe we couldn't get out of that any other way." He frowned, then gave a small laugh. "Maybe it was just written in the script."



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He is never happy with the writing on the show. It always seems rushed and hurriedly put together to Baker. "One thinks if one had more time one could raise the standard so one could do it better. But I mean, I *never ever* am pleased with the scripts. I always have severe reservations. People in the office say, 'Come on, they've worked hard on these,' but they never make me feel fine, never make me feel great like a Shaw play or Shakespeare."

Though it had not yet been announced publicly that Baker was leaving the show, he brought up the subject. "There are certain signals. Before you leave such a lovely job as this, you know, it takes a bit of thinking about. I do find it rather more tiring than I used to do, therefore slightly more difficult to do. And then one consults the figures and then you receive signals from the people you work with, I mean each department you work with, and the production office. You pick up all sorts of signals, and then if you're generous with yourself and generous to the people you—and I'm very grateful to the BBC—you then put all those things together and you sit down with someone and say, 'Look, you know I think it's time I jumped out and let someone else have a go,' and they say, 'Fair enough,' and you end it amicably. I can't think of *anything*," he added, "that I have really achieved and seen through with any success except *Doctor Who* and I'm *never* pleased with that.

In the United States, reaction to Baker leaving the show has been mixed. Fans are pleased that now he will be free possibly to work on this side of the Atlantic, but many feel he was pushed out by new producer John Nathan-Turner. In a December telephone conversation with Jane Judge, I asked her about this possibility. "Not at all," she told me, apparently very surprised. "It was entirely Tom's decision."

Baker has not entirely devoted his life to *Doctor Who*. He is a voracious reader and at one time was quoted as having more than two thousand books in his library. Now, though, "It's diminishing, actually," he said with a grimace. He frequently goes to the theatre and has definite opinions on other art forms.

"There's no use arguing about Michelangelo's *David* or his *Moses*," he says. "You don't have to be an art critic to look at Velazquez's painting of Innocent X you know, with a mighty Pope sitting in his throne. You look at it and your heart actually says, 'That... yeah... that's *it*!" That is something *extra*ordinary,' because it evokes a chord which is simultaneously exhilarating and simultaneously sad, because everything that is beautiful is at the same time sad, isn't it?"

Baker enjoys poetry and frequently will spout lines while filming. His voice, being naturally low-toned and distinct, raises chills down the spine when he quotes from Wilfrid Gibson's "Flannan Isle" in "Horror of Fang Rock." "You look at a line of poetry," he said. "And you think, 'Yes, I've felt that,' when someone *gets* it right in one."

That same voice can be heard over most of the commercial breaks in British television. Baker is the spokesman for Sainsbury Foods and does the voice-overs for their myriad of products (wine, cake, peaches, yogurt) as well as an Alka-Seltzer and a very arresting line at the end of an ad for the Chicken Council. All he says is "What are you having this Sunday?" but the suggestive quality in the voice stops you in your tracks. He is never seen in these commercials. He laughed when I mentioned the chicken. "It's amazing what one does. Once you're in one, you're into them all; you can't draw back. They pay quite well, you know. I wouldn't do a visual commercial. The image is so potent that it would be unfair. It's getting so heavy, television terrorizing children into terrorizing their parents. An awful lot of people in this country are going to have a very miserable Christmas with the recession here. Television's not going to help by telling people what they should be buying for their children."

What are more interesting to do, Baker thinks, are the audio-visuals done for internal use in large firms. "Those are twenty-page commentaries which are sometimes very difficult, and they're *fun* to do."

He has made recordings of such classical works as *Doctor Jekyll and Mister Hyde* and *Journey to the Center of the Earth* and one with Elisabeth Sladen, a *Doctor Who* story entitled "Pescatons." Such recordings were fun at the time, but there are no plans to do more in the future.

In 1979 Baker appeared in the made-for-television melodrama *The Curse of King Tut's Tomb* with Robin Ellis and Raymond Burr, but found that most of his part ended up on the cutting-room floor.

"They cut that right down to the bone. There were little bits of comedy I tried to put in which obviously somebody thought was detracting from Raymond Burr," he paused. "For some reason he didn't take me to his heart. I mean, he must have a big heart, he's the biggest man I've ever seen in the world."

Baker calls *Doctor Who* a "science fantasy," a medium that "engages my imagination" and he is

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frankly "not interested in science fiction at all which, of course, disappoints a lot of fans, but they *must* know that."

Though as the Doctor he has met with many and varied creatures from all corners of the galaxies, Baker states, "There isn't actually conclusive evidence that there are other creatures." He begins to speak philosophically, "What is very touching about humanity is the large number of them [who] *desperately* hope that somewhere in the universe there is a discernable pattern, perhaps people, who have learned things. We have been on this planet for millions of years and appear to have learned *everything* and *nothing*. We have made stupefying advances in science and technology and yet cannot live at peace with each other. What is the use of all that wisdom, what's the use of all these airplanes? We now live in a world when I don't think it would be an exaggeration to say that the word 'apocalypse' is on peoples' minds. They're feeling nervous because they feel that perhaps their bloody destiny is facing them."

Baker finished shooting *Doctor Who* in mid-January, and his last show is scheduled for broadcast in March. His future acting plans are as yet unsettled though he knows what he would like to do. "I'd adore to play Count Dracula. I'd adore to play Captain Hook. I'd adore to play several Chekov characters like Guyif in *The Cherry Orchard* or Uncle Vanya. All those *crazy* characters, anything that's funny." He would also like to play Sherlock Holmes and especially Long John Silver but fears that he is at an age where the cartilages in his knees would not be able to stand the constant pressure of being tied up under an 18th-century frock coat. Being what he describes as a "character actor," his age and rapidly graying hair don't really bother him from an acting point of view. "One of my great heroes who keeps me going when depression raises its ghastly head is, of course, Sidney Greenstreet, who didn't do *The Maltese Falcon* until he was sixty-one. It doesn't matter that, finally, I become fat or, in fact, indescribably thin, depending on what happens to me. Leading actors live a life of *great* anxiety."

He carried a copy of *Falstaff* with him, a book about the life of the famous Shakespearean character Jack Falstaff. It is a character that interests him and he describes the book as "funny and pathetic and appallingly bawdy. Indescribably bawdy! In fact, I just read a chapter that made me blush!" There is a possibility that he will be doing a one-man show of it if the details can be worked out.

"Of course I hope, in my fantasy, that my career might actually take a turn in the United States, simply because of the connection of the television which means *I am not unknown*." Robert Enders, a major Hollywood producer, has been interested in doing a *Doctor*

Who movie for several months, and negotiations are under way. Based on an original script by Baker and Ian Marter (who played Harry Sullivan and has done three novelizations of *Doctor Who*), the only element lacking is a screenplay that would do justice to what Enders calls, "the most interesting and unique character in television today." Enders, currently working out of Bowden Productions Inc. (a company he formed with Glenda Jackson), adds, "Tom is an actor of exceptional talent and integrity and I can't imagine any other person doing the part in the film." He visited the BBC not long ago and then viewed Baker's work as the Doctor. "The more I watched," he states, "The more excited I got. It's a producer's dream, a sure thing."

Rather than follow the narrow restrictions of television, the plot was conceived on a much wider scale and is what Baker calls a "comedy thriller." Though the finished script has not been agreed upon, "the basic story line is just about a man, a creature out in space who doesn't want to conquer the universe or anything," Baker said with a smile. "He's called Scratchman and his business is mischief."

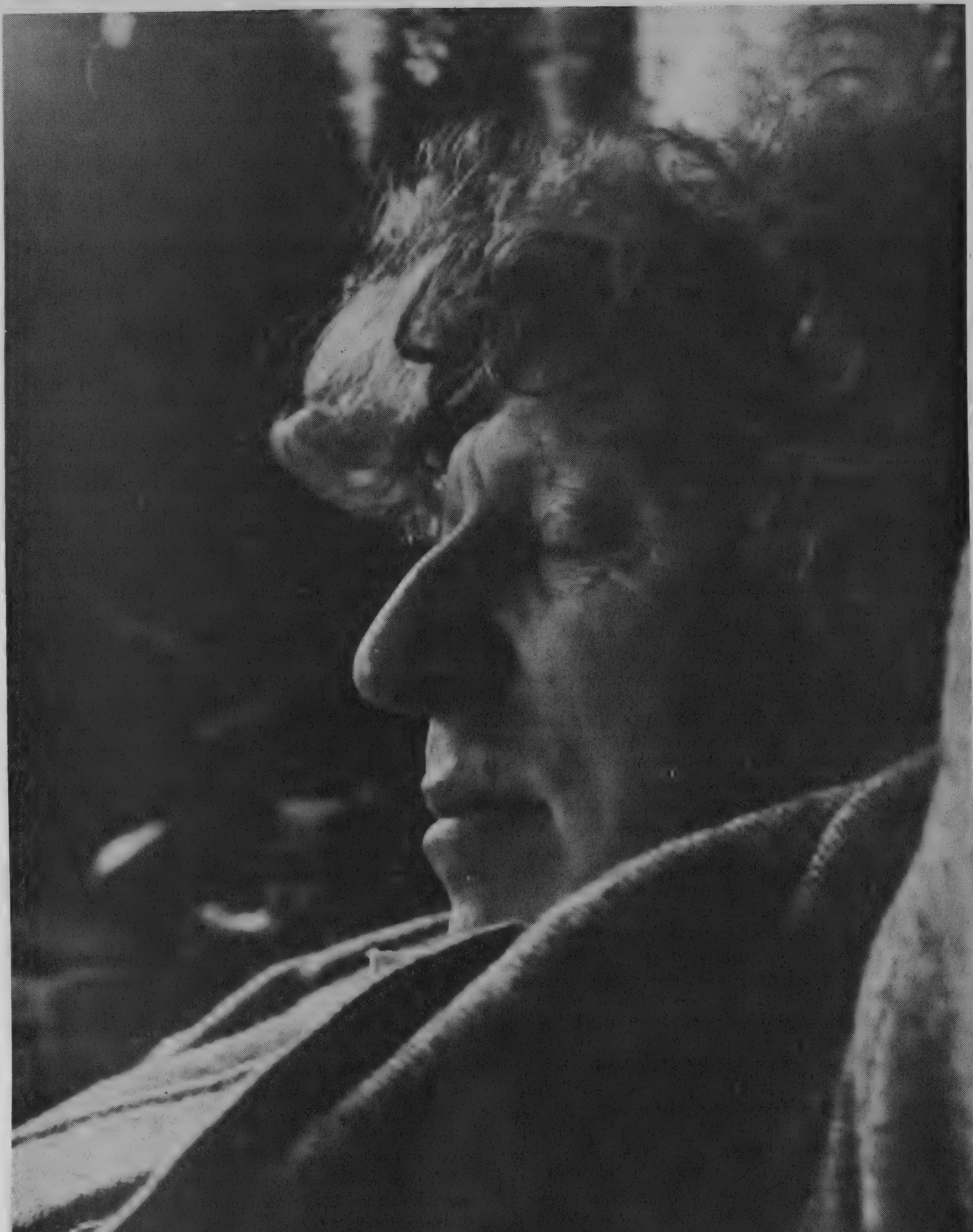
With the current renewed interest in English actors who have become international stars, Baker muses over his chances in the States. "English actors are better than American actors simply because they have more training and more opportunity to act. It's not a question of talent. In some ways we are less talented, certainly in that area of the virtuosity of Broadway-type actors who can sing and dance and do all sorts of things. But that's because they have more practice at that. We're better at it generally because we have more practice and it's easier to fail over here. It is possible that, in the States, they might think of me as just some kind of middle-aged zany, and I'm possibly that, but I'm someone else, too, and I can do other things."

With the varied experience Baker has in the acting field, he finds that he doesn't prefer one area to another. "One gets the most pleasure, as an actor, in *really* thinking, 'This is nearly very good,' or 'I'm nearly doing this very well,' or 'It's very satisfactory.' I don't prefer television to the theatre, or the theatre to cinema, or the cinema to both of them. We mix ours much more than you chaps do over there, we really do mix it. You just do whatever's going, you know. There's nothing I really prefer—just good things."

Baker is an introspective man who has learned by bitter experience to "expect disappointment" and to be philosophical about life. "In most people's lives, they grow old or love doesn't last or life is full of disappointments. One learns that very early on, sometimes in their childhood, and sometimes in very early childhood too." He turned to look in the mirror. "I think my image of myself is one of acute disappointment, because at my age and with my physical decline and the fact that my contemporaries begin to die or begin to look older than I am, I think there's been a terrible mistake. I mean, I'm not old. When I look in the looking glass to shave in the morning, I feel I really should get myself another looking glass because there's something wrong with the looking glasses both at the BBC and in my flat because they both seem to me to show a rather lined, graying-haired, middle-aged man which is, of course, exactly what I am." He shook his head. "It's sad growing old. I don't"—he paused—"I don't want to grow old. I don't want to be disappointed. I don't want to be humiliated by illness, and yet I know at my age that is what faces me inevitably. I can't do as many press-ups as I used to. I run up escalators occasionally to demonstrate that I'm still slightly virile, but usually my heart at the top is pounding so much that I've lost my voice or something. Growing old and being ill is a humiliating experience, because it incapacitates you and puts you in the hands of other people. I hope I go out with a really *cataclysmic* heart attack. The thought of actually being incapacitated by a stroke or an irreversible cancer which would reduce me terribly and make me dependent on people, that would humiliate me. Its inevitability is rather disturbing. One senses it but doesn't think about it too much, otherwise you'd never do anything. But at the same time, I'm philosophical enough not to despair."

Along with the career changes in Baker's life have come the personal ones. Divorced for many years and with two grown sons, in November he and his former co-star Lalla Ward announced their engagement, and they were married December 13, 1980. "It's fantastic," Jane Judge told me. "They walk around just shining. Tom's ecstatic."

It is a radical change for a man who has considered himself strictly bachelor material for so long, but he has never been afraid of facing change. The courage he has shown in facing the choices he has made has brought him to the point where he is today: Again facing the unknown, as a married man and as a free-lance actor. His choices in the future may not be the ones his fans hope he will make, but for Tom Baker they will lead to the extraordinary as they always have. Whether as monk, seaman, bricklayer, actor, or husband, he will continue to face the unknown—and conquer it.



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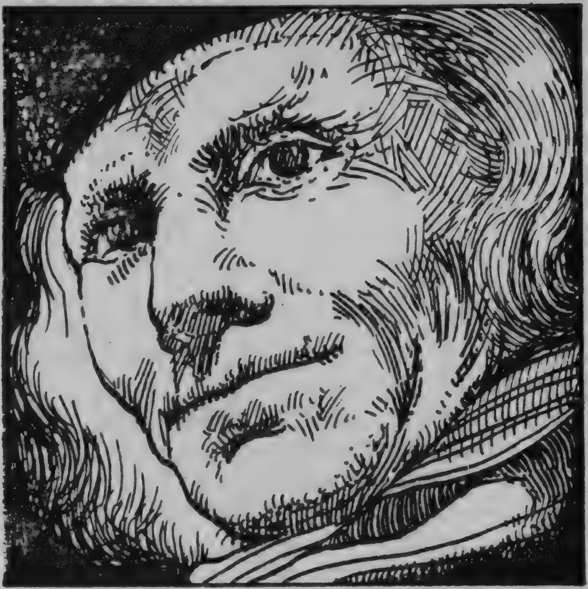
A Closer Look At Doctor Who



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Doctor Who, First Season:
November 23, 1963- September 12, 1964

Producer.... Verity Lambert
Associate Producer.... Mervyn Pinfield
Script Editor.... David Whitaker
Companions:
Ian Chesterton.....William Russell
Barbara Wright.....Jacqueline Hill
Susan Foreman.....Carole Ann Ford

Creating an entirely new concept in children's television series is no easy matter, but Sydney Newman and Donald Wilson were determined to come up with something completely different in 1963. At that time, television was still finding its feet and trying to discover what can and cannot be done with the medium. These two were determined to create a new science-fiction series that would tax their technical staff to the limit. The series was to be set in a variety of times and places, which they figured would give plenty of scope for stories, and roughly to alternate between historical stories and science-fictional ones. After a good deal of discussion, the basic format was worked out.

The star was to be a cantankerous old man with very few redeeming characteristics. He was to be pig-headed, arrogant, rude, and aggressive—in short, an anti-hero figure. He would have to be some kind of scholar, they decided, with more curiosity than tact, but also mysterious. He would only ever refer to himself as "the Doctor," leading to the inevitable question: "Doctor Who?" His spaceship would be a far cry from anything that the movies could do (with a budget of a mere £2000 per episode and only six sets to play about with in twenty-five minutes, effects wouldn't be good enough to allow them a proper spaceship, which would, in any case, be too conspicuous in the past). It would have to be something different—very different.

The TARDIS was all of that; it was a super-sophisticated machine with overlapping dimensional fields (it was bigger inside than out), able to travel anywhere in the whole of time and space and to adapt its exterior to look inconspicuous in any environment. Unfortunately, it didn't work. Having materialized in twentieth-century London, it disguised itself as a London Police Call Box. Such boxes were familiar sights in the early 1960's; police and public could make emergency calls from them for help. However, it was in a junkyard, and the fact that there was a police box there stuck out like a sore thumb. Even worse, the chameleon circuits fused, and the shape never again changed. This led to the incongruous sight of a battered police box flitting about the universe. The rest of the ship was in a similar state; malfunctions weren't uncommon, and (even when the craft was working correctly) there was the problem of piloting it. The Doctor was getting forgetful and had, in fact, never *really* learned how the ship worked. When the ship was working, he couldn't pilot it very accurately, anyway. Still, as he had no particular desire to go anywhere specific, he was happy wherever he landed. But the landing on Earth had done considerable damage to the ship, and he was forced to repair it; while he was doing so, Susan had to be educated.

Susan was his grand-daughter and fellow-traveler. Aged fifteen, she was a bright child with strange abilities and an even stranger way of thinking. Originally, she was intended to be merely a traveling companion, but Anthony Coburn (the writer of the pilot episode) had suggested the family relationship, which the producers liked and kept. The Doctor had enrolled her in Coal Hill School, where the story started. It was Susan who invented the acronym "TARDIS," from "Time And Relative Dimension In Space." She did not say, as is usually quoted, "dimensions." In the first episode, she talked of "five dimensions," the three normal ones, "time" as the fourth dimension, and "space" as the fifth. It was never explained what this meant.

It was decided to add two other regular characters, from the Earth, to make viewer identification possible and to provide someone to ask the questions that the viewers would want answered. These were to be two of the schoolteachers from Coal Hill School: Ian Chesterton, the science master, and Barbara Wright, the history teacher. Both were about thirty years old.

The show was handed over for development to Verity Lambert and Mervyn Pinfield. Verity Lambert was just starting her career in television producing and, since this show, she has produced such others as *Adam Adamant Lives!*, the recent *Quatermass*, and (her latest show) *Stainless Steel and the Star Spies*. Because of her inexperience, Mervyn Pinfield came in as associate producer for the first season. His contributions were invaluable. He conceived a great number of the effects, as he was very strong on the technical side of the medium; he came up with the swirling, weird title sequence that the show had then. Starting with a black screen, a pencil of white light climbs up the center, to explode outward as clouds flying towards the viewer. Superimposed over this were the words "Doctor Who," which also moved towards the viewer. It was a simple sequence but totally new and highly effective. It was produced by having a camera record its own feedback, a technique known as "signal howlaround," and used for title sequences until very recently.

The theme was in keeping with the entire atmosphere of strangeness. Created by the prolific Australian composer Ron Grainer (who scored themes for *Man in a Suitcase*, *Paul Temple*, *Tales of the Unexpected*, and Charlton Heston's film *The Omega Man*), it was realized electronically by the BBC Radiophonic Workshop by Delia Derbyshire. It was amazingly popular and was released in 1964 as a single. (It is, in fact, still on the Decca label, despite the fact that two later versions were released.)

Once the basics were settled, a team was assembled to produce a pilot episode. Unlike American pilots, this was never meant to be shown to the public. It was made for private showing to BBC department heads, who would decide whether it had sufficient merit to warrant a series. The pilot was "An Unearthly Child," and it underwent a lot of reworking before the screened version was produced. (Ironically, although a large number of the original stories from the *Doctor Who* series have been destroyed by the BBC, the unscreened pilot still exists.) The script editor was David Whitaker, who is justly considered to be one of the people primarily responsible for the phenomenal success of the show. Experienced in all forms of writing, he entered the industry in 1957 and was responsible for several films and episodes for various series. He and Verity Lambert proved to be an amazing team, highly prolific and filled with ideas about the show's direction. The TARDIS interior was designed by Peter Brachacki and was purposely made large and eye-catching, since a large proportion of the action would be set inside the TARDIS, not merely in the first story, but in many subsequent stories.

The TARDIS set was originally a single room (the main control room) with doorways leading off at the back to other rooms, which were seen in later tales. The room was about twenty feet square, dominated by a hexagonal control panel, shaped like a mushroom and filled with impressive levers and huge, voltmeter-style dials. In the center was a large glass cylinder with odd mechanisms spinning within it (one of which was clearly a vegetable strainer). This cylinder was the time rotor and was the pride and joy of the designer. It was used to indicate the motion of the craft, since there were to be no other indications of movement at all. While the ship was at rest and scanning the environment, the rotor would simply spin around; when in flight, it would rise and fall with a deep, grinding noise, "proving the extent of the thrust," the Doctor was later to explain. (The dreadful noise for the take-off sound was produced by rubbing piano strings, slowing the sound down, and mixing in roaring noises and so forth at the Radiophonic Workshop. It was loved by all who heard it; what else would a time traveling police box do but groan?) There was a large screen for scanning mounted on the wall, despite the fact that there were no visible cameras outside of the ship. It was hinted that the instruments in the rotor did the scanning through the walls, but details were never made clear; the mystery would remain. Also in the control room was a wooden chair (which reappeared in the control room in "The Masque of Mandragora"), a chaise-longue, and an ormulu clock on a stand; various decorative items appeared and disappeared between episodes.

Casting was completed very swiftly. The Doctor was the main character, and after a short while the actor settled upon was William Hartnell. Born in 1908, Hartnell was best-known to the public for two types of roles: that of an army sergeant-major (which he played in the comedy series *The Army Game* and in films such as *The Way Ahead* and *Carry On Sergeant*) and that of a crook (in *Brighton Rock* and *Hell Drivers*). The Doctor was a completely different portrayal for him, and he relished the part, giving it all his immense acting experience and enthusiam. Unfortunately, he died in April 1975, shortly after his last role (that of the first Doctor in "The Three Doctors.") His wife told me that the part of the Doctor was always his favorite and that he was always very pleased with the show's success. He had left it only due to ill health and would have loved to have been able to return to the part. Originally, the BBC had expected the series to last for a season at most; Hartnell stuck his neck out and said that it would last five.

The role of Ian Chesterton was taken by William Russell. He was born in 1924, and his was a familiar face on television, since he played roles in many major historical sagas. After leaving *Doctor Who*, he went on to become the president of RADA (Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts). In recent years, he has returned to acting, appearances including the TV series *Disraeli* and the films *Duellists* and *Superman*. (He was one of the Kryptonian elders. I have been assured that you can actually see him in one shot, but I've not yet managed it.)

Carole Ann Ford was cast as Susan Foreman. Born in 1940, she was in her early twenties (and had a baby, too) when cast as the teen-age Susan. Waris Hussein, the director of the first story, had seen her in a role in the TV play "Man on a Bicycle," during which, as she put it, "I screamed a lot." They wanted a good screamer for Susan (who was to be frightened quite a lot in the course of the series), and Carole was offered the role. Her film appearances include *The Day of the Triffids* and *The Great St. Trinian's Train Robbery* (in which she played Frenchwomen, for some reason).

Jacqueline Hill was cast as Barbara Wright. Born in 1931, she had been a fashion model in Paris, but her main work was in TV acting. She had appeared in a string of productions before *Doctor Who*, but on leaving the show she left the screen for a long time. She returned in the BBC Time-Life production of *Romeo and Juliet* and even returned to *Doctor Who* as a guest star in "Meglos."

Once casting was completed, the pilot was filmed, mistakes and all (you can hear a cameraman stub his foot on a microphone at one point), and then screened for approval. Several small changes were made. (I've never worked out why, for example, a small explosion was put into the theme in the pilot or why, once it was there, it was deleted for the broadcast version.) And one very large change was made: the Doctor. He was considered to be just too unlikable, so his character was softened, though he was to remain the anti-hero. With these alterations, the series was given the go-ahead, and the first season (which, as far as its creators knew, might be the last) of *Doctor Who* was begun.

WHO IS NUMBER ONE?!
Bob! 5/81
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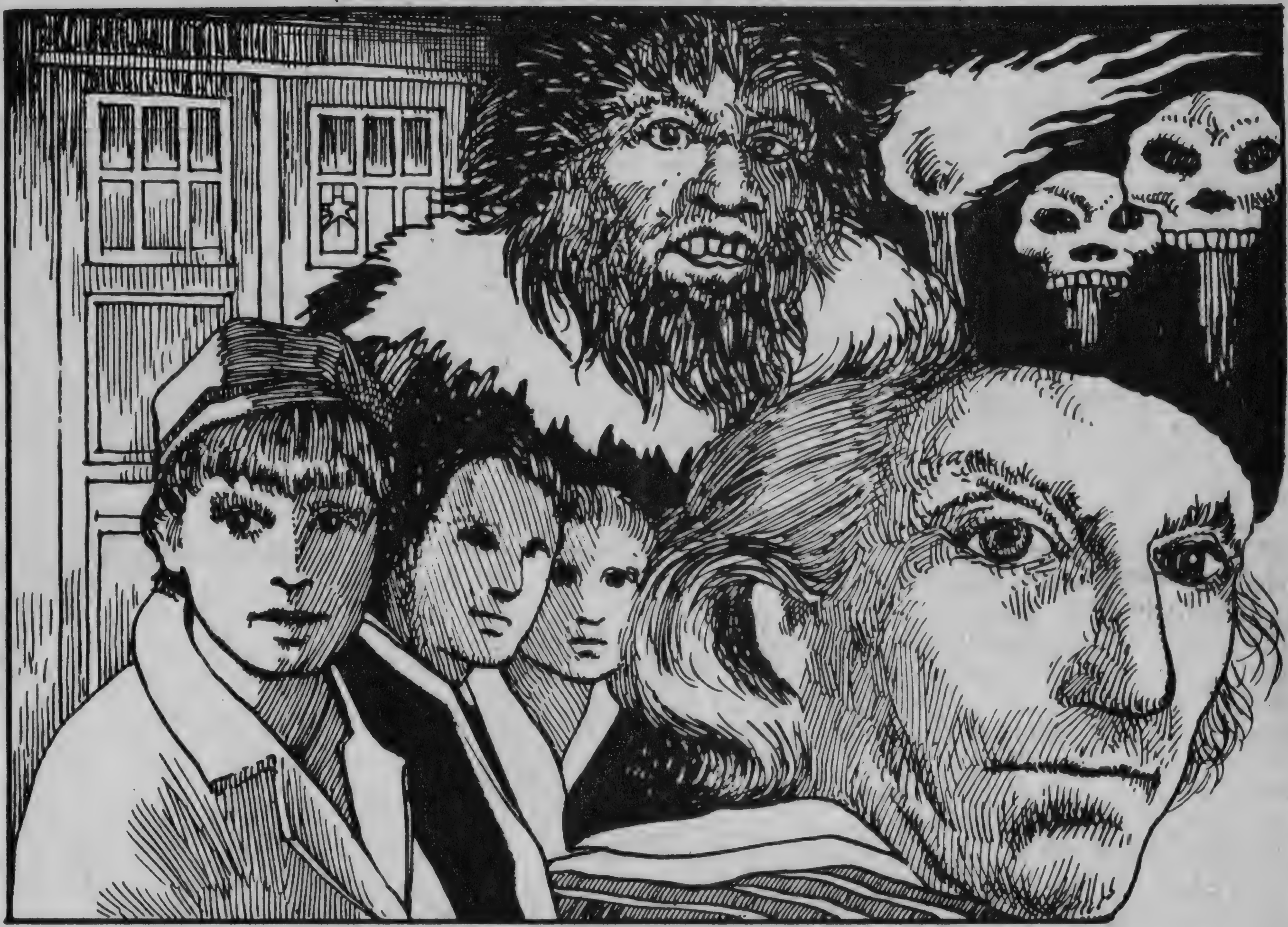
Serial A: "An Unearthly Child" by Anthony Coburn (Hartnell 1)

(Also known as "The Cavemen" or "The Tribe of Gum")



Episode Titles

(1) "An Unearthly Child"
11/23/63 and 11/30/63
(2) "The Cave of Skulls"
11/30/63
(3) "The Forest of Fear"
12/7/63
(4) "The Firemaker"
12/14/63

Cast:
Kal.....Jeremy Young
Za.....Derek Newark
Hur.....Alethea Charlton
Old Mother.....Eileen Way
Horg.....Howard Lang

Crew:
Incidental Music...Norman Kay
Prod. Ass't.....Douglas Camfield
Designers
Peter Brachacki & Barry Newbery
Director.....Waris Hussein

For the initial story, it was decided to rewrite and refilm the pilot episode so as to make the required changes in the Doctor's character. The initial episode is really a separate story, dealing with two teachers who are worried about an odd pupil, Susan Foreman. They discover that she is supposed to live at 76 Totters Lane, but this is a junk yard, and there is no house there. Following her home, they lose track of her and search the junkyard. All that they find there is an oddly placed police box, which Ian discovers to be throbbing with power. At that moment, an elderly man arrives and is very rude to them when he discovers them spying on him. They explain that they are looking for Susan and think that she is in the box. Forcing their way in, they discover it to be the TARDIS.

The Doctor explains that Susan and he are "wanderers in the fourth dimension—exiles in space and time." He is afraid that, if he releases the teachers, they will tell people about the ship; therefore, he decides that, since he has finished necessary repairs to the TARDIS, they must leave twentieth-century London and take the teachers along to keep their secret. Realizing what is happening, Ian and Susan struggle with the old man, and the craft takes off, uncontrollable.

It was an amazingly effective story, with superb acting from all of the lead players. Special effects were few; entry in the TARDIS was done by simply cutting from the exterior to the interior as Ian walked through the door. When the ship took off, a picture of London on the screen shrank away, giving the impression that the travelers had gone beyond the boundaries of the Earth. At the end of the story, the ship was seen on a desolate landscape, and a grotesque shadow was cast in front of it. No fade-out of the TARDIS was seen, the take-off being filmed from inside, but the title effects were superimposed over the travelers' faces to give the impression of time travel. The effect was never used again. Future take-offs were smooth, albeit noisy. The first time that a model TARDIS was used was in "The Keys of Marinus," and the *first time that the normal fade-in arrival was seen was in the first episode of "The Aztecs." Prior to that, the ship's take-offs and landings were always seen from the inside.*

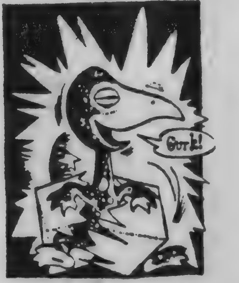
The rest of the story is set in the distant past. It pivots on a tribe of cavemen, the tribe of Gum. Za, the son of the Fire-maker, is head of the tribe, which is in trouble. The glaciers are approaching, and the tribe is going hungry; Za does not know how to make fire, nor do any of the others. "Without meat, we go hungry. Without fire—we die!" he cries. Kal, a stranger to the tribe with aspirations to leadership and the hand of Hur, sees the TARDIS arrive (it is his shadow at the end of episode one) and sees the Doctor emerge and light a pipe. (The Doctor never did this again. Perhaps he learned the error of his ways from this tale.) Realizing that this man can make fire, Kal kidnaps the Doctor and takes him to the tribe. The other travelers track them and are captured. Here they are faced with an agonizing decision: If they give the tribe fire, there is little chance that they will be allowed to leave; if they don't, they will be killed. The matter is resolved when Ian gives them the secret of fire, and then he and Susan develop a plan of escape that had me terrified at the time. He made the cavemen believe that four skulls placed on burning sticks are the travelers, consumed by their god, Orb (the sun, source of all fire). Aided by this diversion, the travelers flee to the TARDIS and escape this nightmare world.

The early stories were limited to a tight budget and were filmed in one run, live. Any line mistakes had to be kept, and everything had to work right the first time. Of course, this didn't always happen, and some of the mistakes led to very confused explanations or missed cues. Despite this problem, the shows were produced to a very high standard. Effects were excellent, and the six-set limitation proved to be not restrictive in terms of story-telling and action. With all of the fires in this story, there was grave danger of a real fire, so the story was filmed at Ealing Studios (rather than the normal Lime Grove ones) because of the better facilities—just in case.

* * *

NEXT ISSUE:

An Interview
with
JOHN PERTWEE



THE QUATERMASS NOVELS

British Comics starring "FLOOK"

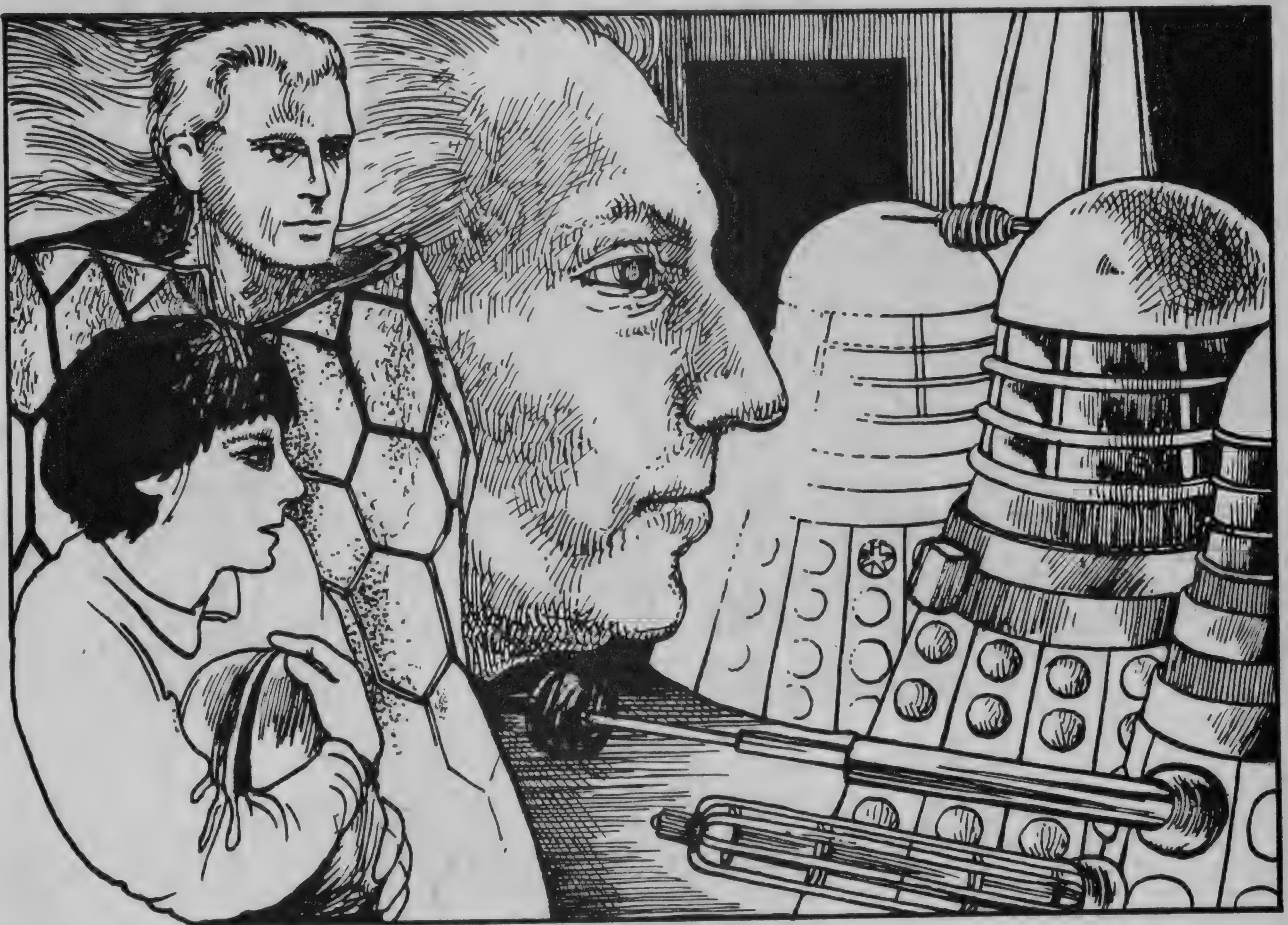
Plus
WORZEL GUMMIDGE

Plus An In-Depth Analysis of the Second Season of *DOCTOR WHO*

DON'T MISS THE THIRD ISSUE OF *FANTASY EMPIRE*

Serial B: "The Daleks" by Terry Nation (Hartnell 2)

(Also known as "The Dead Planet")



Episode Titles:

(1) "The Dead Planet"
12/21/63
(2) "The Survivors"
12/28/63
(3) "The Escape"
1/4/63
(4) "The Ambush"
1/11/64
(5) "The Expedition"
1/18/64
(6) "The Ordeal"
1/25/64
(7) "The Rescue"
2/1/64

Crew:
Prod. Ass't.....Norman Stewart
Ass't. Floor Mgr.....Michael Ferguson
Costume Supervisor...Daphne Dare
Make-Up Supervisor...Elizabeth Blattner
Incidental Music...Tristram Cary
Designers
Raymond Cusick & Jeremy Davies
Directors
Christopher Barry & Richard Martin

Cast:

Alydon.....John Lee
Ganatus.....Philip Bond
Dyoni.....Virginia Wetherell
Temmosus.....Alan Wheatley
Elyon.....Gerald Curtis
Kristas.....Jonathan Crane
Antodus.....Marcus Hammond

Other Thals
Chris Browning, Katie Cashfield,
Vez Delahunt, Kevin Glenny,
Ruth Harrison, Lesley Hill,
Steve Pokol, Jeanette Rossini,
Eric Smith

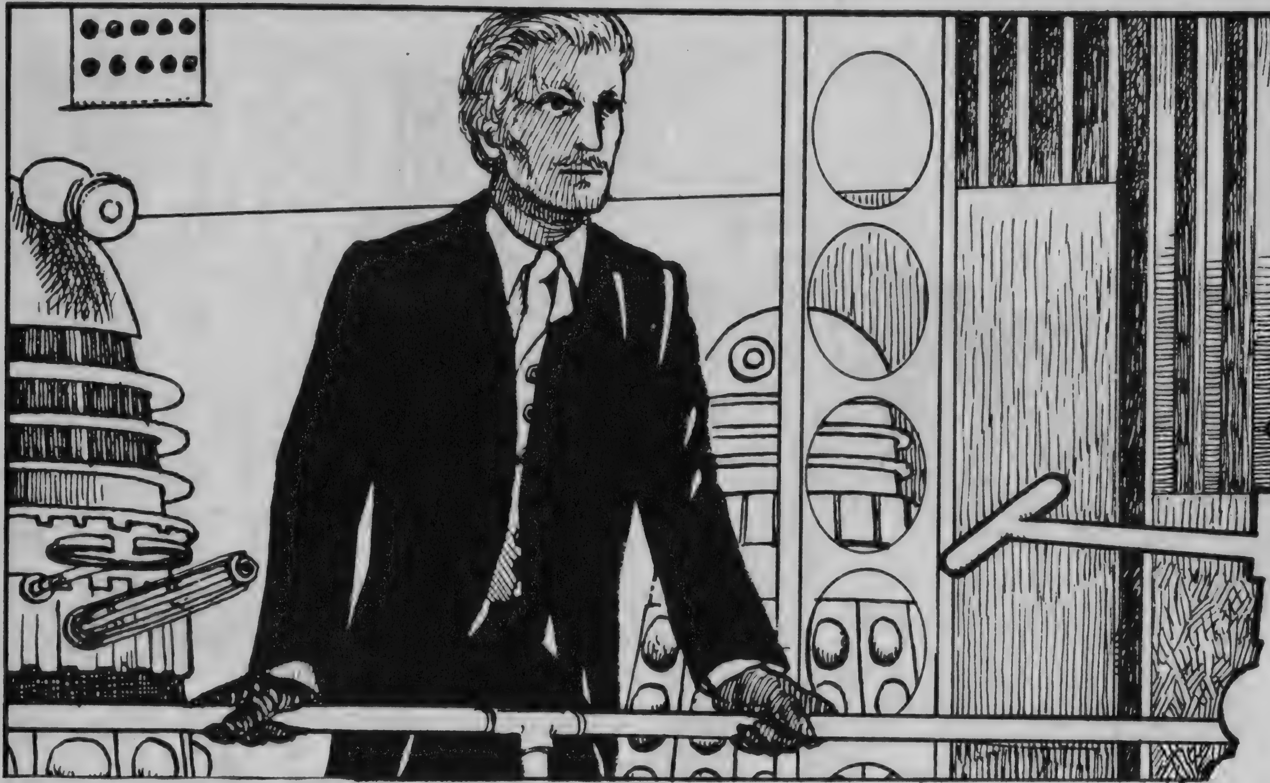
Dalek Voices
Peter Hawkins & David Graham

Daleks
Robert Jewell, Kevin Manser,
Michael Summerton, Gerald Taylor,
Peter Murphy

The TARDIS has taken the travelers to the planet Skaro. They find that they are in a petrified forest with no sign of life. Spotting a magnificent city, the Doctor determines to investigate. Within the city, they discover one of the two races who used to inhabit the planet, the Daleks (weird machines, within which dwell disgustingly mutated creatures). There has been a war, and the other survivors (the Thals) are trying to get food. They are beautiful, humanoid beings, who are total pacifists. But the Daleks have "a dislike for the unlike" and want to kill them all by making the surface uninhabitable. Ian pursuades the Thals to fight, and (after a nightmare journey through swamps filled with mutations) they penetrate the Dalek city and succeed in defeating the Daleks. With the technology that they have captured, the Thals can survive, but the travelers must move on, seeking home.

Film Verison of Serial B: Dr. Who and the Daleks

[1965 (U.s. release 1966), An Aaru Production (Walter Reade Organization) Color, 83 minutes.]



Cast:

Dr. Who.....Peter Cushing
Ian.....Roy Castle
Barbara.....Jennie Linden
Susan.....Roberta Tovey
Ganatus.....Michael Coles
Temmosus.....Geoffrey Toone
Alydon.....Barrie Ingham
Dyoni.....Yvonne Antrobus

Antodus.....John Bown
Elyon.....Mark Petersen
Dalek Operators
Bruno Castagnoli, Michael Dillon,
Brian Hands, Robert Jewell,
Kevin Manser, Eric McKay,
Len Saunders, Gerald Taylor

Crew:

Cin.....John Wilcox
Art Director.....Bill Constable
Editor.....Oswald Hafenrichter
Prod. Mgr.....Ted Lloyd
Special Effects.....Ted Samuels
Set Decoration....Scott Slimon
Music Composed and Conducted
Malcolm Lockyer

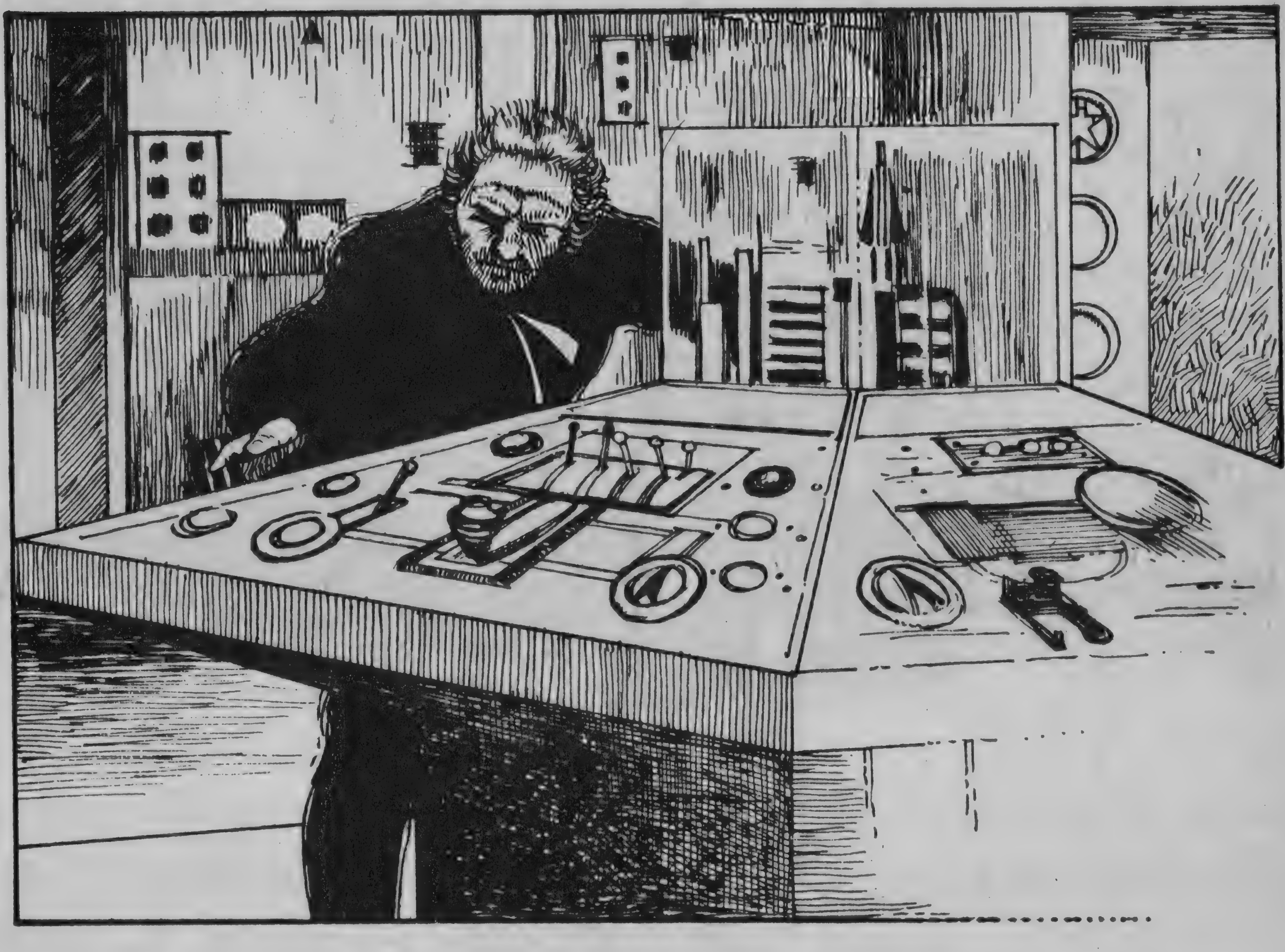
Electronic Music...Barry Gray
Make-Up.....Jill Carpenter
Screenplay....Milton Subotsky
Executiv Prod.....Joe Vegoda
Producers
Milton Subotsky & Max J. Rosenberg
Director.....Gordon Flemyng

For this first extraterrestrial adventure, the effects department went all-out. Writer Terry Nation created for it the most famous TV monsters of all, and it did more than justice to his concepts. From a very hazy suggestion in Nation's script, Raymond Cusick produced six Daleks. Originally they were to have been more elaborate, but time and money ran out. In fact, the first view we had of them was at the end of the first episode: a sucker stick waving at Barbara—all that had then been built of the machines. (Mind you, Barbara's heart-rending screams of horror made up for the unseen creatures.) In scenes where more Daleks were needed, cardboard cut-outs were used, rather obviously at times. But production values were high, and skillfully used glass shots gave small sets the illusion of depth and created a horrific and realistic death sequence for one of the Thals (sucked into the lake to his death). But the star of the show was the superb model city, cleverly designed and brilliantly photographed to give the impact of "magical architecture."

*This was also the first book to be adapted from the series (*Doctor Who in an Exciting Adventure with the Daleks*, Avon, 1964), written by David Whitaker. It managed to create a great deal of confusion among later fans, since many of the story's details were altered. The meeting of the four time travelers was set on Barnes Common and was by accident, not intent. The novel was written from Ian's viewpoint, so a great deal of material was left out. One thing included that was originally intended for the screen was a glass Dalek, housing the leader of the race. This was not done on TV, due to the fact that there simply wasn't enough money to build it. The same story was adapted into a film version in 1965. Feeling that William Hartnell wasn't sufficiently well known, Producer Milton Subotsky cast Peter Cushing in the role of the Doctor and gave a different origin to the time traveler. This time he became an English inventor, with both Barbara and Susan as his grand-daughters and Ian as Barbara's boyfriend. The script was adapted from the original by David Whitaker and made more comic, but the only changes for the better were in the Daleks and the city interiors. The Daleks were taller and had claws instead of suckers. In every other respect, the film managed to look like a cheap spin-off of the series. Nevertheless, it was popular enough for a sequel to be made the next year. The sequel even had Philip Madoc and Robert Jewell (actors who were often seen in* Doctor Who *stories), along with Eileen Way (from "Tribe of Gum").*

Serial C: "The Edge of Destruction" by David Whitaker (Hartnell 3)

(also known as "Beyond the Sun" or "The Brink of Disaster")



Episode Titles:
(1) "The Edge of Destruction"
2/8/64
(2) "The Brink of Disaster"
2/15/64

Cast:
Only the regular cast appeared.

Crew:
Incidental Music...From Stock
Prod. Ass't....Tony Lightley
Ass't Floor Mgr....Jeremy Hare
Costume Supervisor...Daphne Dare
Make-Up Supervisor...Ann Ferriggi
Designer....Raymond Cusick
Directors
Richard Martin & Frank Cox

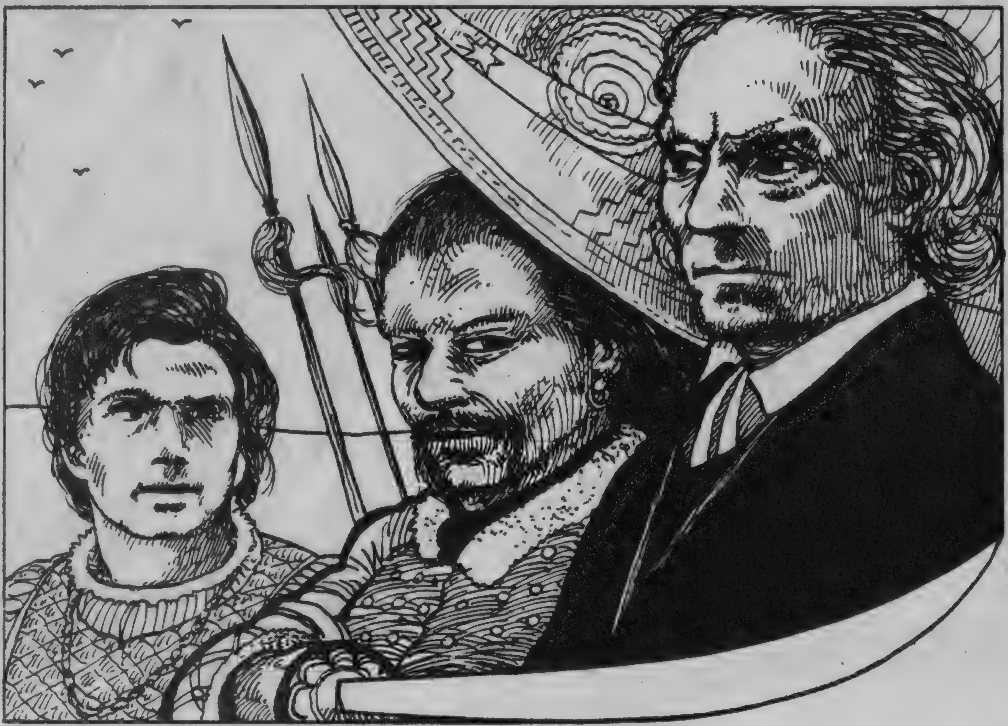
Attempting to get the teachers home, the Doctor hits the "fast return" button. There is an explosion, and everything goes dead. The travelers lose consciousness and wake up unable to think straight. Tempers are frayed, and everyone is behaving oddly. The panel is alive, except for one section, which includes the scanner. Attempting to see where they are, they turn it on, only to be confronted by images that are obviously not outside the ship: a landscape, a planet, a moon, a sun, and then a searing screen. The ship is trying to warn them—but of what? Eventually, the Doctor realizes that the ship is going to be destroyed. The "fast return" switch has malfunctioned and is plunging the TARDIS back and back to the very creation of the universe and beyond the point where time starts.

This story contained a few really horrifying moments, notably a superb performance from Carole Ann Ford when, convinced that there is an alien lurking within one of her companions, Susan attacks Ian with a pair of scissors and ends up in anger slashing away at a bed. A marvelous effects sequence occurs when the clock faces on their watches and the ormulu clock melt as time decays. Effects are few, and the whole story is carried by the actors, who manage an amazing performance within three rooms. Even more amazing is the fact that David Whitaker wrote the story in an afternoon, in a single draft. As the deadline approached to start filming "Marco Polo," it was obvious that the sets weren't going to be completed in time. So Verity Lambert had Whitaker write a story in two parts set entirely within the TARDIS, since those were the only sets that were available for this tale. In fact, Whitaker created a very confusing story but one that is undeniably a masterpiece. When it was reshown for the first time ever at the Doctor Who Appreciation Society's 1980 convention, I was seated next to Carole Ann Ford, who was concentrating eagerly on the film. When it was over, I asked her if she had understood it. "Oh, yes," she said. "Perfectly." Then she smiled and quickly left.

Serial D: "Marco Polo" by John Lucarotti (Hartnell 4)

(also known as "The Roof of the World")

Episode Titles:
(1) "The Roof of the World"
2/22/64
(2) "The Singing Sands"
2/29/64
(3) "Five Hundred Eyes"
3/7/64
(4) "The Walls of Lies"
3/14/64
(5) "Rider from Shang-Tu"
3/21/64
(6) "Mighty Kublai Khan"
3/28/64
(7) "Assassin at Peking"
4/4/64



Cast:
Marco Polo.....Mark Eden
Tegana.....Derren Nesbitt
Ping-Cho.....Zienia Merton
Man at Lop.....Leslie Bates
Chenchu.....Jimmy Gardner
Malik.....Charles Wade
Acomat.....Philip Voss
Ling-Tau.....Paul Carson
Wang-Lo.....Gabor Baraker
Kuiju.....Tutte Lemkow
Vizier.....Peter Lawrence
Kublai Khan.....Martin Miller
Office Foreman.....Basil Tang
Empress.....Claire Davenport

Attendant on Ping-Cho...Zohra Segal
Yeng.....O. Ikeda
Chinese Lady of Quality...Violet Leon
Attendant.....Suk Hee S'Hng
Chinese Villagers
Clem Choy, Irene Ho,
Peggy Sirr
Mongol Bandits
Santos Wong, Michael Guest,
Gordon Bremworth, Leslie Bates,
Roy Vincente

Mongol Caravan Porters
Aman Tokyo & Eton Fing-On
Caravan Bearers
Henry Loy, Maung Hlashwe,
L. Lim, Boon Wan Lee,
Ying Wiu
Caravan Warrior.....David Anderson

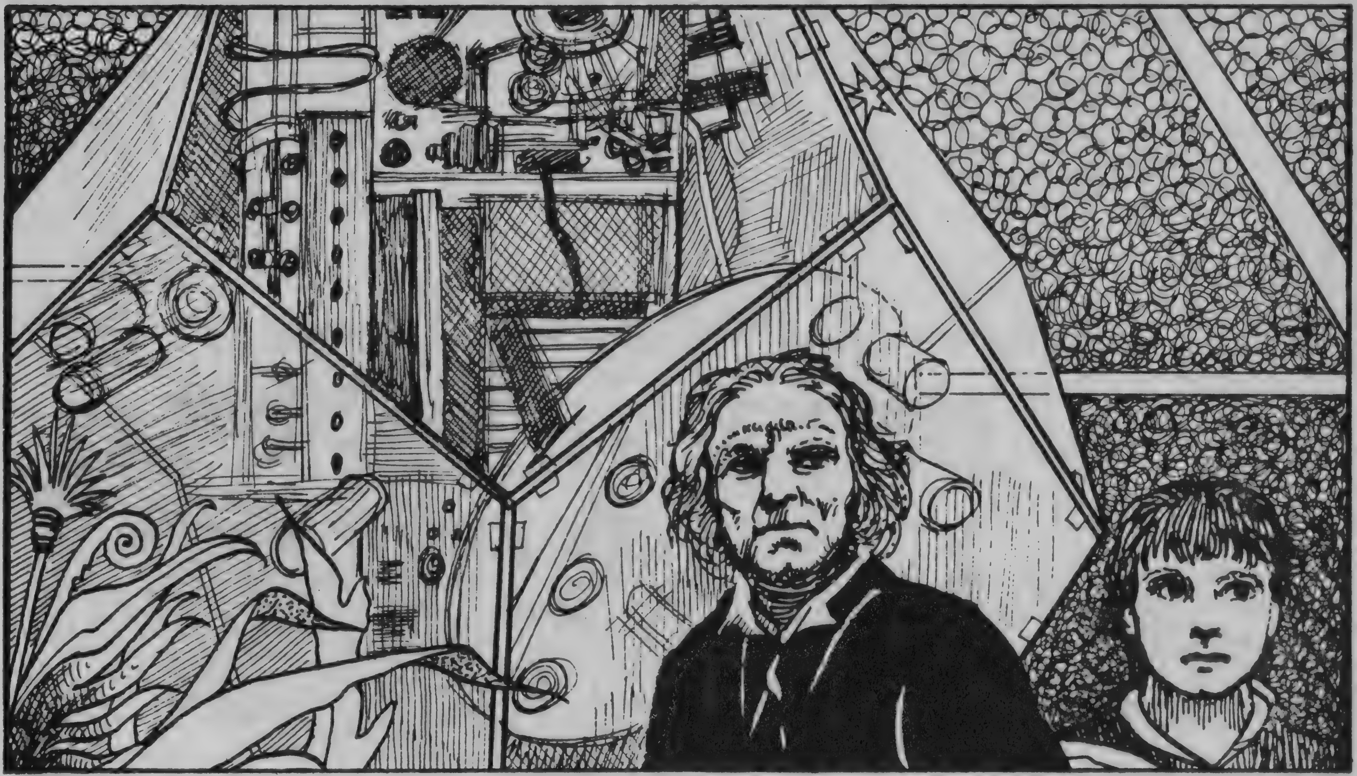
Mongol Warriors
John Lee, Arnold Lee,
Roy Vincente, Ronald Chee,
Clem Choy, Carlton Ngui

Crew:
Sword Fight Arranger...Derek Ware
Production Ass'ts.
Douglas Camfield & Penny Joy
Ass't Floor Mgr.....Catherine Childs
Costume Supervisor....Daphne Dare
Make-Up Supervisor.....Ann Ferriggi
Incidental Music....Tristram Cary
Designer.....Barry Newbery
Directors
John Crockett & Waris Hussein

The TARDIS has arrived on Earth—but in the year 1289. All of the systems have malfunctioned, and the ship is effectively dead until repaired. The travelers have to find shelter to survive and are rescued by a caravan under the leadership of Marco Polo. He is heading for Peking, the capital of romantic Cathay. With him is a Tartar warlord, Tegana, who has seen the TARDIS land. He realizes that it is a flying chariot and tries to steal it. Though Marco believes Tegana to be an ambassador to the court, he is in fact an assassin, whose task is to kill Kublai Khan so that the Tartars can take over the empire. Marco requisitions the TARDIS, to give it as a present to the Khan. He feels that he is not being unfair to the travelers and offers them passage home. "I grant you, England's a long way," he tells Ian, "but you can sail it! The Crusaders did it." Eventually, Ian convinces Marco that the travelers are from the future, and they get the keys back that he has confiscated. In a sword-fight finish, Marco slays Tegana, and the travelers leave once more.

This was an amazingly elaborate story, filled with color (though filmed in black and white) and wonder. To many, myself included, it was the best Doctor Who *story ever, with a wonderful blend of historical fact and imaginative action. Writer Lucarotti is especially adept at historical fiction, though no mean hand at other styles. (He wrote the first draft for "The Ark in Space" and also wrote stories for* The Avengers*). Acting was splendid, and it gave us a glimpse of just how fine a historical tale could be. The cast included Zienia Merton (later to play Sandra Benes in* Space: 1999*) and John Lee (who had starred as Alydon in "The Daleks") in the very minor role of a Mongol warrior. Main villain Derren Nesbitt became famous for his unlikeable characters in TV drama in the 60's. To give an air of authenticity to the story, animals were used for the first time in the series. To carry the immobilized TARDIS, a horse-drawn cart was constructed. Also, many Chinese actors were included in the cast. For the first time, too,* Doctor Who *made the cover of the TV program guide* Radio Times *with a still of Hartnell, Eden, and Nesbitt.*

Serial E: "The Keys of Marinus" by Terry Nation (Hartnell 5)



Episode Titles:
(1) "The Sea of Death"
4/11/64
(2) "The Velvet Web"
4/18/64
(3) "The Screaming Jungle"
4/25/64
(4) "The Snows of Terror"
5/2/64
(5) "Sentence of Death"
5/9/64
(6) "The Keys of Marinus"
5/16/64

Cast:
Arbitan.....George Coulouris
Arbitan's Double.....John Beerbohm
Altos.....Robin Phillips
Sabetha.....Katharine Schofield
Voice of Morpho.....Heron Carvic
Ladies in Waiting
Faith Hines, Daphne Thomas,
Veronica Thornton, Sharon Young,
Lynda Taylor
Darrius.....Edmund Warwick
Idol.....Bob Haddow
Hatchetman.....Martin Cort
Vasor.....Francis de Wolff
Ice Soldiers
Michael Allaby, Anthony Verner,
Alan James, Peter Stenson
Eprin.....Dougie Dean
Tarron.....Henley Thomas
Larn.....Michael Allaby
Senior Judge.....Raf de la Torre
First Judge.....Alan James
Second Judge.....Peter Stenson
Kala.....Fiona Walker
Aydan.....Martin Cort
Eyesen.....Donald Pickering
Guard.....Alan James
Yartek.....Stephen Dartnell
Voords
Martin Cort, Peter Stenson
Gordon Wales

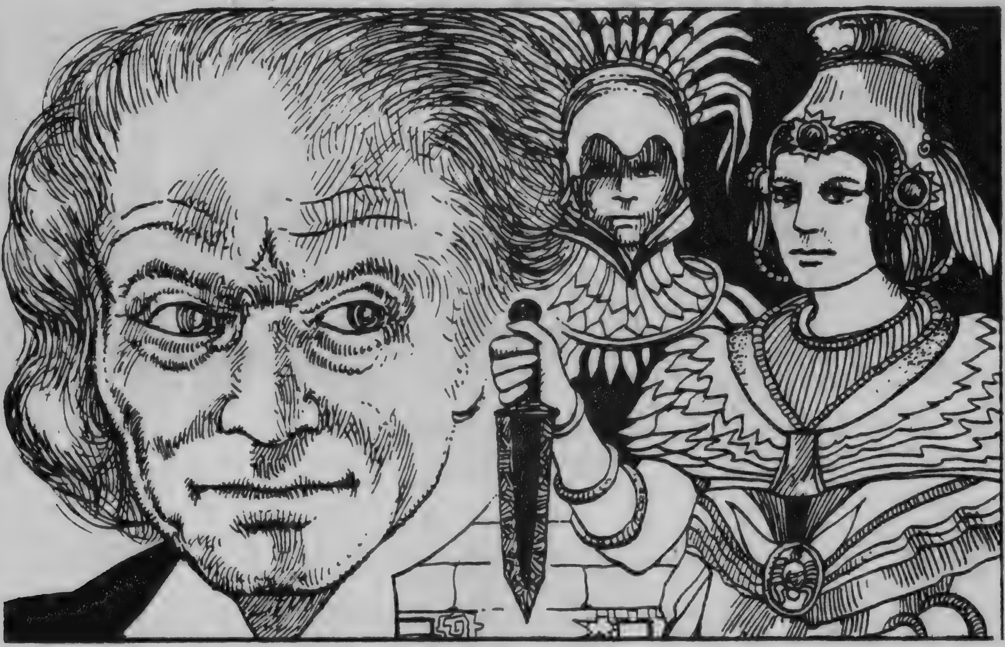
Crew:
Prod. Ass't....David Conroy
Ass't Floor Mgr.....Timothy Combe
Costume Supervisor.....Daphne Dare
Make-Up Supervisor.....Jill Summers
Incidental Music.....Norman Kay
Designer.....Raymond P. Cusick
Director.....John Gorrie

The planet Marinus is ruled by a machine, the Conscience of Marinus, which can control the thoughts of men there, so that they cannot do wrong. But Yartek and his followers, the Voords, found a way to overcome this conditioning and exploited their freedom—robbing, killing, and cheating without fear of reprisal. The Keeper of the Conscience, Arbitan, had to switch off the machine so that the rest of the humans could retaliate. Yartek and the Voords now seek control of the machine by invading the island on which it is situated. Arbitan alone holds out and has scattered the five keys that power the machine. Now, he has worked out a way that will enable the Conscience to overcome the Voords and needs the keys returned. But there is no one left to send. Then the travelers arrive. By placing the TARDIS within a force-field, he blackmails them into hunting for the keys for him and plunges them into conflict with the devious Yartek.

This was a brave attempt to make use of what was originally considered a limitation, the fact that only six sets could be used per episode. In this serial, all the sets were located in different sections of Marinus, and each week there was a self-contained story about the search for one of the keys. In the city of Morphedon, the brains of the Morphos preserved in glass jars rule the city by hypnosis. Barbara alone withstands control and smashes the jars, freeing the city. (In fact, this was one place where the effects went wrong; one jar didn't smash, no matter how hard she tried.) Here, they meet up with Sabetha (the daughter of Arbitan) and Altos (one of his agents), and both accompany them. They go on to a jungle dwelling, where Darrius (one of Arbitan's peers) has developed a plant accelerator. In a horrifying climax, the jungle moves, its growth accelerated, threatening to kill the travelers. They then pass to the Arctic, where they encounter Ice Soldiers and a trapper, Vasor (played by Francis de Wolff), who attempts to rape Barbara. Finally, they land in the city of Millenius, where Ian is framed for murder. Finding all of the keys, they return to the island of the Conscience, *to discover that Arbitan is dead and that Yartek controls the machine. Ian substitutes a false key for a real one, overloading the machine and destroying it and the Voords together. Immense publicity surrounded this story, because the Daleks had taken the popular imagination by storm. Ever since that initial surge of "Dalekmania," the show has tried to create villains just as popular but has never quite made it. The Voords failed rather badly, since they were basically men in wet-suits and a mask and appeared very little in the story. The movement between locations in the story was performed by "travel dials," and this was done on the screen by a split-screen technique. Unfortunately, this was very obvious, because the side of the screen to "vanish" turned black. Notwithstanding the difficulties, the story remains a popular one in most viewers' minds, and is the only other first-season story currently novelized (though not until 1980) by Philip Hinchcliffe. (Incidentally, Edmund Warwick (Darrius) was William Hartnell's double in many future stories.)*

Serial F: "The Aztecs" by John Lucarotti (Hartnell 6)

(also known as "The Temple of Evil")



Episode Titles:
(1) "The Temple of Evil"
5/23/64
(2) "The Warriors of Death"
5/30/64
(3) "The Bride of Sacrifice"
6/6/64
(4) "The Day of Darkness"
6/13/64

Cast:
Autloc.....Keith Pyott
Tlotoxl.....John Ringham
Ixta.....Ian Cullen
Cameca.....Margot Van Der Burgh
First Victim.....Tom Booth
Aztec Captain.....David Anderson
Tonila.....Walter Randall
Perfect Victim.....Andre Boulay

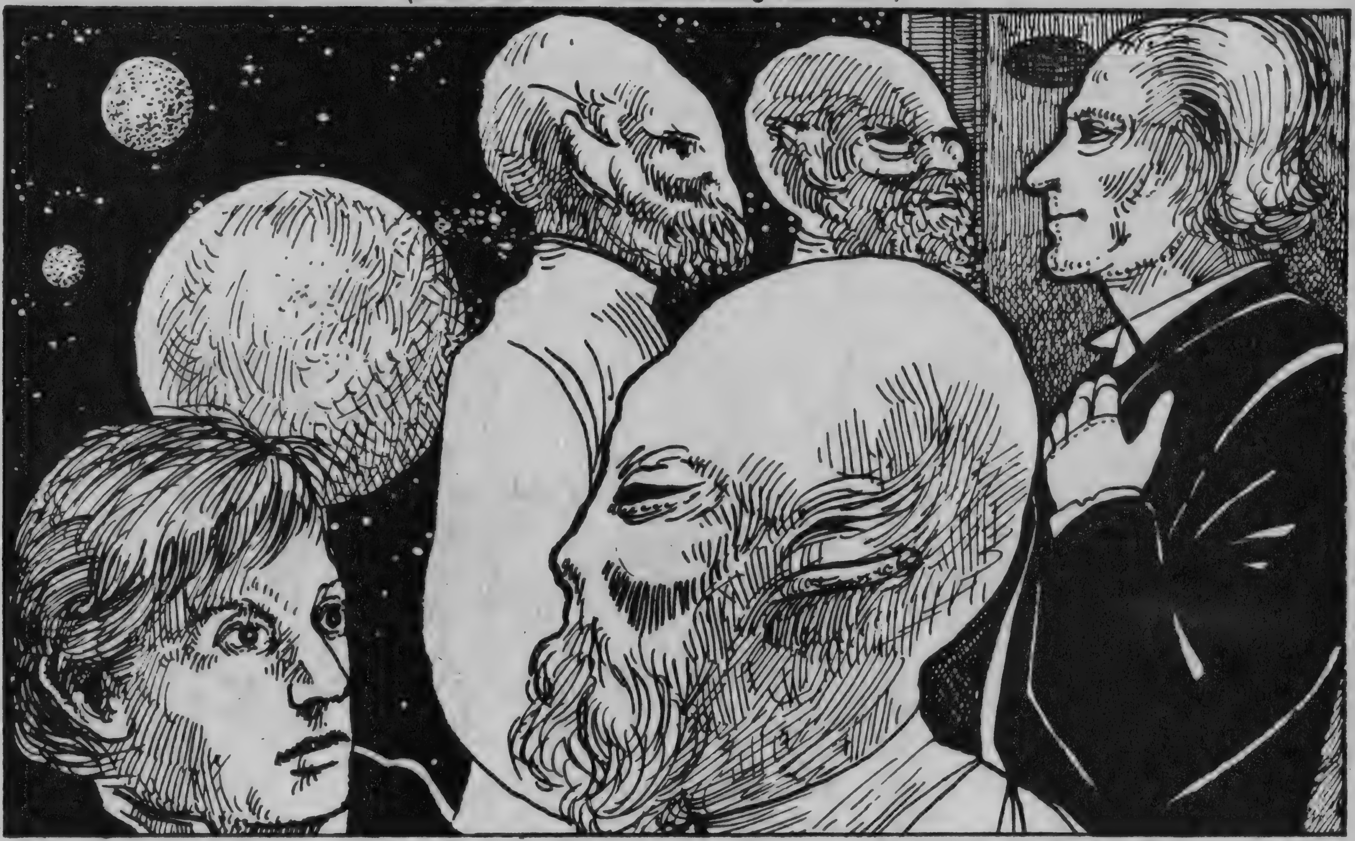
Crew:
Fight Arrangers
David Anderson & Derek Ware
Prod. Ass't.....Ron Craddock
Ass't Floor Mgr.....Ken Howard
Costume Supervisors
Daphne Dare & Tony Pearce
Make-Up Supervisor....Jill Summers
Incidental Music....Richard Rodney Bennett
Music Conducted by.....Marcus Dods
Designer.....Barry Newbery
Director.....John Crockett

The Aztecs, strange, barbarous, and bloodthirsty, have always held a fascination for people. And the travelers have landed in their land, separated from the TARDIS by a one-way door in a tomb. Barbara is taken for the reincarnation of the High Priest Yetaxa, because she has taken a serpent bracelet from a body in the tomb. Barbara sees her opportunity to alter the past: "If I could start the destruction of everything that's evil here, then everything that's good will survive when Cortes lands!" The Doctor is shocked: "But you can't rewrite history! Not one line!" Nevertheless, Barbara tries and fails, as she has to do. The High Priest of Sacrifice, Tlotoxl, matches wits with her and tries to destroy her; he is opposed by the gentler High Priest of Knowledge, Autloc, who believes Barbara when she predicts death for the race if sacrifice continues.

Two interesting sidelines occur in this story. The first is that the Doctor falls in love. A kind Aztec lady, Cameca, helps him, and yet he has to leave her behind when the travelers finally escape, because they belong to different ages, different worlds. It is by turns funny and sad and is extremely well acted by both parties. The second is Ian's fight with Ixta, the warrior chief of the Aztecs (played by Ian Cullen—inevitably, from Z Cars*). Ian fights him scientifically and flattens him by using a "Vulcan nerve pinch" a couple of years before Spock arrived. This was another of Lucarotti's superb historicals, and the entire production was faultless. Stunning backdrops gave the city an illusion of depth. Marvelous sets created an air of menace, and the best acting of the season created the most memorable of the many villains that the Doctor has ever faced, Tlotoxl. Of all the surviving* Doctor Who *serials, this is the most beautiful, menacing, and arresting.*

Serial G: "The Sensorites" by Peter R. Newman (Hartnell 7)

(Also known as "The Unwilling Warriors")



Episode Titles:
(1) "Strangers in Space"
6/20/64
(2) "The Unwilling Warriors"
6/27/64
(3) "Hidden Danger"
7/11/64
(4) "A Race against Death"
7/18/64
(5) "Kidnap"
7/25/64
(6) "A Desperate Venture"
8/1/64

Cast:
John.....Stephen Dartnell
Captain Maitland.....Lorne Cossette
Carol Richmond.....Ilona Rodgers
First Sensorite.....Ken Tyllsen
Second Sensorite.....Joe Greig
Third Sensorite.....Peter Glaze
Fourth Sensorite.....Arthur Newall
First Elder.....Eric Francis
Second Elder.....Bartlett Mullins
Commander.....John Bailey
First Human.....Martyn Huntley
Second Human.....Giles Phibbs

Other Sensorites
Anthony Rogers & Gerry Martin

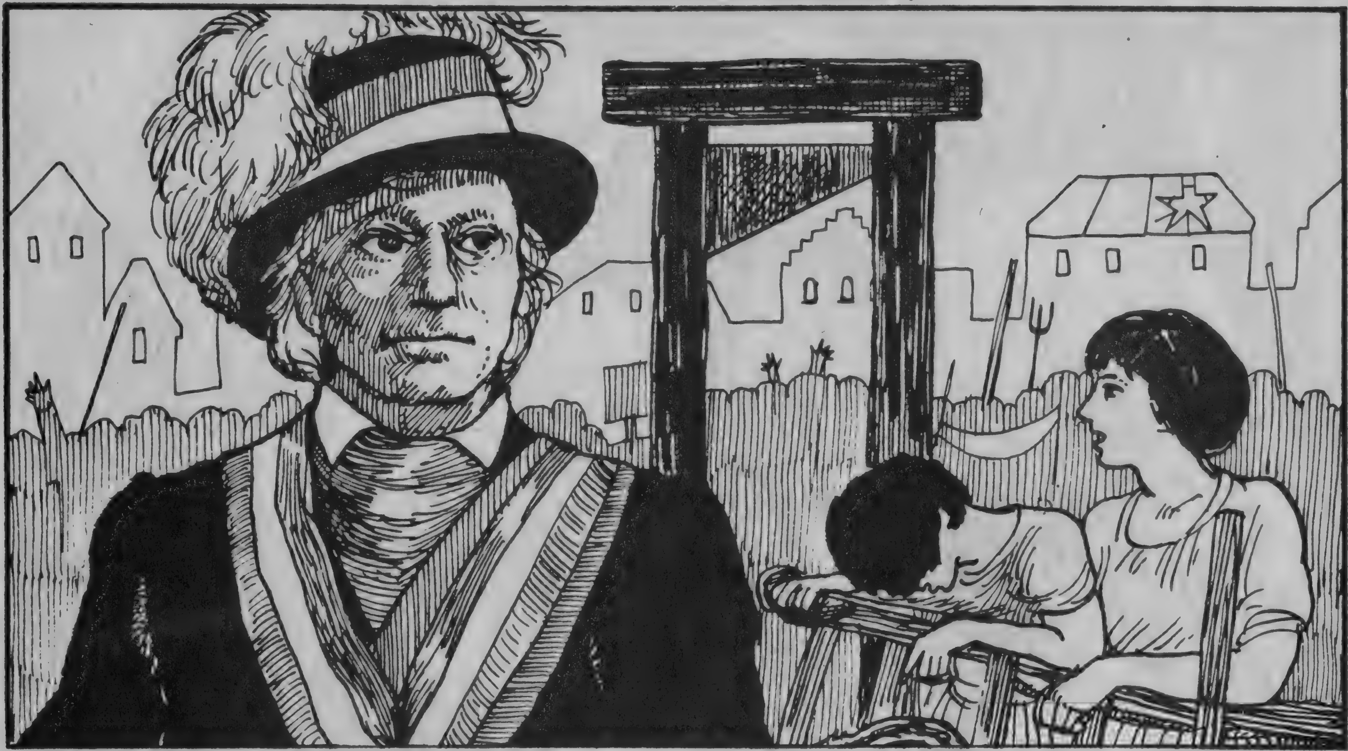
Crew:
Prod. Ass't....David Conroy
Ass't Floor Mgr....Valerie McCrimmon
Costume Supervisor.....Daphne Dare
Make-Up Supervisor.....Jill Summers
Incidental Music.....Norman Kay
Designer.....Raymond P. Cusick
Directors
Mervyn Pinfield & Frank Cox

The travelers have landed upon a ship that orbits a strange world called the Sense-Sphere, home of the Sensorites. These are members of an alien race who have astounding mental abilities. The ship is commanded by Captain Maitland, and his crew are Carol (the navigator) and John (the minerologist). But they are trapped, controlled by the power of the Sensorites, who won't kill them yet won't release them. John has been driven insane by the aliens, who now steal the TARDIS's lock and trap the travelers on the ship. The Doctor works out their weaknesses and manages to convince them that the travelers are not enemies. The Sensorites, therefore, agree to give him back the lock if he will help them. Susan, able to communicate telepathically with them, wants him to agree. "Dictated to by petty thieves and my own granddaughter!" the Doctor storms but he has to agree. The Sensorites turn out to be a peaceful race of philosophers, who are worried about the fact that their world is rich in molybdenum, a mineral Earth needs to construct space fleets. Fearing exploitation, the Sensorites have kept the humans here but are too gentle to kill them. But something is killing the Sensorites, and the Doctor has to track down the survivors of an earlier expedition: mad, desperate men, who are carrying out a "war" with the Sensorites. One of the Sensorites, the City Administor, turns events to his own advantage, trying to seize power and kill all of the humans.

In this story, we are finally told a little about the home world of the Doctor and Susan: "It's ages since we've seen our planet,' she tells the First Elder of the Sensorites. "It's quite like Earth, but at night the sky is a burnt orange; and the leaves on the trees are bright silver!" The story is amazingly atmospheric, set for the first time two and a half episodes on the trapped spaceship, constructed along the lines of an old Dakota aircraft, all bulkheads and steel. The claustrophobic sets give the air of menace a heightened note, and the atmosphere changes completely once the Sense-Sphere is reached. There, the city of the Sensorites is gracefully built, all curves and harmony and light. The entire mood of the story changes abruptly once the true nature of the aliens is revealed.

Serial H: "The Reign of Terror" by Dennis Spooner (Hartnell 8)

(Also known as "The French Revolution")



Episode Titles:
(1) "A Land of Fear"
8/8/64
(2) "Guests of Madame Guillotine"
8/15/64
(3) "A Change of Identity"
8/22/64
(4) "The Tyrant of France"
8/29/64
(5) "A Bargain of Necessity"
9/5/64
(6) "Prisoners of Conciergerie"
9/12/64

Cast:
Small Boy.....Peter Walker
Rouvray.....Laidlaw Dalling
D'Argenson.....Neville Smith
Sergeant.....Robert Hunter
Lieutenant.....Ken Lawrence
Soldier.....James Hall
Judge.....Howard Charlton
Jailer.....Jack Cunningham
Webster.....Jeffry Wickham
Road-Works Overseer...Dallas Cavell
Peasant.....Denis Cleary
Lemaitre/James Stirling.....James Cairncross
Jean....Roy Herrick
Jules Renan.....Donald Morley
Shopkeeper.....John Barrard
Danielle....Caroline Hunt
Leon Colbert.....Edward Brayshaw
Robespierre.....Keith Anderson
Physician....Ronald Pickup
Soldier....Terry Bale
Paul Barrass.....John Law
Napoleon.....Tony Wall

Crew:
Prod. Ass't.....Timothy Combe
Ass't Floor Mgr....Michael Cager
Costume Supervisor...Daphne Dare
Make-Up Supervisor...Sonia Markham
Incidental Music....Stanley Myers
Designer.....Roderick Laing
Director....Henric Hirsch

The TARDIS has brought the travelers back to Earth and to a pleasant wood. Searching for a pub for a drink, they discover a farmhouse, a link in an escape chain from the Reign of Terror. This is France, 1791, and Robespierre rules with a rod of iron. The travelers are captured by the National Guard and taken to the Conciergerie Prison in Paris, where they are destined for the guillotine—all but the Doctor, who is left to die when the farmhouse is set alight. He is rescued by a small boy and sets off to rescue his friends, disguised as a very important official. Unfortunately, his importance leads Lemaitre, the governor of the prison, to take him before Citizen Robespierre himself. Ian learns of an important English spy, *James Stirling,* whom he escapes to find. Barbara and Susan are rescued by Jules Renan, and together they try to escape this city of terror.

Again, set limitations forced this story into its mold. It is set in or around the Conciergerie Prison, with many events fitted around these sets. For the first time, location work was done for a story: sequences in the woods, the Doctor traveling to Paris, and an inn in the countryside. The story was spiced with jokes, which didn't lend believability, but the overall production values were high, and the plot is very reminiscent of The Scarlet Pimpernel, *with the search for the elusive James Stirling.*

By the end of the first season, two things had become clear. Most importantly, there was definitely going to be a second season. The first story had gained a large audience for its day, but the Daleks in the second story had boosted the ratings to a phenomenal figure for a series that was theoretically a children's show (though more adults than children watched it). The second thing that was obvious was that the Daleks would have to return. However, neither Carole Ann Ford nor David Whitaker wanted to be tied to a second season. Carole was dissatisfied with her role, feeling that she was simply there to scream and that it was doing her image no good. David Whitaker wanted to change to other writing jobs. Both partings were to be amicable, and replacements were ready to hand. After its first season, it looked as if Doctor Who *might well fulfill William Hartnell's prediction and last for five years.*

Sapphire and Steel

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TIME ON THEIR HANDS

by John Peel

"All irregularities will be handled by the forces controlling each dimension; transUranic heavy elements may not be used where there is Life. Medium atomic weights are available: Gold, Lead, Copper, Jet, Diamond, Radium, Sapphire, Silver, and Steel.

"Sapphire and Steel have been assigned!"

With that odd beginning, spoken over star-like backgrounds by a hooded figure, the viewers are introduced to two of the most startling and original figures currently on British television: Sapphire and Steel. It's a series that is hard to pin down into a category, since it contains elements of thriller, straight SF, and the ghost story. It has proven to be a winning combination. First seen on television screens in July 1979, in a fourteen episode run, the concept was rather a gamble for ITC Entertainment, the producing company. It couldn't decide at first whether *Sapphire and Steel* should be a children's story or an adult one. Eventually, the program was screened at peak viewing time, 7:00 p.m. to 7:30 p.m. on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and it rocketed into the top ten viewed programs for its run. A third season has been prepared to unleash more weird tales onto the viewing public; it began in January 1981.

What is the secret of the show? Speaking as a totally addicted viewer, I believe that it's the total air of mystery surrounding the stars and the stories; it's a cerebral program but very satisfying. It took me several hours to work out what Steel did to defeat the enemy in the first story and almost two days to work out the ending of the second. The fascination is that I feel compelled to work it out.

The show's concept is very simple. Created by prolific thriller-writer Peter J. Hammond, it is basically a story of time travel with a difference. The problem with writing a time-travel story for British television is that whatever you may want to do, *Doctor Who* probably did it years ago, but any stories on the subject must be fresh. Hammond, a veteran of such classic shows as *Z Cars* (anyone who is anyone in British TV writing has written for *that* show!), thought for a while about the way time-travel is treated while his children were engrossed in watching the film *The Time Machine*. He realized that all such stories have the heroes and/or villains traveling in time, but did it have to be that way? He sat down and wrote the first draft of a new story where, instead of people traveling in time, Time travels in people.

As Sapphire explains in the first story, "There is a corridor. And the corridor is Time. It surrounds all things. You can't see it—only sometimes. Perhaps a glimpse. And then it's dangerous. You cannot enter into Time. But, once in a while, Time can try and enter into the Present. Break in. Burst through. Take things. Take people. Sometimes, in some places, the Present becomes weakened. Like fabric. And when there is pressure upon the fabric, Time reaches in."

Things lurk outside our comfortable world, but they can get in, and cause havoc. That was the case with the *Marie Celeste*. (Steel casually remarks he had to sink it; when Rob points out that the ship *didn't* sink, Steel simply says, "The real one did." You draw your own conclusions, because Steel hates explanations!) And it is the case with the Bermuda Triangle. Or a small house, a block of flats, an artist's studio—anywhere. All time needs is a catalyst, a means of stretching the fabric of the Present, and then the Shapes can get in, possess people, steal them, attack and change the flow of history as it is—or was.

Confused? You're supposed to be. That's part of the addiction; you watch to try to comprehend the incomprehensible. Director Shaun O'Riordan explains that the function of Sapphire and Steel is as "agents of the status quo, responsible for ensuring that the natural order of things remains. Any obstruction of time and space must be repaired." Writer Hammond calls them "time detectives"; they are sent to discover what is causing temporal break-downs and to fix it in any way possible (orders that Steel tends to take extremely literally).

They appear from nowhere, out of the night; they are Agents, assigned to a case by—whom we're never told. Steel says as little as briefly as possible; Sapphire just flashes a dazzling smile. They are just here with a job to do. There are other agents; when the going gets too rough, the pair can be helped. Lead, a huge, jovial black man of intense power and personality, arrives during the course of the first story; Silver, specially gifted and tough-minded, aids them in the third. But Sapphire and Steel are a team; they work well together, being complementary opposites.

All agents have special powers which are revealed gradually. Lead is a "shield," capable of protecting others from the harmful effects of time-distortions or energy manifestations. Silver is a "penetrator," capable of breaking through force-screens or the time barriers that the Others can erect. Steel can lower his body temperature to virtually absolute zero and can freeze the creatures, draining them of their power. Sapphire can regress time, sometimes by hours, sometimes by days, and create loops from time, making people repeat their actions forever if she wishes. All four are taxed to their limits, because Time is immensely wise and very patient. Each defeat means more information on Its foes, and one day, the Agency will not be able to stop It.

Steel and Sapphire aren't human; their appearance is simply a convenience. Even their clothing is a solid illusion. In the first story, Sapphire demonstrates her abilities to the young boy, Rob, by running through several changes of attire by blinking her eyes. Along with her clothes, her hair and even her features shift and change. Steel dislikes such shows of power and contents himself with wearing more normal clothes, though he sometimes lacks the proper notion of what *is* "normal." On a railway station, dirty and disused, he turns up dressed for a very exclusive dinner-party. And, when the job is over, they simply fade away like ghosts.

Ghosts play a large part in the stories. Time must break through where the fabric of the Present is weakest, and It uses ghosts at will for this. The first story features a gruesome collection of Cromwellian Roundheads and dead people, including a hideously deformed man suffering from the Black Death. The second tale has dead soldiers from the two World Wars. The fifth contains a dead man who is somehow still alive. Sapphire calls them "visual refractions," but we call them spectres or boogies, haunts or shades. The dead are a ready source of power to break into the present and unleash Time. Steel's method of dealing with such people is blunt. "You're dead," he tells the soldier, Pearce. "Go back. You don't belong with the living. You belong in the darkness, you and your friends. You're dead. Every one of you."

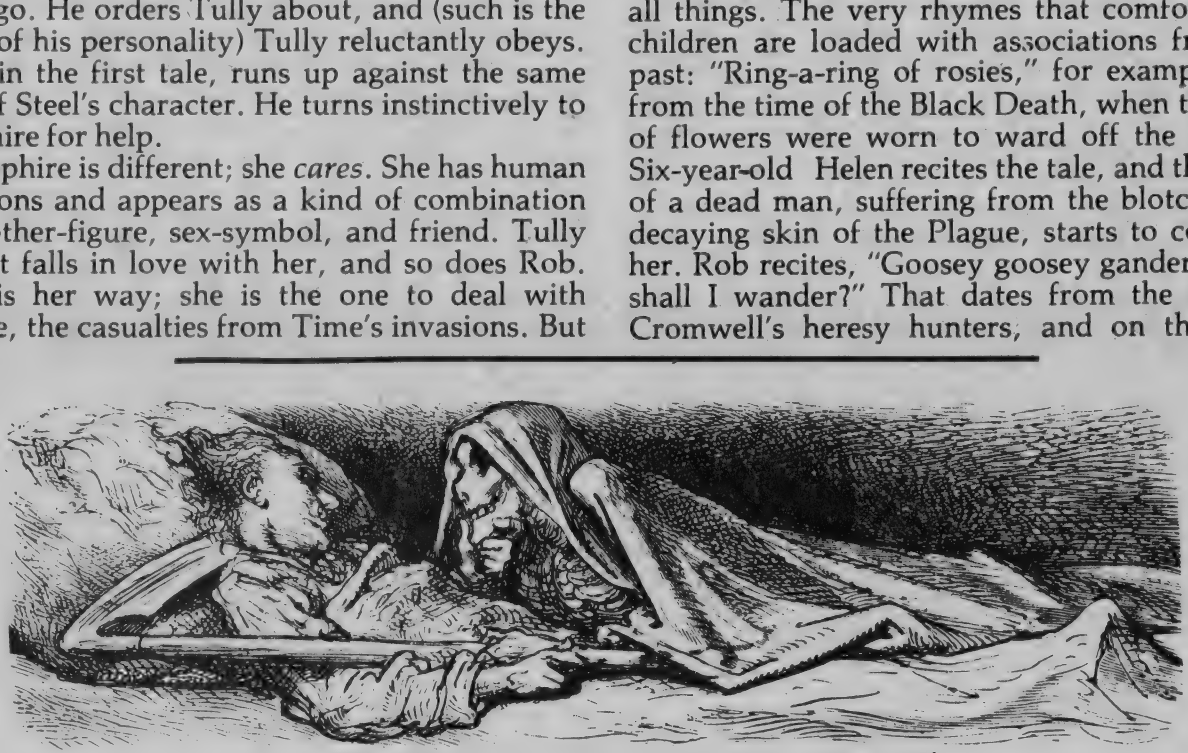
This is Steel's way. Like the metal he is named after, he is cold, hard, and intensely strong. Small matters, like what people may think, simply don't bother him. He has a task, and he will do it, regardless. He and Tully, the ghost-hunter in the second story, take an instant dislike to each other. Tully is kind and trying to help the departed spirits. Steel tells him bluntly that he will destroy the ghosts. They are evil, and they must go. He orders Tully about, and (such is the force of his personality) Tully reluctantly obeys. Rob, in the first tale, runs up against the same side of Steel's character. He turns instinctively to Sapphire for help.

Sapphire is different; she *cares*. She has human emotions and appears as a kind of combination of mother-figure, sex-symbol, and friend. Tully almost falls in love with her, and so does Rob. This is her way; she is the one to deal with people, the casualties from Time's invasions. But her very caring causes her problems, because, when she attempts a seance in the second story, she is possessed by the spirit she contacts, having given it an opening.

Together, each remedies the failings of the other; Sapphire talks to people, gaining cooperation, where Steel commands. (There's a beautiful moment in story two, where Steel actually *smiles* at Tully, who is totally amazed at this uncharacteristic behavior.) Steel plans and fights and is able to force Sapphire to act against her caring nature when a hard or painful task has to be done.

The stories can be fun, too, as well as atmospheric. Arguably the best is the second story, which is really chilling. It begins with Tully's attempting to communicate with a spirit that haunts an old railroad station. Tully is worn-down, old, and tired; his equipment ("Junk!" as Steel describes it) is antiquated, but he cares. When he makes a very emotional appeal, a figure, dark and mysterious, materializes on the footbridge, and a cold voice says, "I've come from the other side—" Then the figure steps forward; it's Steel; "—of the platform," he concludes.

One of the most brilliant aspects of the show is the way in which Time gets a foothold in the Present by utilizing objects from the past. And it disorients the people by causing memories to carry it along. This is particularly effective in the first story, in which Time uses the fact that Mr. Jardine collects clocks and old books. It finds a way in through the recital of nursery rhymes, of all things. The very rhymes that comfort us as children are loaded with associations from the past: "Ring-a-ring of rosies," for example, was from the time of the Black Death, when the rings of flowers were worn to ward off the disease. Six-year-old Helen recites the tale, and the ghost of a dead man, suffering from the blotches and decaying skin of the Plague, starts to come for her. Rob recites, "Goosey goosey gander, where shall I wander?" That dates from the days of Cromwell's heresy hunters, and on the stairs



Drawing by Gustave Dore for *Gargantua and Pantagruel* comes the tread of those evil men, still seeking death. It's a clever device, twisting the loved and familiar into dangerous and frightening channels. In the second story, the hauntings are heralded by Pearce's mournful whistling of the First World War marching song, "Pack Up Your Troubles." In the third, with visitors from the future, the very objects of the present are past to them. Story four has old photographs coming to life (Victorian prints in sepia, which live as monochrome people, a very nice piece of special effects trickery). In the last story of the second season, the key is a party which recreates a setting of exactly fifty years before. All are weak points in the fabric of time, where Time breaks through.

But where Time attacks, that is where Sapphire and Steel are to be found, fighting, striving, and beating it. But there is always a next time.

The Actors

DAVID McCALLUM

David McCallum is a Scot from Glasgow. Like most British actors, he trained at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts (RADA). He also gained backstage experience as stage manager to the Aylesbury Repertory Company. In the days when National Service was compulsory, David entered the Army but, on being demobbed in 1953, he re-entered the theater. His first television play was *The Rose and The Ring*, which was shortly followed by a role in Clive Donner's *The Secret Place* (1956). The Rank Organisation was so impressed, it offered him a contract, and he appeared in British films including *Robbery Under Arms* (1957) and *Violent Playground* (1958). *The Great Escape* (1963) led him to Hollywood and roles in *The Greatest Story Ever Told* and other films. There, Norman Felton signed him up for a secondary role in a new spy series.

It is as Illya Kuryakin, the Russian agent of *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* (1964-1968), that McCallum is probably best remembered. It had originally been intended as a minor part, but so popular was he that he soon shared equal billing with Robert Vaughn. When this series finished, McCallum worked solo again. In England once more, he made *Colditz* (1972), and more recently, *Kidnapped* (playing the role of Alan Breck in his native Scotland). He has also tried his hand behind the cameras, directing segments of the series *The Explorers*. Back in America, he took part in a modern remake of *King Solomon's Mines* and the series of *The Invisible Man*. This failed to make much impact, despite his superb acting and more than usually good scripts, and the series was restyled with Ben Murphy as *The Gemini Man*. Back in England, David has entered happily into the latest of his many roles, that of another super-agent, Steel.

JOANNA LUMLEY

Born in Kashmir, May 1, 1946 (when her father was serving in the Indian Army), she had a much-traveled childhood in the far east, until the family finally settled at Epsom. She never really knew what she wanted to do for a career, eventually deciding to enter modeling. After a hard start, she broke into *Queen Magazine* and then others including *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and *Nova*. From this, she gradually worked in small roles in films like *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* (1969), *Games That Lovers Play*, and *The Satanic Rites of Dracula*. She also appeared in small roles in TV series, such as the situation comedy *Steptoe and Son* and the soap-opera *Coronation Street* (from which also emerged *Doctor Who* actresses Elisabeth Sladen and Mary Tamm).

She shot to fame when she gained the coveted role as John Steed's new beautiful sidekick (with real kicks!) in the *New Avengers* series. She created her own hairstyle for this show, and it rapidly caught on; it was neat, attractive, and simple to care for. After this series (an international success) her first TV role is that of Sapphire, a part she says she thoroughly enjoys.

DAVID COLLINGS

New agent Silver isn't David's first SF role—he played a man with superhuman powers in an episode of *UFO* and has starred in the British SF anthology series *Out of the Unknown*. Inevitably, he, too has worked in *Emergency Ward 10*.

THE WRITERS

P. J. Hammond is by inclination a thriller writer, with experience on the *Z Cars* TV series and on many other British police series. He has adapted his first *Sapphire and Steel* script into novel form (Star Books).

Don Houghton and Anthony Read are both veterans of *Doctor Who*. (Houghton wrote Pertwee stories "Inferno" and "The Mind of Evil." Read was script editor for *Doctor Who* seasons fourteen through sixteen and wrote "Horns of Nimon.")

Don has written for Hammer Horror Films, including *The Legend of the Seven Gold Vampires*; Anthony Read's credits include *The Avengers* and *The Omega Factor*.

PRODUCER/DIRECTOR

Shaun O'Riordan

The Producer/Director of *Sapphire and Steel* is an actor himself. He studied drama at the Old Vic Theatre School, specializing in playing in Shakespeare's comedy roles. From those he entered TV. He was one of the regulars of the much-loved series *Robin Hood* (which starred Richard Greene and ran on CBS from 1955 to 1958). He switched to the other side of the cameras in 1960, working on several popular series as director; *Emergency Ward 10* (a very popular early 60s medical series) was the most notable. Then he became a producer of situation comedies.

He has worked on the *Thriller* and *Scorpion Tales* series, from which he moved on to produce an eerie ghost tale, *Come Back Lucy*. Now he produces and directs the strange *Sapphire and Steel.*

SAPPHIRE AND STEEL:

The First Two Seasons

Story One: Six Episodes

In an old house, lonely and isolated, live the Jardine family. Sixteen-year-old Rob is doing his homework in the kitchen; his parents are with six-year-old Helen. Mother is reading to her, from an old book, her favorite nursery rhyme, "Ring-a-ring of rosies," when it happens. All of the clocks in the house stop suddenly, and the eerie quietness prompts Rob to make sure that all is fine upstairs. He discovers Helen alone in bed, and his parents have "just gone."

He telephones the police, but the two who arrive are Sapphire and Steel. Sapphire explains that Time has taken their parents: "There is a corridor. And the corridor is Time. It surrounds all things. It passes through all things. You can't see it—only sometimes, perhaps. Just a glimpse. And then it's dangerous." Sometimes, the fabric of the corridor is weak, and Time rushes in to take things—like the Jardines. Old things and associations help, and the house is packed with old books, old furniture, and clocks.

In a desperate battle with the thing out of time, Steel clears a small area of the house of old things, and together they capture a "visual refraction" ("You'd probably call them ghosts," Sapphire tells Rob). In fact, the house rapidly becomes haunted by Cromwellian troops and a plagued figure from the seventeenth century. In an unwary moment, Sapphire is trapped in an old painting, and the soldiers are set to kill her. Steel saves her by freezing himself to minus 273° and attacking the refractions through cold. But it seems as if the powers opposing them are too strong for the two investigators, so they are forced to call in additional help (Lead) and they all travel through time to the foundation of the house to fight the thing on its home ground.

Additional Cast

Rob..... Steven O'Shea
Helen..... Tamasin Bridge
Mother.... Felicity Harrison
Father..... John Golightly
Policeman..... Charles Pemberton
Lead..... Val Pringle
Victorian Man..... Les Clark

Production Team

Producer/Director...Shaun O'Riordan
Writer..... P.J. Hammond

Story Two: Eight Episodes

George Tully is a sympathetic, elderly man, convinced that a railway station is haunted. So it is, but from a Darkness out of time, a creature that feeds and grows on resentment, and not by a simple ghost as Tully believes. But he is caught up with Sapphire and Steel as they try to patch up this latest breach in the fabric of time, and the ghost of a World War One soldier, Pearce, is only the first of the manifestations.

On the very day peace was declared, Pearce was killed by a sniper who did not know that the war was over. From this, his resentment built up, and he is the trigger for the Darkness' attempt to feast in the present. Soon, he is joined by more spectres, all harboring their fierce anger at the injustices of their deaths: An airman, killed in a mission that he should never have flown, three submariners, asphyxiated in a faulty submarine. With horror, Steel realizes that the old station is being turned into a kind of half-way house for ghosts, who try to force their way into the present, to live again lives that they cannot be allowed. The Darkness is strong and grows stronger as it feeds on these ghosts' hatred.

Everything that the wily Steel tries fails. In the end, he is forced to try a desperate gamble to bargain with the Blackness, as it possesses Sapphire herself in a seance attempt that goes horribly wrong.

Additional Cast

Tully..... Gerald James
Pearce..... Tom Kelly
First Submariner..... David Woodcock
Second Submariner/Pilot... David Canr

Production Team

Producer..... Shaun O'Riordan
Directors.....Shaun O'Riordan/
David Foster
Writer..... P.J. Hammond
Designer.....Stanley Mills

Story Three: Six Episodes

The place is a modern block of flats, but there is something odd. There is an extra penthouse, invisible because it is occupied by two time travelers from fifteen hundred years in the future. Eldred, Rothwyn, and their young baby are part of an experimental project, studying and "slumming it" in the past. But they cannot face the thought of eating meat or the touch of real "ancient" materials. Their contact with their own time is lost, and their food has run out.

When Sapphire tries to make contact, something snatches her away. There are, in fact, two more equally invisible "time capsules," but their companions are horribly dead. A third agent from the Agency, Silver, arrives to tell Steel that (because of the time experiments going wrong) the whole Earth is in danger.

Time invades the capsule and ages the baby into adulthood, possessing him. He strikes Silver through time itself and then turns on the other agents. With Silver vanished, they are trapped in the rooms of death, their foe a deadly weapon with the mind of a baby.

Additional Cast

Silver..... David Collings
Rothwyn..... Catherine Hall
Eldred.....David Gant
Changling..... Russell Wooton

Production Team

Producer/Director.... Shaun O'Riordan
Writer..... P.J. Hammond

Story Four: Four Episodes

In a photographic workroom hangs a picture of a London street, taken about 1890. In it are four children and a woman. Sapphire and Steel, outside the house, almost see strange figures (between images and reality, in strange sepia-tones) almost like a living photograph. Inside the workroom, they discover that Time has broken through via the old prints there.

There is a young woman, Liz, in an upstairs flat, and she cannot understand where the landlord (Williamson) and her flatmate are. They appear to have vanished. Sapphire discovers an old photograph, taken of a Victorian street, and in it are a man and woman in modern clothes. Somehow, Time has trapped the missing people in an old picture. An odd being, two-faced, a "shape" is trying to break out from the pictures; it has been trapped in them almost a century and yearns for its freedom. But it cannot leave the pictures empty.

In a bid to save the missing people, the two Agents are forced to enter the old photographs to fight the Shape in its own environment. They discover that the secret of Williamson's hobby was far more complex than they imagined, and that they cannot now escape from the picture.

Additional Cast

Liz.....Alyson Spiro
Shape.....Philip Bird/Bob Hornery
Child with parasol...Natalie Hedges

Production Team

Producer.....Shaun O'Riordan
Director.....David Foster
Writer.....P.J. Hammond

Story Five: Six Episodes

On June 21, 1930, Lord Mullrine and his partner, George McDee, founded a very profitable company. In 1980 the fiftieth anniversary occurs, and Lord Mullrine throws a special party for the staff in the offices, restored totally to the appearance of 1930. Somehow, both Sapphire and Steel have been invited, and they sense that the place is now subject to a time tear. Something very odd is happening. There is a doorway to the modern offices, but there seems to be kind of barrier that separates past from present.

In the midst of the celebrations, the long-dead George McDee himself reappears. Sapphire whispers to her partner, "He's not a ghost. He's very much alive, but he's due to die tomorrow, 22nd June 1930." Though he is fated to die, he is not the first; one of the guests, Veronica, is discovered dead during a party game.

Her boyfriend, Tony Purnell, has excellent motives for killing her, but did he do it? When Steel looks at the body, he discovers that it vanished from under all their eyes. A little while later, there is a revolver shot; Purnell is dead, but the gun that killed him is not in his hand. And *his* body, too, vanishes as they watch. Who is killing the guests? Why has time regressed fifty years? Sapphire and Steel discover that the truth spells the end of the world as we know it, and Time is struggling to achieve the death of all mankind.

Additional Cast

Emma Mullrine.....Patience Collier
Felicity McDee.....Nan Munro
Lord Mullrine.....Davy Kaye
Felix Harborough.....Jeffrey Wickham
Howard McDee......Jeremy Child
Annabelle Harborough...Jennie Stoller
Greville.....Peter Laird
George McDee...Stephen MacDonald
Anne Shaw.....Patricia Shakesby
Tony Purnell...Christopher Bramwell
Veronica Blamey...Debbie Farrington

Production Team

Executive Producer..... David Reid
Prod./Director..... Shaun O'Riordan
Writers.....Don Houghton/
Anthony Read
Designer..... Su Chases

As yet, Fantasy Empire *has received no announcement that* Sapphire and Steel *is available for syndication in North America. Thirty half-hour episodes do not lend themselves to "stripping" (running five nights a week in the same timeslot), the favored format for syndicated shows. With cable companies and networks equally hungry for audience-attracting material, however, the situation may not be hopeless.* Fantasy Empire *will let you know, if* Sapphire and Steel *is shown in the United States.*

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* * *

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FOUR D. MADDOCKS

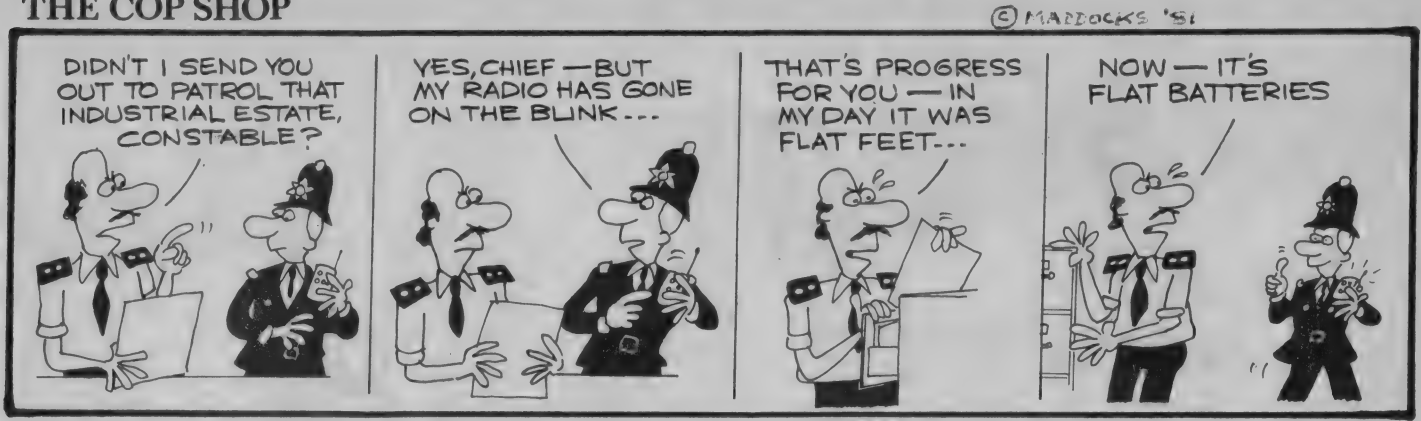
By John Dakin

Peter Maddocks is English and was born at Sparkbrook, Birmingham, in the Midlands, on April 1, 1928—an apt date of birth for someone who tries to get as much fun and enjoyment out of cartooning as possible.

Between the ages of eleven and fifteen he attended Mosely Art School in Birmingham. His teacher there was Norman Pett, one of the most famous names in British cartooning; Pett created and drew *Jane*, a strip that was a British institution. Jane became famous for losing all her clothes long before nudity became acceptable in other branches of the media. In fact, it was because Peter Maddocks was fed up drawing flowers (while his teacher was drawing naked ladies) that he ran off to be a merchant seaman for five years. On returning to dry land, he tried an assortment of jobs, including petrol-pump attendant and coalman. His first attempt to get into comics was with a cowboy character, devised with an artist friend from Birmingham. The character was *Shame of the West*, which was, of course, a take-off on *Shane*, the American film that was going the rounds at that time. During this period Maddocks was only writing and (after *Shame* failed to find a buyer) he began work at Amalgamated Press, where he wrote *Kit Carson* and *The Saint* for its adventure library. In 1953 he moved on to one of his first professional drawing assignments as a social (rather than political) cartoonist with the now defunct national newspaper *The Daily Sketch*, contributing a four-column, single-panel cartoon each day. At this time he developed a strip cartoon of *The Goon Show*, the anarchic radio comedy show that started Spike Milligan, Harry Secombe, and Peter Sellers early in their careers. Maddocks' strip "more or less got the cast's half-approval," and Peter Sellers even collaborated with him in working out the visual appearance of one of the characters (Moriarty). It was intended for publication in *The Daily Sketch* but, due to various problems, it never appeared.

"Meanwhile, I worked out *Four D. Jones*, which was really an extension of *Shame of the West*." Maddocks had decided to try another cowboy strip and had completed ten strips featuring a Welsh cowboy whom he had dreamed up, Four D. Jones. Convincing the editor of the *Daily Express* that he could "make it up as I went along," *Four D. Jones* began in the pages of that newspaper in 1956. "I sank the strip; I set fire to the strip; I put myself in the strip. On the other side of the page was *The Gambols* [a family situation comedy strip by Barry Appleby], and I had them complaining, banging on the wall of the newspaper saying there's too much row on the other side of the paper, could we shut up, and eventually George Gambol burst through and complained to Four D. Jones, and Four D. Jones apologized. I also had *Gunlaw* [the British title for *Gunsmoke*] over

THE COP SHOP


© MADDOCKS '81
DIDN'T I SEND YOU OUT TO PATROL THAT INDUSTRIAL ESTATE, CONSTABLE?
YES, CHIEF — BUT MY RADIO HAS GONE ON THE BLINK ...
THAT'S PROGRESS FOR YOU — IN MY DAY IT WAS FLAT FEET ...
NOW — IT'S FLAT BATTERIES

the top of my strip, roaring around with its horses, and one of the horses fell into the strip."

Under the second editor of the *Daily Express* whom Maddocks worked for, *Four D. Jones* was dropped from the paper. This probably had something to do with the left-wing bias of the strip's being at odds with the right-wing policy of the paper. "When the strip was dumped, there was an outcry, the telephones didn't stop for a week in the Express building. There were telegrams, letters, and they had to put the thing back a week later. I had to pick up from where I left off; I think the trolleymen were marching at that time, and of course my trolleymen were dedicated socialists. They were always parading, going to give the world socialism, and I think this upset the *Express* policy a bit. 'Course Four D. Jones wasn't a socialist; I mean, he's just anti-military or anti-empire. The *Express* was a very great empire-building newspaper at that time. All Four D. Jones wanted to do was keep the peace, and he used to meet all these terrible military people. And he was anti-anybody-military, and, of course, anything to do with politics always brought in the military and the big guns and what have you, and Four D. Jones was basically against it. And so I used to create quite a lot of animosity because of this." When *Four D. Jones* was reinstated, Maddocks was made cartoon editor of the newspaper in compensation. He worked as cartoon editor for a year, as well as writing and drawing *Four D. Jones*.

"I survived, I think it was, four editors, and the fifth one got me; that was Derek Marks. I was told they weren't going to renew my contract. It had about four weeks to run, and Four D. Jones got struck by lightning on a rope bridge; and *Four D. Jones* ended on the same day and down he went, never to be seen again."

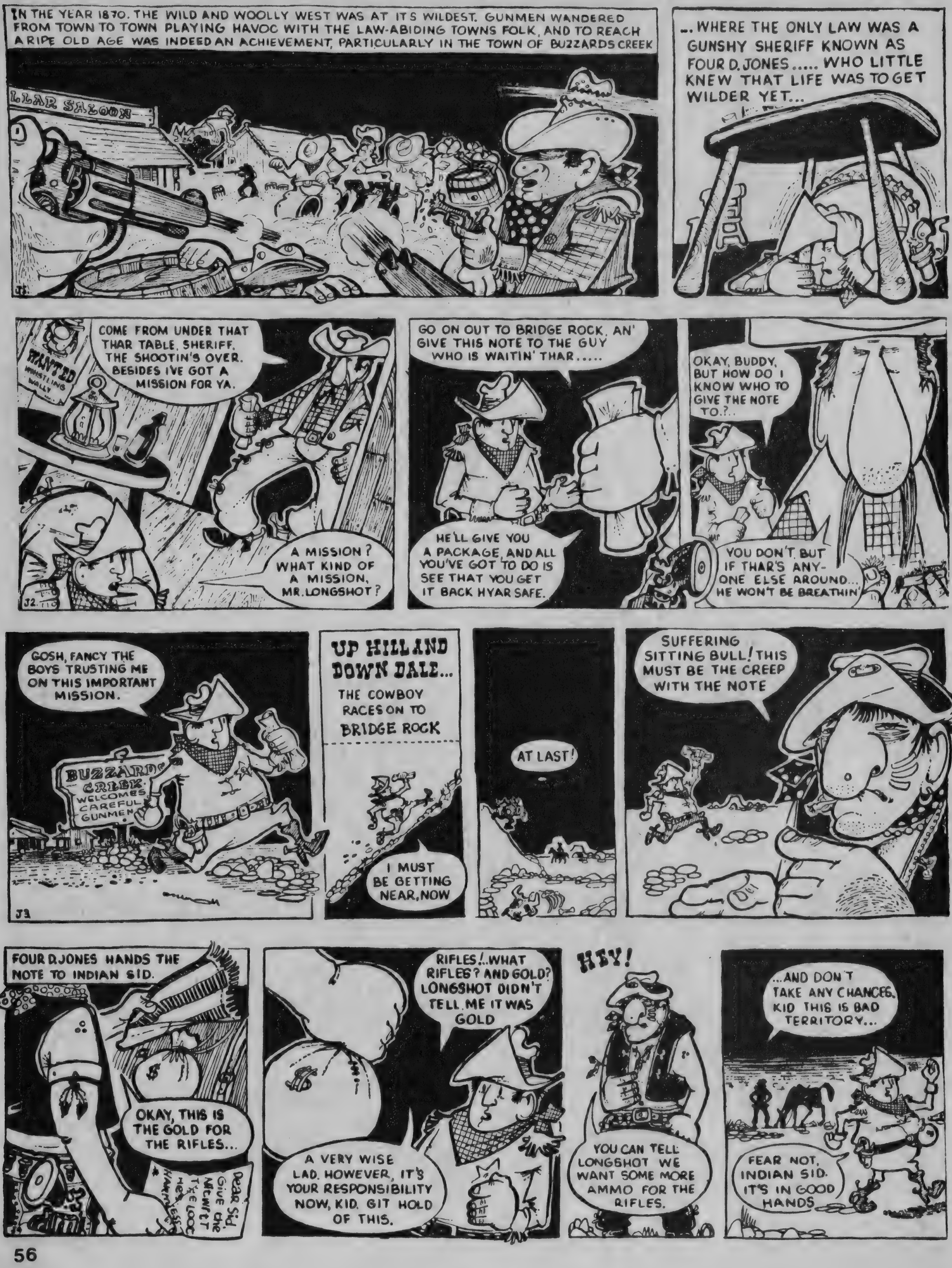
After ten years in the *Daily Express*, *Four D. Jones* was dropped in 1965, and Maddocks has not had a daily strip in any English national newspaper since. *The Cop Shop* (example printed here) is his most recent creation and receives the largest circulation of any of his strips since *Four D. Jones*. *The Cop Shop* began in January of this year in the Scottish *Daily Record*, where it keeps good company alongside Sydney Jordan's *Lance McLane*. Another of his daily strips was *Horatio Cringe* which ran in the "provincial" newspaper the Glasgow *Evening Citizen* for four years, at the same time as the last four years of *Four D. Jones*. Another daily strip was *Leg at Each Corner* in the Manchester *Evening News*, which ran for around a year (in 1968) and chronicled the escapades of a dog. *No. 10* still runs in the Sunday *Express* after more than ten years of looking at the inside of the British Prime Minister's residence, No. 10 Downing Street. In the early seventies, Maddocks worked for two years on Halas and Bachelor cartoon films in Germany. Also during the seventies, he contributed the single-panel cartoons *Slightly Maddocks* and *Useless Eustace* to the *Evening News* and the *Daily Mirror* respectively. *Useless Eustace* still sees print today. Despite never having been to a football match in his life, he became the sports cartoonist for the London *Evening Standard* and drew a single-panel cartoon each day for four years in the late sixties.

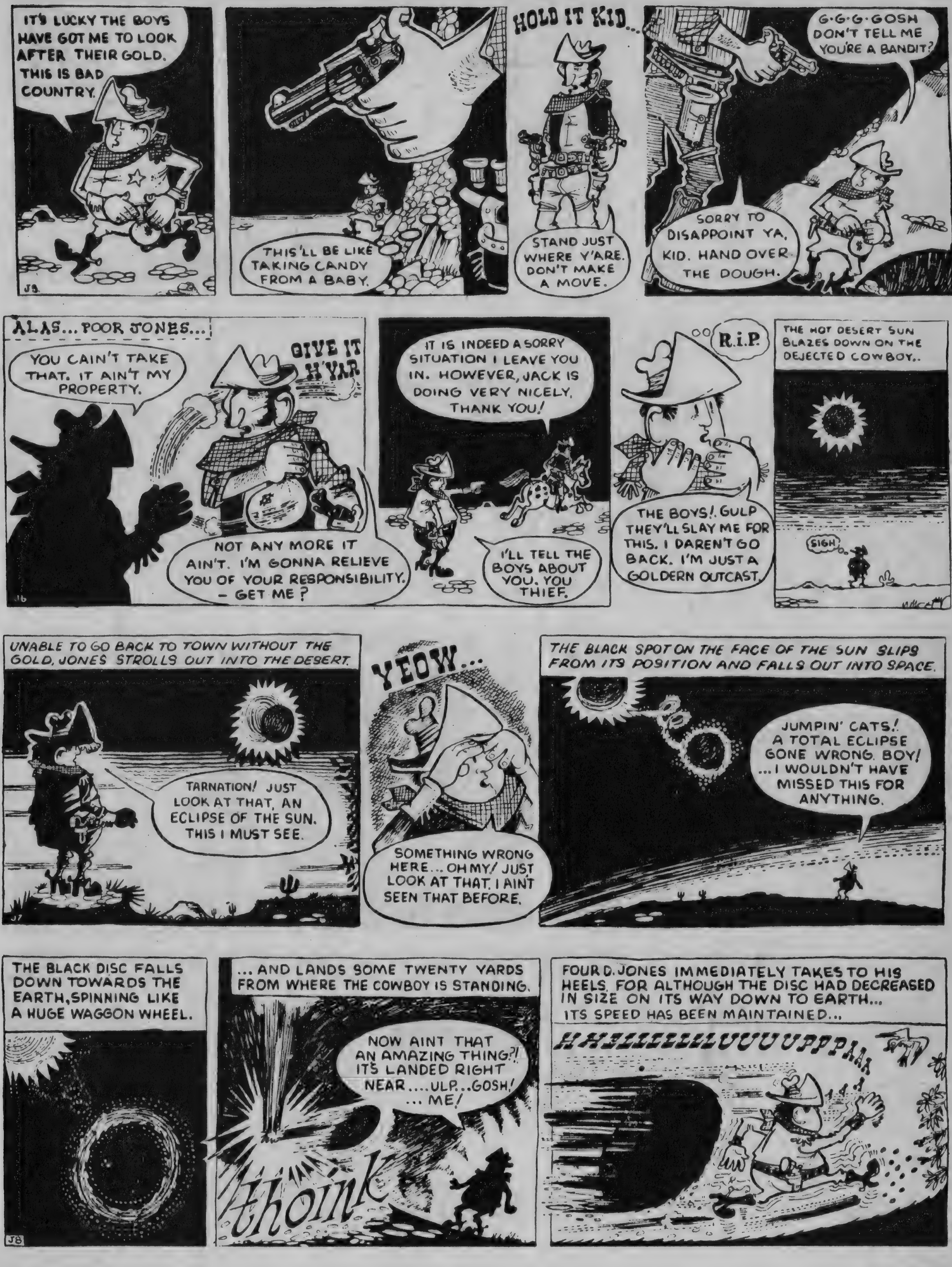
Currently, Peter Maddocks draws for the financial column of the *Daily Telegraph* every week. He also draws for the *Financial Weekly* and even does a cookery strip in the weekly *Woman's Realm*. The "girlie" magazine *Mayfair* has featured three pages of his naughty drawings for the past ten years, as part of its monthly format. ✒

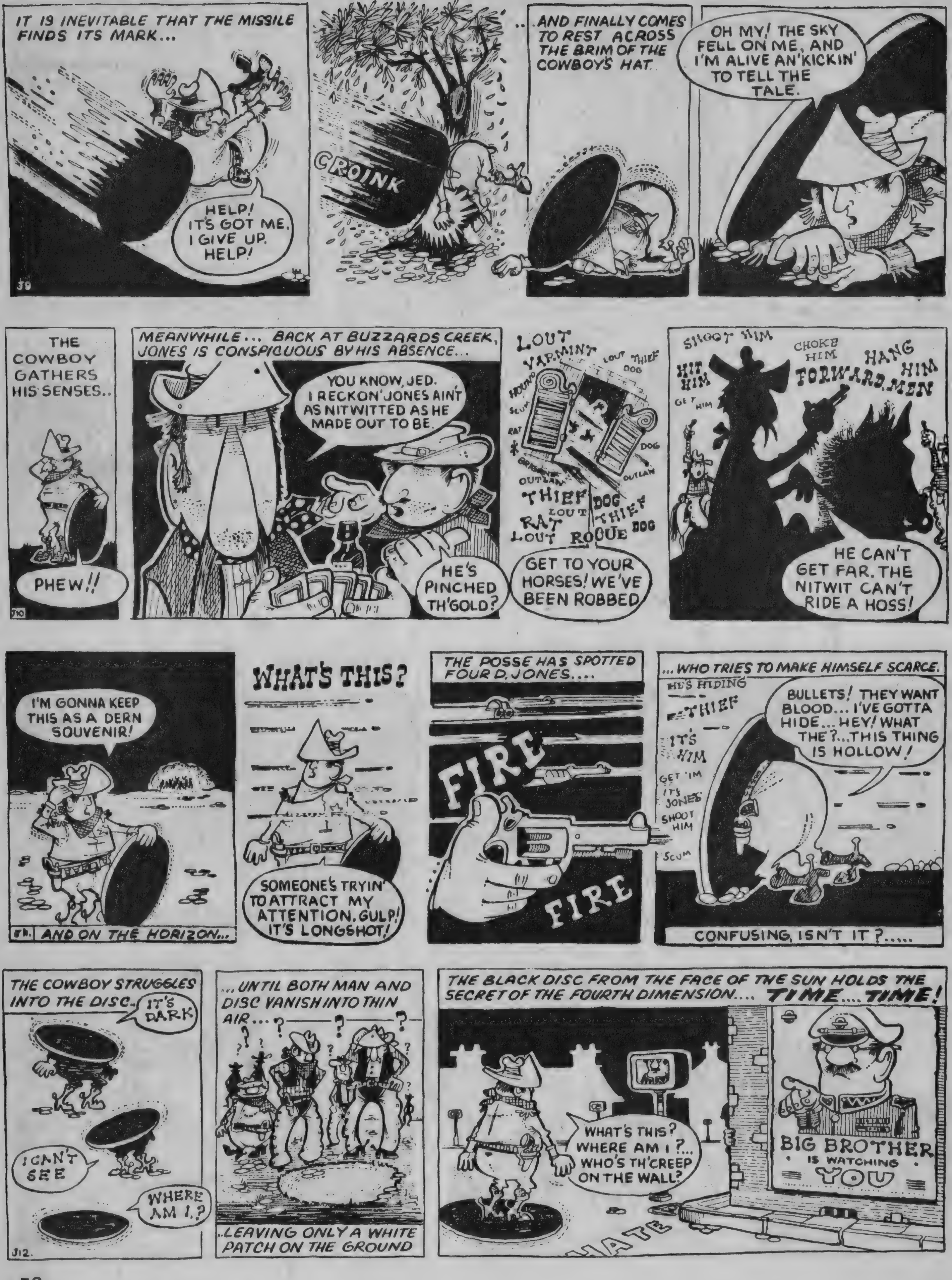
> "Four D. Jones had no one to talk to, he was a complete loner. That's me, I'm Four D. Jones."—Peter Maddocks 1981.

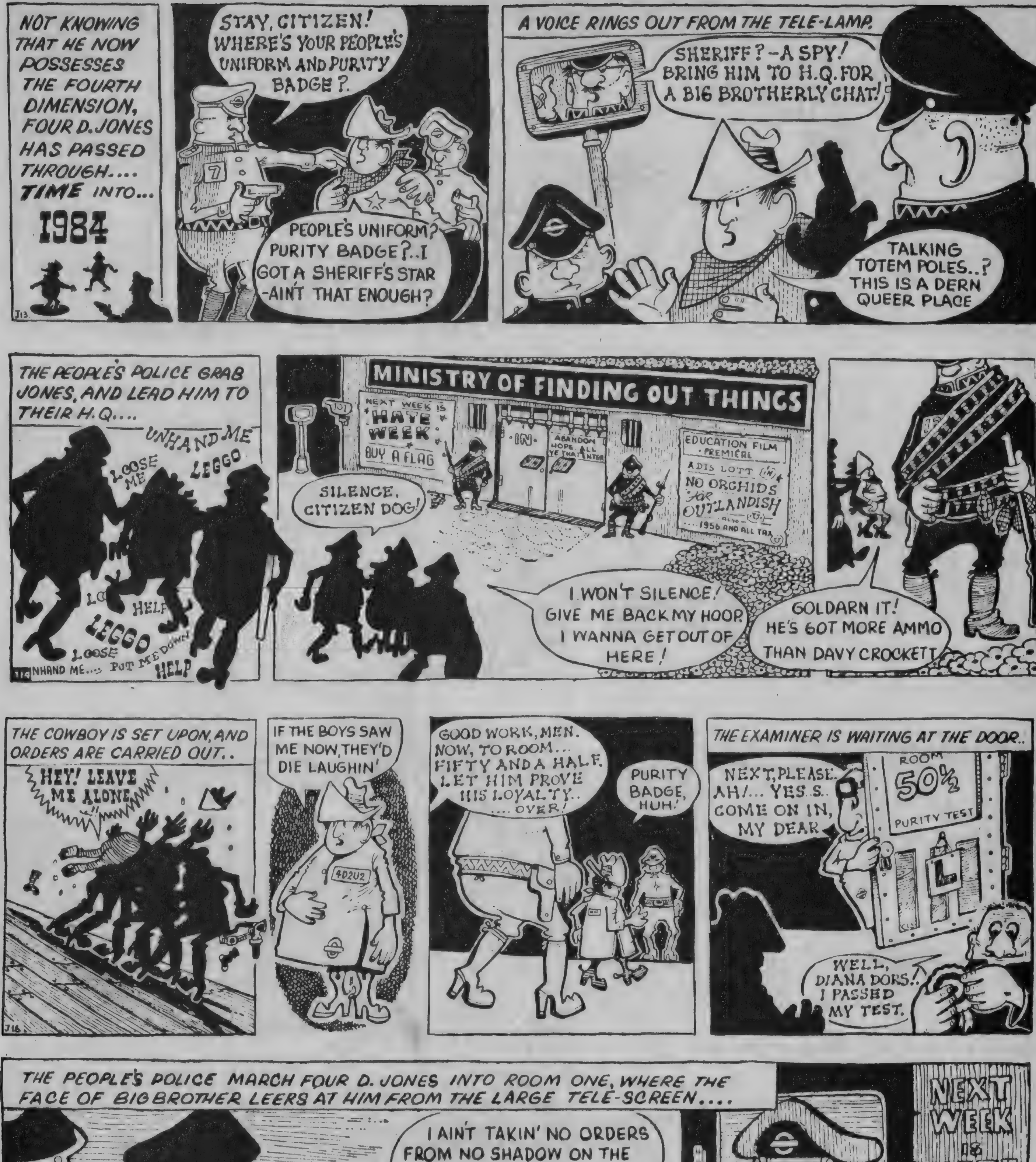
FOUR D. JONES . . . HE'S THE GUN-SHY SHERIFF OF 1870 IN BUZZARD'S CREEK —THE TOWN WHERE THE WOOLLY WEST IS AT ITS WILDEST

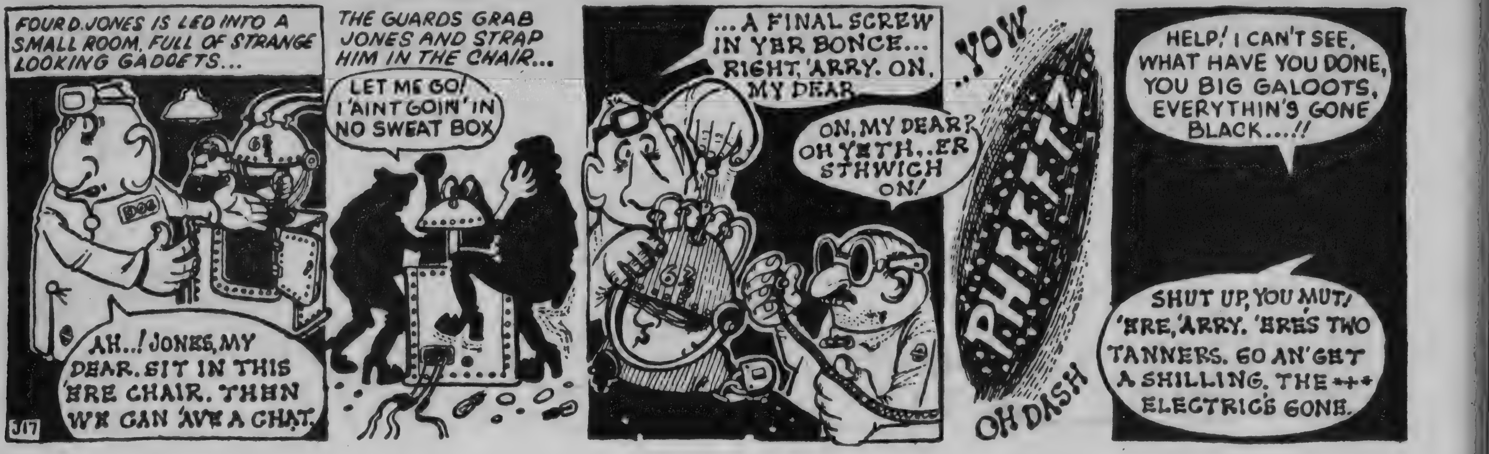
by MADDOCKS

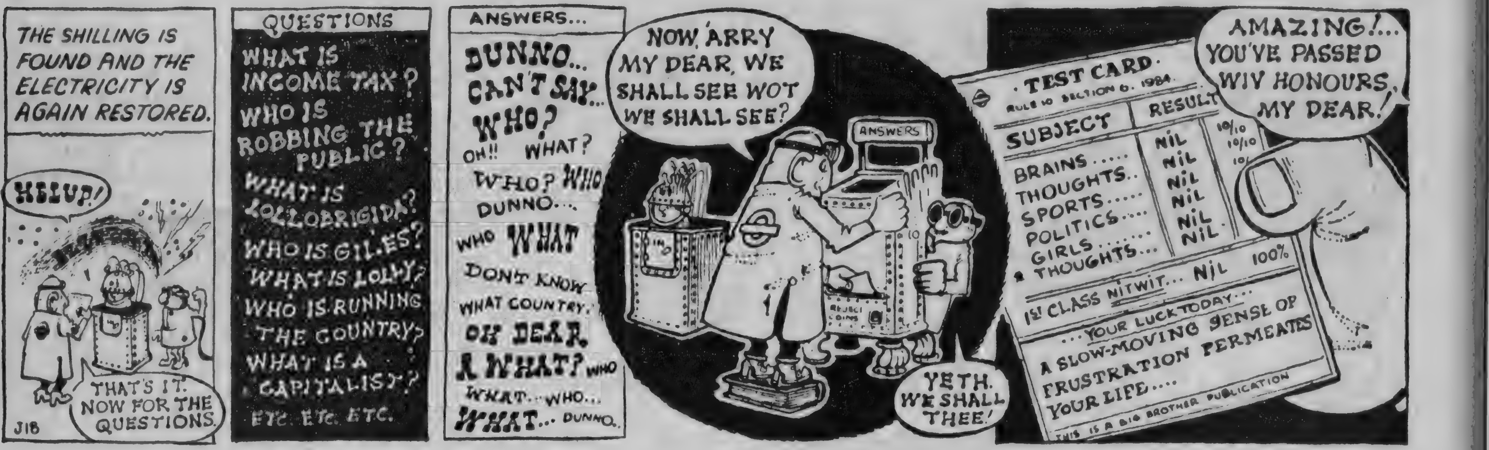

IN THE YEAR 1870. THE WILD AND WOOLLY WEST WAS AT ITS WILDEST. GUNMEN WANDERED FROM TOWN TO TOWN PLAYING HAVOC WITH THE LAW-ABIDING TOWNS FOLK, AND TO REACH A RIPE OLD AGE WAS INDEED AN ACHIEVEMENT, PARTICULARLY IN THE TOWN OF BUZZARDS CREEK
LLAR SALOON
...WHERE THE ONLY LAW WAS A GUNSHY SHERIFF KNOWN AS FOUR D. JONES..... WHO LITTLE KNEW THAT LIFE WAS TO GET WILDER YET...
WANTED WHISTLING WALLY
COME FROM UNDER THAT THAR TABLE, SHERIFF, THE SHOOTIN'S OVER. BESIDES I'VE GOT A MISSION FOR YA.
A MISSION? WHAT KIND OF A MISSION, MR. LONGSHOT?
GO ON OUT TO BRIDGE ROCK, AN' GIVE THIS NOTE TO THE GUY WHO IS WAITIN' THAR.....
HE'LL GIVE YOU A PACKAGE, AND ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS SEE THAT YOU GET IT BACK HYAR SAFE.
OKAY, BUDDY, BUT HOW DO I KNOW WHO TO GIVE THE NOTE TO.?.
YOU DON'T, BUT IF THAR'S ANYONE ELSE AROUND... HE WON'T BE BREATHIN'
GOSH, FANCY THE BOYS TRUSTING ME ON THIS IMPORTANT MISSION.
BUZZARDS CREEK WELCOMES CAREFUL GUNMEN
UP HILL AND DOWN DALE...
THE COWBOY RACES ON TO BRIDGE ROCK
I MUST BE GETTING NEAR, NOW
AT LAST!
SUFFERING SITTING BULL! THIS MUST BE THE CREEP WITH THE NOTE
FOUR D. JONES HANDS THE NOTE TO INDIAN SID.
OKAY, THIS IS THE GOLD FOR THE RIFLES...
Dear Sid. Give the NITWIT THE LOOT HE'S HARMLESS
RIFLES!..WHAT RIFLES? AND GOLD? LONGSHOT DIDN'T TELL ME IT WAS GOLD
A VERY WISE LAD. HOWEVER, IT'S YOUR RESPONSIBILITY NOW, KID. GIT HOLD OF THIS.
HEY!
YOU CAN TELL LONGSHOT WE WANT SOME MORE AMMO FOR THE RIFLES.
...AND DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES, KID THIS IS BAD TERRITORY...
FEAR NOT, INDIAN SID. IT'S IN GOOD HANDS

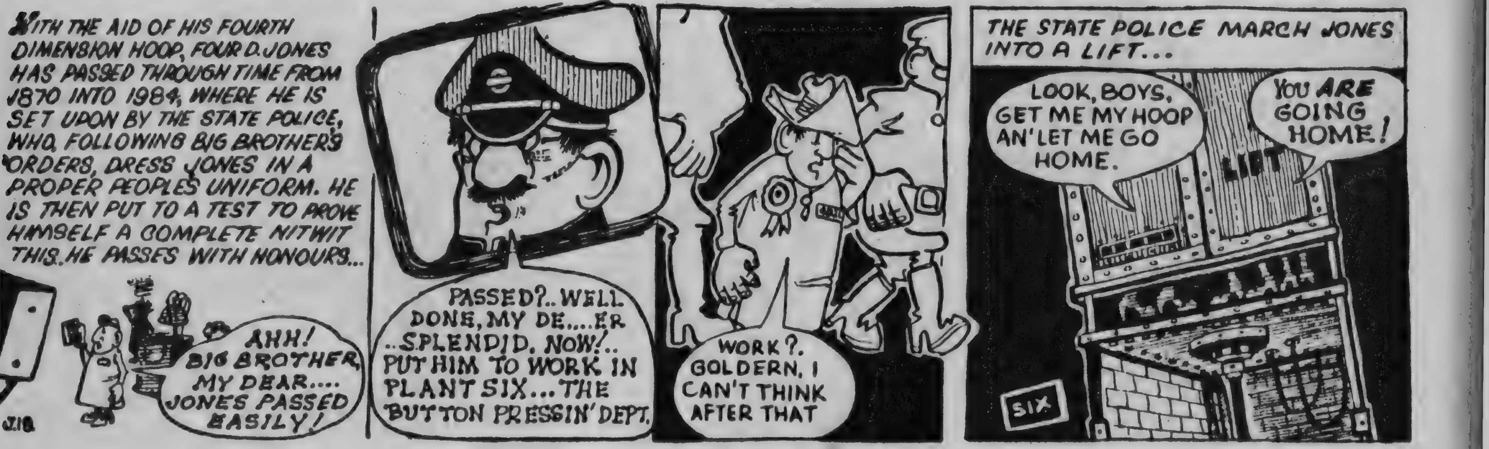

IT'S LUCKY THE BOYS HAVE GOT ME TO LOOK AFTER THEIR GOLD. THIS IS BAD COUNTRY.
JB.
THIS'LL BE LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY.
HOLD IT KID...
STAND JUST WHERE Y'ARE. DON'T MAKE A MOVE.
G-G-G-GOSH DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE A BANDIT?
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YA, KID. HAND OVER THE DOUGH.
ALAS... POOR JONES...
YOU CAIN'T TAKE THAT. IT AIN'T MY PROPERTY.
GIVE IT H'YAR
NOT ANY MORE IT AIN'T. I'M GONNA RELIEVE YOU OF YOUR RESPONSIBILITY. - GET ME?
JB
IT IS INDEED A SORRY SITUATION I LEAVE YOU IN. HOWEVER, JACK IS DOING VERY NICELY, THANK YOU!
I'LL TELL THE BOYS ABOUT YOU. YOU THIEF.
R.I.P.
THE BOYS!. GULP THEY'LL SLAY ME FOR THIS. I DAREN'T GO BACK. I'M JUST A GOLDERN OUTCAST.
THE HOT DESERT SUN BLAZES DOWN ON THE DEJECTED COWBOY..
SIGH
UNABLE TO GO BACK TO TOWN WITHOUT THE GOLD, JONES STROLLS OUT INTO THE DESERT.
TARNATION! JUST LOOK AT THAT, AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN. THIS I MUST SEE.
J7
YEOW...
SOMETHING WRONG HERE... OH MY! JUST LOOK AT THAT, I AIN'T SEEN THAT BEFORE.
THE BLACK SPOT ON THE FACE OF THE SUN SLIPS FROM ITS POSITION AND FALLS OUT INTO SPACE.
JUMPIN' CATS!. A TOTAL ECLIPSE GONE WRONG, BOY! ...I WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED THIS FOR ANYTHING.
THE BLACK DISC FALLS DOWN TOWARDS THE EARTH, SPINNING LIKE A HUGE WAGGON WHEEL.
J8
... AND LANDS SOME TWENTY YARDS FROM WHERE THE COWBOY IS STANDING.
NOW AINT THAT AN AMAZING THING?! ITS LANDED RIGHT NEAR ....ULP...GOSH! ... ME!
thoink
FOUR D. JONES IMMEDIATELY TAKES TO HIS HEELS, FOR ALTHOUGH THE DISC HAD DECREASED IN SIZE ON ITS WAY DOWN TO EARTH... ITS SPEED HAS BEEN MAINTAINED...
HHELLLLLLLUUUUPPPAAAA

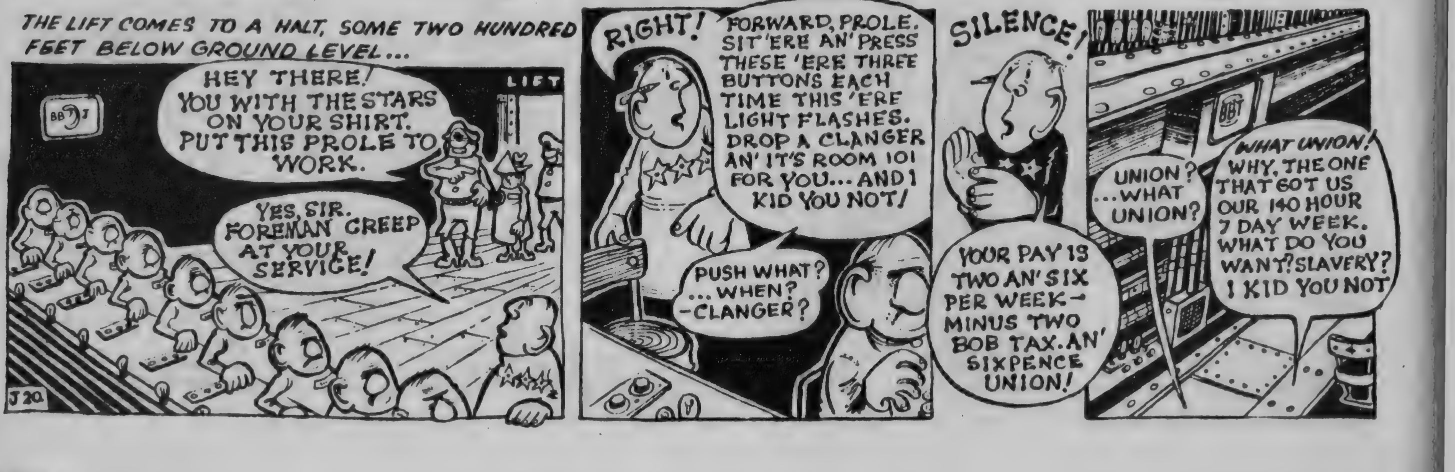

IT IS INEVITABLE THAT THE MISSILE FINDS ITS MARK...
HELP! IT'S GOT ME. I GIVE UP. HELP!
J9
CROINK
...AND FINALLY COMES TO REST ACROSS THE BRIM OF THE COWBOY'S HAT.
OH MY! THE SKY FELL ON ME, AND I'M ALIVE AN'KICKIN' TO TELL THE TALE.
THE COWBOY GATHERS HIS SENSES..
PHEW!!
J10
MEANWHILE... BACK AT BUZZARDS CREEK, JONES IS CONSPICUOUS BY HIS ABSENCE...
YOU KNOW, JED. I RECKON' JONES AINT AS NITWITTED AS HE MADE OUT TO BE.
HE'S PINCHED TH'GOLD?
LOUT
VARMINT
LOUT
THIEF
DOG
HOUND
SCUM
RAT
DOG
OUTLAW
OUTLAW
THIEF
LOUT
DOG
THIEF
RAT
LOUT
ROGUE
DOG
GET TO YOUR HORSES! WE'VE BEEN ROBBED
SHOOT HIM
CHOKE HIM
HANG HIM
HIT HIM
FORWARD, MEN
GET HIM
HE CAN'T GET FAR. THE NITWIT CAN'T RIDE A HOSS!
I'M GONNA KEEP THIS AS A DERN SOUVENIR!
J11. AND ON THE HORIZON...
WHAT'S THIS?
SOMEONE'S TRYIN' TO ATTRACT MY ATTENTION. GULP! IT'S LONGSHOT!
THE POSSE HAS SPOTTED FOUR D. JONES....
FIRE
FIRE
...WHO TRIES TO MAKE HIMSELF SCARCE.
HE'S HIDING
THIEF
IT'S HIM
GET 'IM
IT'S JONES
SHOOT HIM
SCUM
BULLETS! THEY WANT BLOOD... I'VE GOTTA HIDE... HEY! WHAT THE?...THIS THING IS HOLLOW!
CONFUSING, ISN'T IT?.....
THE COWBOY STRUGGLES INTO THE DISC..
IT'S DARK
I CAN'T SEE
WHERE AM I.?
J12.
...UNTIL BOTH MAN AND DISC VANISH INTO THIN AIR...
? ? ? ? ?
..LEAVING ONLY A WHITE PATCH ON THE GROUND
THE BLACK DISC FROM THE FACE OF THE SUN HOLDS THE SECRET OF THE FOURTH DIMENSION.... TIME....TIME!
WHAT'S THIS? WHERE AM I?... WHO'S TH'CREEP ON THE WALL?
BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU
HATE

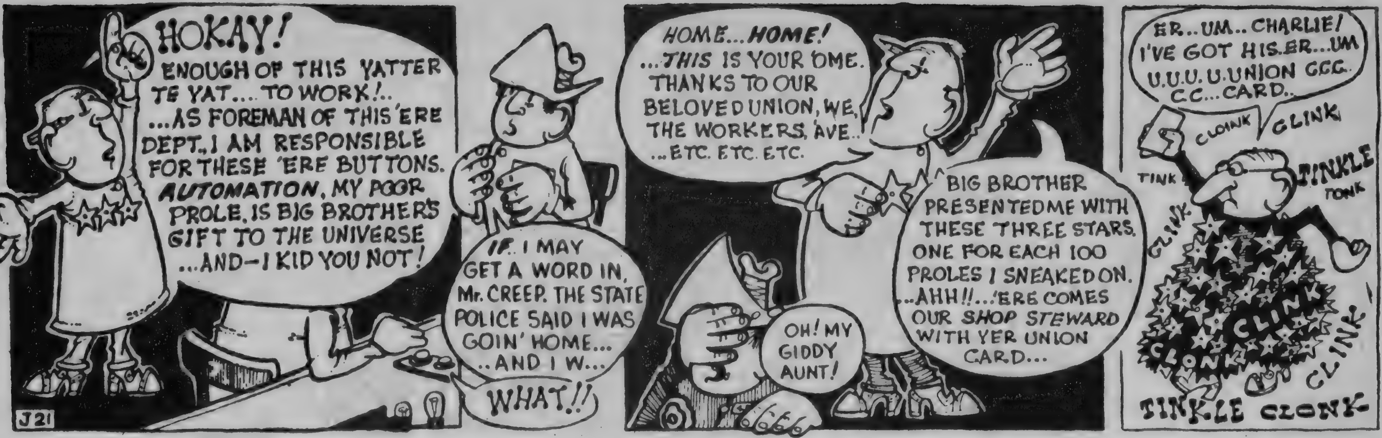

NOT KNOWING THAT HE NOW POSSESSES THE FOURTH DIMENSION, FOUR D. JONES HAS PASSED THROUGH.... TIME INTO...
1984
STAY, CITIZEN! WHERE'S YOUR PEOPLE'S UNIFORM AND PURITY BADGE?
7
PEOPLE'S UNIFORM? PURITY BADGE?..I GOT A SHERIFF'S STAR -AIN'T THAT ENOUGH?
A VOICE RINGS OUT FROM THE TELE-LAMP.
SHERIFF? -A SPY! BRING HIM TO H.Q. FOR A BIG BROTHERLY CHAT!
TALKING TOTEM POLES..? THIS IS A DERN QUEER PLACE
THE PEOPLE'S POLICE GRAB JONES, AND LEAD HIM TO THEIR H.Q....
UNHAND ME
LOOSE ME
LEGGO
LO
HELP
LEGGO
LOOSE
UNHAND ME...
PUT ME DOWN
HELP
MINISTRY OF FINDING OUT THINGS
NEXT WEEK IS HATE WEEK BUY A FLAG
IN
ABANDON HOPE ALL YE THAT ENTER
EDUCATION FILM PREMIÈRE
ADIS LOTT IN NO ORCHIDS FOR OUTLANDISH
1956 AND ALL THAT
SILENCE, CITIZEN DOG!
I WON'T SILENCE! GIVE ME BACK MY HOOP. I WANNA GET OUT OF HERE!
GOLDARN IT! HE'S GOT MORE AMMO THAN DAVY CROCKETT
THE COWBOY IS SET UPON, AND ORDERS ARE CARRIED OUT..
HEY! LEAVE ME ALONE
IF THE BOYS SAW ME NOW, THEY'D DIE LAUGHIN'
4D2U2
GOOD WORK, MEN. NOW, TO ROOM... FIFTY AND A HALF. LET HIM PROVE HIS LOYALTY.. ....OVER!
PURITY BADGE, HUH!
THE EXAMINER IS WAITING AT THE DOOR..
NEXT, PLEASE. AH!... YES..S.. COME ON IN, MY DEAR
ROOM 50½ PURITY TEST
L
WELL, DIANA DORS! I PASSED MY TEST.
THE PEOPLE'S POLICE MARCH FOUR D. JONES INTO ROOM ONE, WHERE THE FACE OF BIG BROTHER LEERS AT HIM FROM THE LARGE TELE-SCREEN....
I AIN'T TAKIN' NO ORDERS FROM NO SHADOW ON THE WALL. AND GIVE ME BACK MY DERN HOOP....
NEXT WEEK IS HATE WEEK BUY A FLAG
WATCH... AND LISTEN TO BIG BROTHER'S WISE WORDS.
SILENCE, DOG! GET THIS PROLE DRESSED IN PROPER PEOPLE'S UNIFORM. -THEN TAKE HIM FOR A PURITY BADGE TEST....OVER

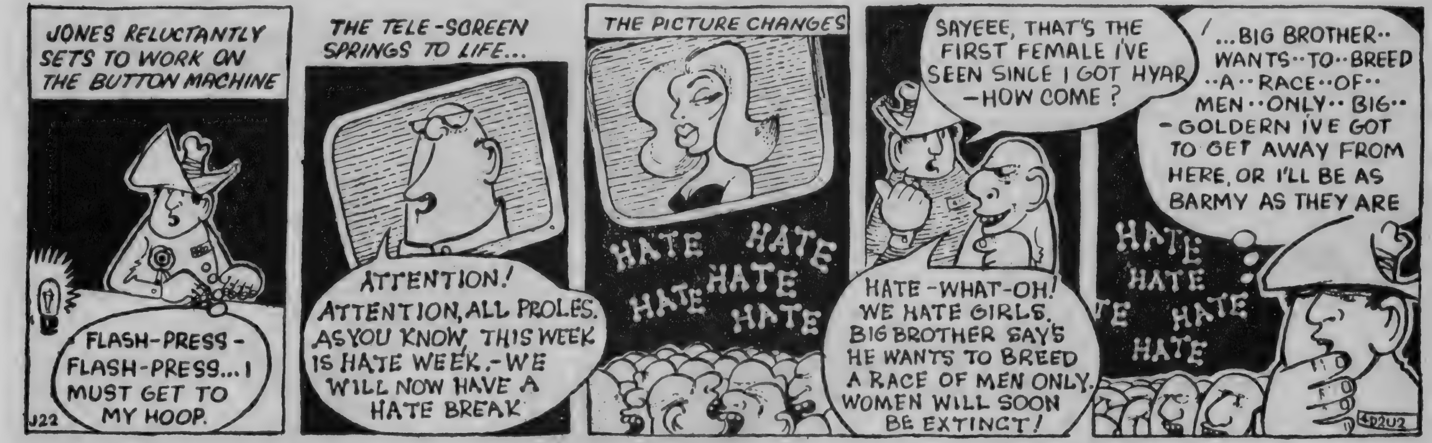

FOUR D. JONES IS LED INTO A SMALL ROOM, FULL OF STRANGE LOOKING GADGETS...
DOC
AH..! JONES, MY DEAR. SIT IN THIS 'ERE CHAIR. THEN WE CAN 'AVE A CHAT.
J17
THE GUARDS GRAB JONES AND STRAP HIM IN THE CHAIR...
LET ME GO! I 'AINT GOIN' IN NO SWEAT BOX
...A FINAL SCREW IN YER BONCE... RIGHT, 'ARRY. ON, MY DEAR
ON, MY DEAR? OH YETH.. ER STHWICH ON!
..YOW
PHFFFTZ
OH DASH
HELP! I CAN'T SEE. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, YOU BIG GALOOTS, EVERYTHIN'S GONE BLACK...!!
SHUT UP, YOU MUT! 'ERE, 'ARRY. 'ERE'S TWO TANNERS. GO AN' GET A SHILLING. THE ++ ELECTRIC'S GONE.

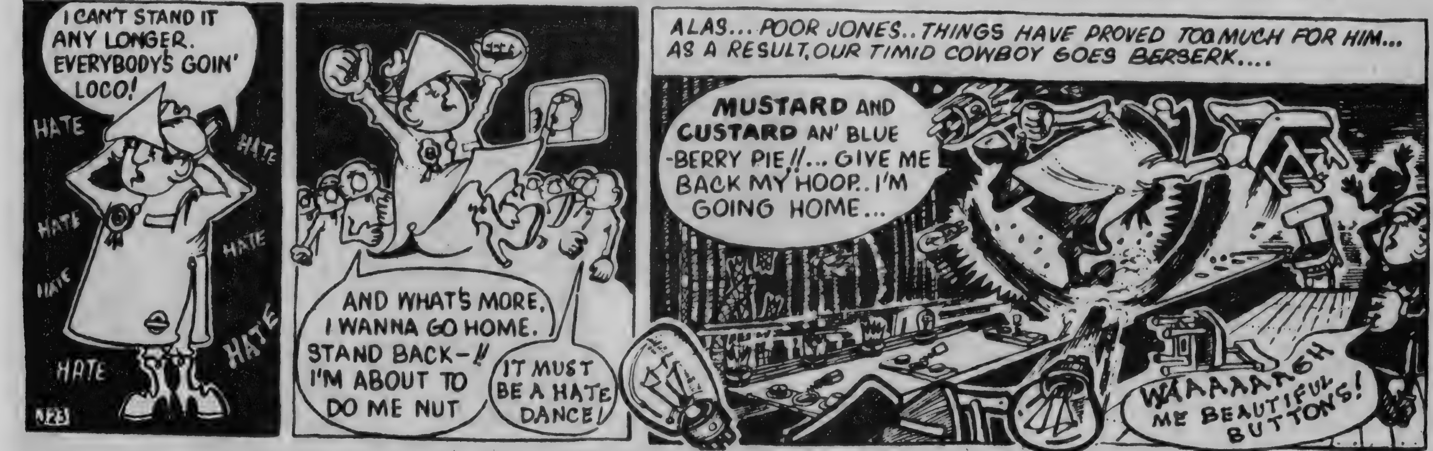

THE SHILLING IS FOUND AND THE ELECTRICITY IS AGAIN RESTORED.
HELUP!
THAT'S IT. NOW FOR THE QUESTIONS.
J18
QUESTIONS
WHAT IS INCOME TAX? WHO IS ROBBING THE PUBLIC? WHAT IS LOLLOBRIGIDA? WHO IS GILES? WHAT IS LOLLY? WHO IS RUNNING THE COUNTRY? WHAT IS A CAPITALIST? ETC. ETC. ETC.
ANSWERS...
DUNNO... CAN'T SAY... WHO? OH!! WHAT? WHO? WHO DUNNO... WHO WHAT DON'T KNOW WHAT COUNTRY. OH DEAR. A WHAT? WHO WHAT... WHO... WHAT... DUNNO.
NOW, 'ARRY MY DEAR, WE SHALL SEE WOT WE SHALL SEE?
ANSWERS
YETH. WE SHALL THEE!
TEST CARD. RULE 10 SECTION 6. 1984.
SUBJECT | RESULT
BRAINS..... NIL 10/10
THOUGHTS.. NIL 10/10
SPORTS..... NIL 10/
POLITICS.... NIL
GIRLS.... NIL
THOUGHTS... NIL
100%
1st CLASS NITWIT... NIL
...YOUR LUCK TODAY...
A SLOW-MOVING SENSE OF FRUSTRATION PERMEATES YOUR LIFE....
THIS IS A BIG BROTHER PUBLICATION
AMAZING!... YOU'VE PASSED WIV HONOURS, MY DEAR!

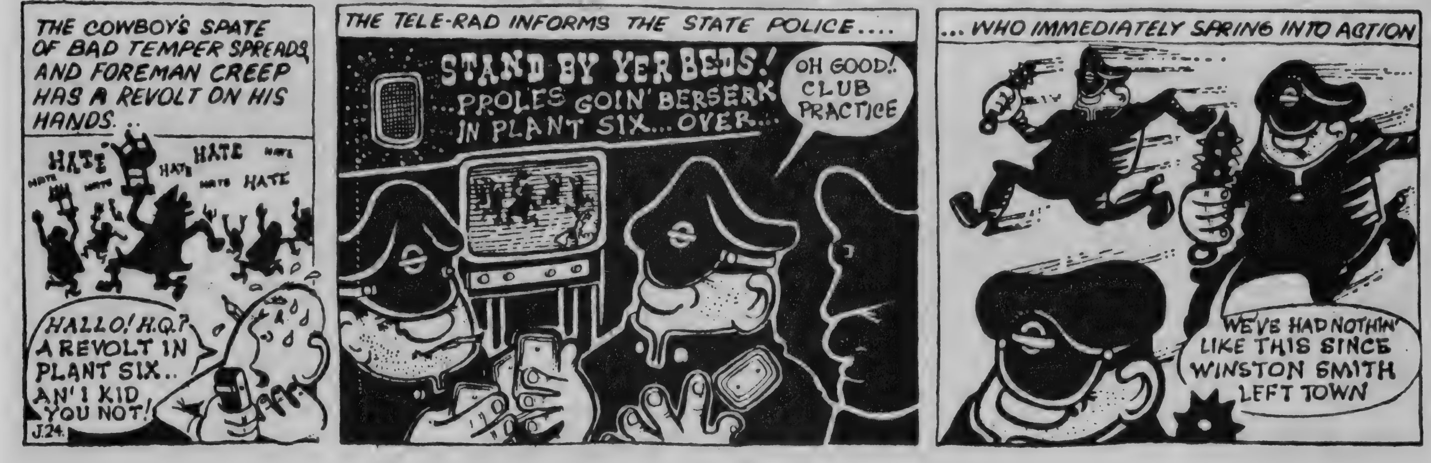

WITH THE AID OF HIS FOURTH DIMENSION HOOP, FOUR D. JONES HAS PASSED THROUGH TIME FROM 1870 INTO 1984, WHERE HE IS SET UPON BY THE STATE POLICE, WHO, FOLLOWING BIG BROTHER'S ORDERS, DRESS JONES IN A PROPER PEOPLE'S UNIFORM. HE IS THEN PUT TO A TEST TO PROVE HIMSELF A COMPLETE NITWIT THIS. HE PASSES WITH HONOURS...
AHH! BIG BROTHER MY DEAR.... JONES PASSED EASILY!
J19
PASSED?.. WELL DONE, MY DE....ER ..SPLENDID. NOW!.. PUT HIM TO WORK IN PLANT SIX... THE BUTTON PRESSIN' DEPT.
WORK?. GOLDERN, I CAN'T THINK AFTER THAT
THE STATE POLICE MARCH JONES INTO A LIFT...
LOOK, BOYS, GET ME MY HOOP AN' LET ME GO HOME.
YOU ARE GOING HOME!
LIFT
SIX

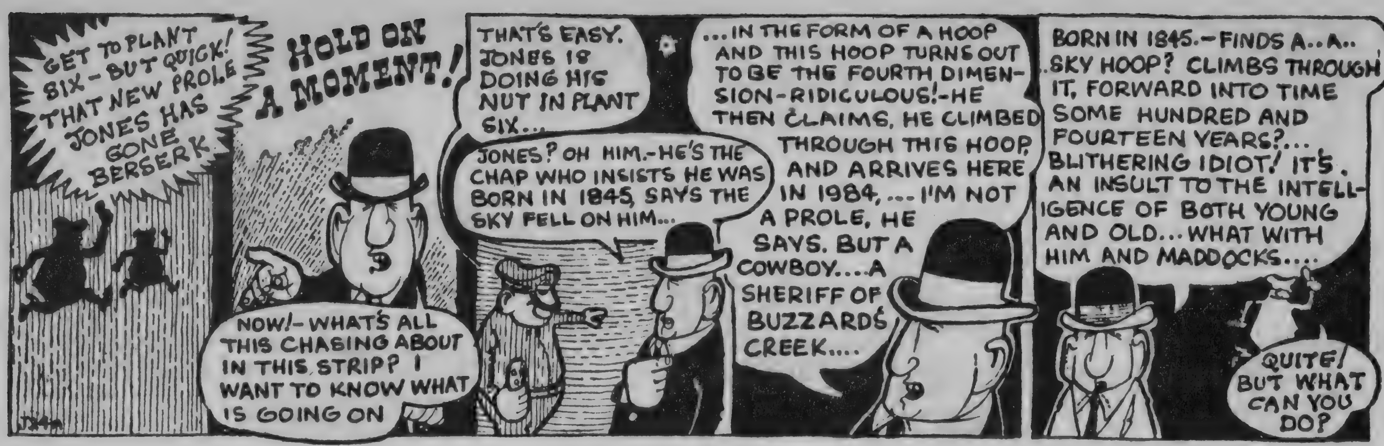

THE LIFT COMES TO A HALT, SOME TWO HUNDRED FEET BELOW GROUND LEVEL...
BB J
LIFT
HEY THERE! YOU WITH THE STARS ON YOUR SHIRT. PUT THIS PROLE TO WORK.
YES, SIR. FOREMAN CREEP AT YOUR SERVICE!
J 20
RIGHT!
FORWARD, PROLE. SIT 'ERE AN' PRESS THESE 'ERE THREE BUTTONS EACH TIME THIS 'ERE LIGHT FLASHES. DROP A CLANGER AN' IT'S ROOM 101 FOR YOU... AND I KID YOU NOT!
PUSH WHAT? ... WHEN? -CLANGER?
SILENCE!
UNION? ...WHAT UNION?
YOUR PAY IS TWO AN' SIX PER WEEK- MINUS TWO BOB TAX. AN' SIXPENCE UNION!
WHAT UNION! WHY, THE ONE THAT GOT US OUR 140 HOUR 7 DAY WEEK. WHAT DO YOU WANT? SLAVERY? I KID YOU NOT
BBT

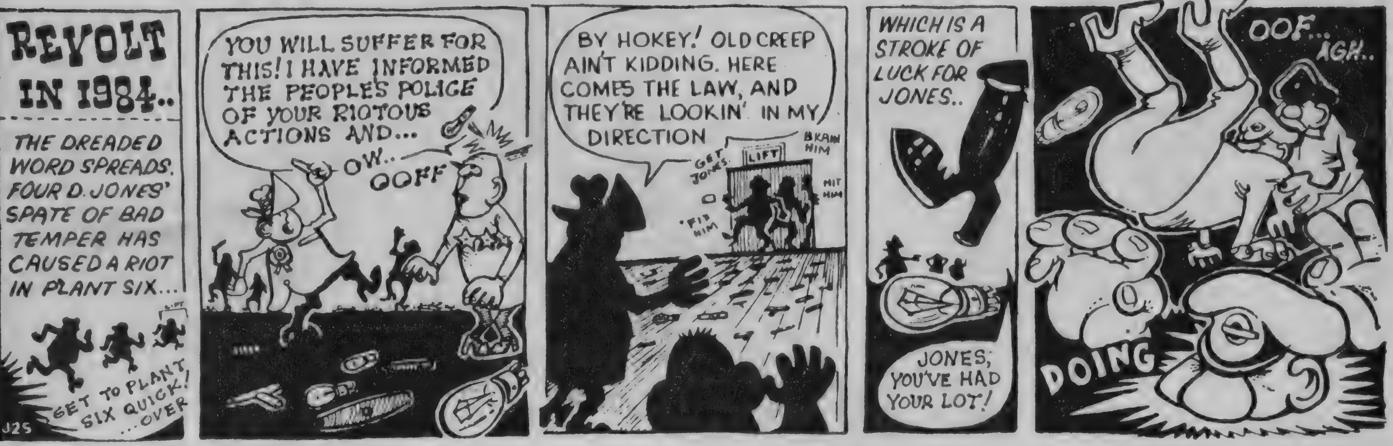

HOKAY! ENOUGH OF THIS YATTER TE YAT.... TO WORK!.. ...AS FOREMAN OF THIS 'ERE DEPT., I AM RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE 'ERE BUTTONS. AUTOMATION, MY POOR PROLE, IS BIG BROTHER'S GIFT TO THE UNIVERSE ...AND—I KID YOU NOT!
IF.. I MAY GET A WORD IN, Mr. CREEP. THE STATE POLICE SAID I WAS GOIN' HOME... ..AND I W...
WHAT!!
J21
HOME... HOME! ...THIS IS YOUR 'OME. THANKS TO OUR BELOVED UNION, WE, THE WORKERS, 'AVE.. ...ETC. ETC. ETC.
BIG BROTHER PRESENTED ME WITH THESE THREE STARS, ONE FOR EACH 100 PROLES I SNEAKED ON. ..AHH!!...'ERE COMES OUR SHOP STEWARD WITH YER UNION CARD...
OH! MY GIDDY AUNT!
ER...UM...CHARLIE! I'VE GOT HIS..ER...UM U.U.U.U.UNION CCC.. CC...CARD..
CLOINK CLINK TINK TINKLE TONK CLINK CLINK CLINK CLONK CLINK
TINKLE CLONK

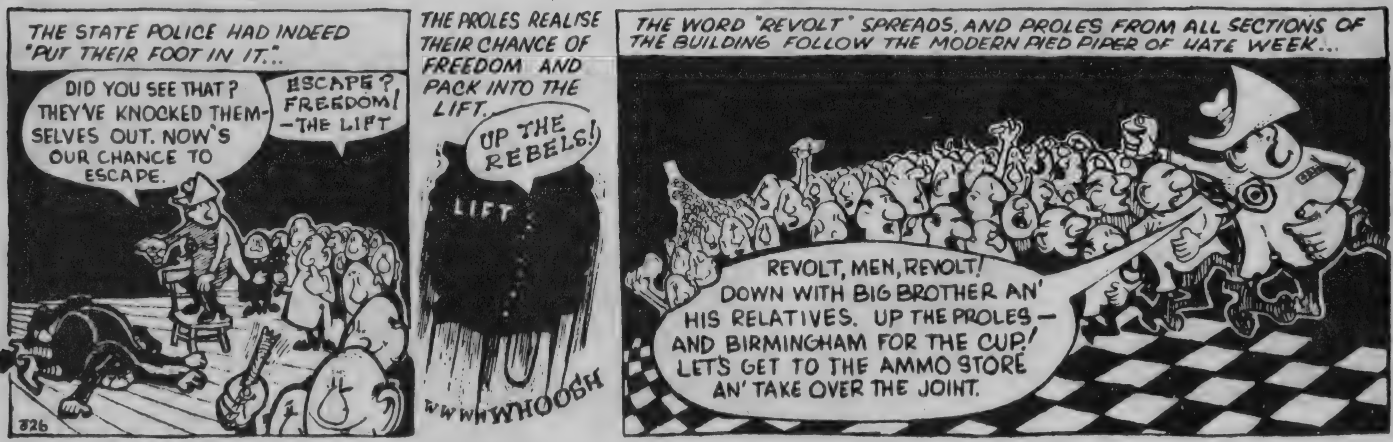

JONES RELUCTANTLY SETS TO WORK ON THE BUTTON MACHINE
FLASH-PRESS - FLASH-PRESS... I MUST GET TO MY HOOP.
J22
THE TELE-SCREEN SPRINGS TO LIFE...
ATTENTION! ATTENTION, ALL PROLES. AS YOU KNOW, THIS WEEK IS HATE WEEK.- WE WILL NOW HAVE A HATE BREAK
THE PICTURE CHANGES
HATE HATE HATE HATE HATE
SAYEEE, THAT'S THE FIRST FEMALE I'VE SEEN SINCE I GOT HYAR —HOW COME ?
HATE - WHAT-OH! WE HATE GIRLS. BIG BROTHER SAYS HE WANTS TO BREED A RACE OF MEN ONLY. WOMEN WILL SOON BE EXTINCT!
...BIG BROTHER.. WANTS..TO..BREED ..A..RACE..OF.. MEN..ONLY..BIG.. - GOLDERN I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE, OR I'LL BE AS BARMY AS THEY ARE
HATE HATE HATE HATE HATE
4D2U2

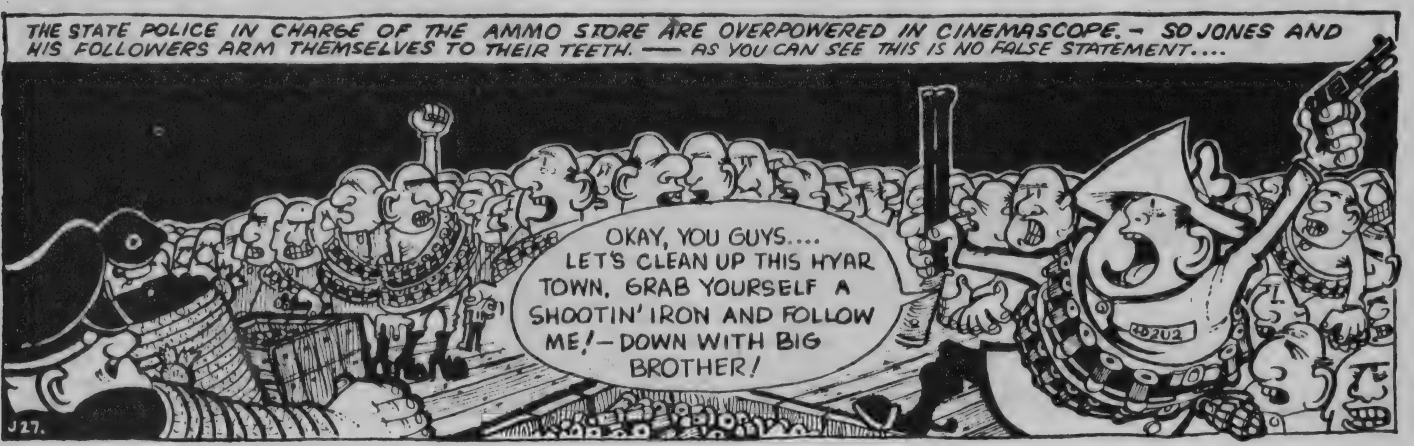

I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER. EVERYBODY'S GOIN' LOCO!
HATE HATE HATE HATE HATE HATE HATE
J23
AND WHAT'S MORE, I WANNA GO HOME. STAND BACK-!! I'M ABOUT TO DO ME NUT
IT MUST BE A HATE DANCE!
ALAS... POOR JONES.. THINGS HAVE PROVED TOO MUCH FOR HIM... AS A RESULT, OUR TIMID COWBOY GOES BERSERK....
MUSTARD AND CUSTARD AN' BLUE -BERRY PIE!!... GIVE ME BACK MY HOOP.. I'M GOING HOME...
WAAAAAAGH ME BEAUTIFUL BUTTONS!

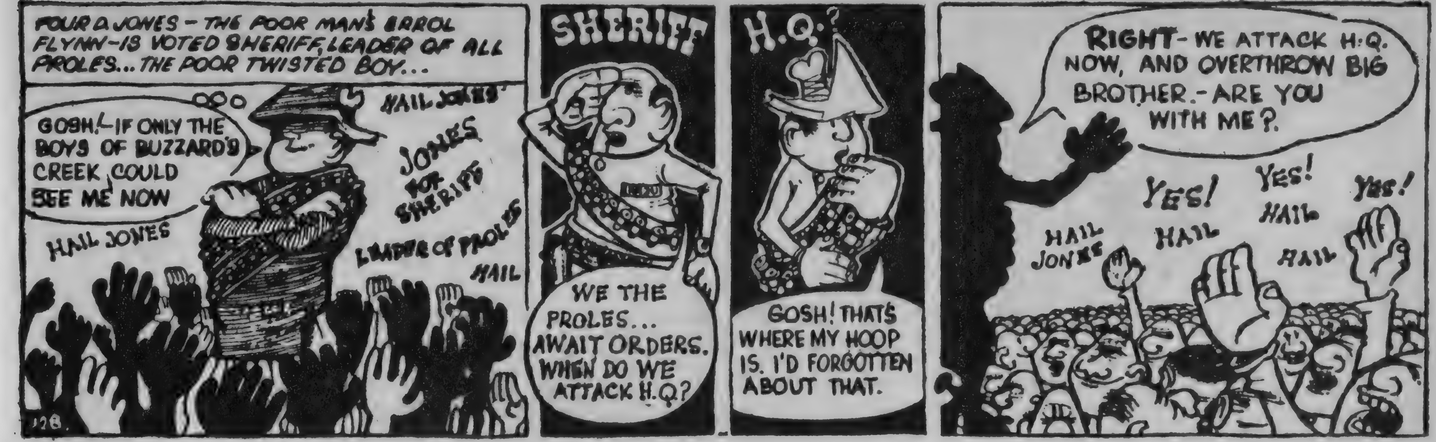

THE COWBOY'S SPATE OF BAD TEMPER SPREADS AND FOREMAN CREEP HAS A REVOLT ON HIS HANDS...
HATE HATE HATE HATE HATE HATE HATE HATE HATE
HALLO! H.Q.? A REVOLT IN PLANT SIX.. AN' I KID YOU NOT!
J.24.
THE TELE-RAD INFORMS THE STATE POLICE....
STAND BY YER BEDS! ...PROLES GOIN' BERSERK IN PLANT SIX... OVER...
OH GOOD!. CLUB PRACTICE
... WHO IMMEDIATELY SPRING INTO ACTION
WE'VE HAD NOTHIN' LIKE THIS SINCE WINSTON SMITH LEFT TOWN

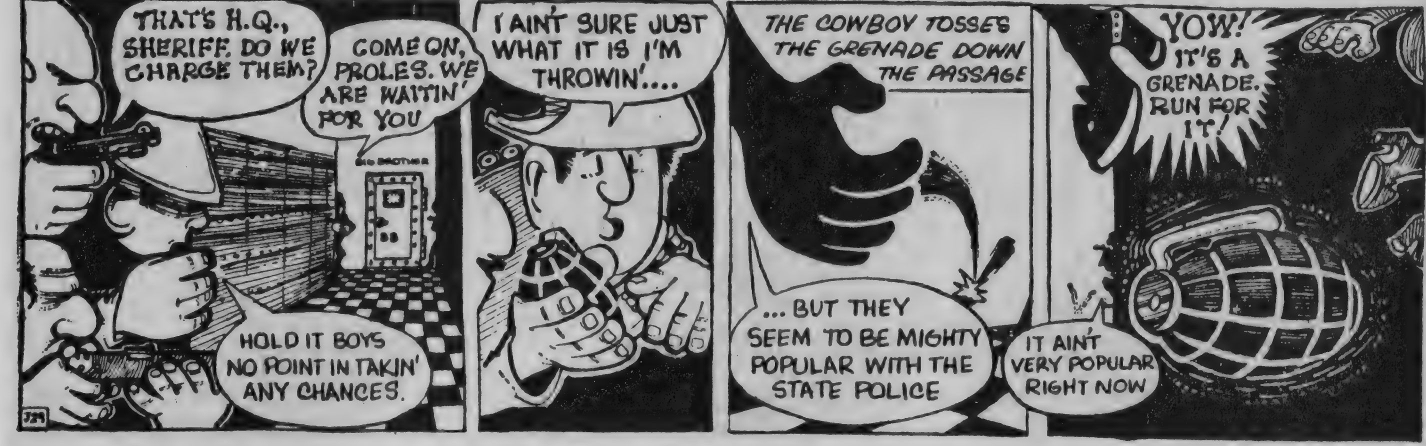

GET TO PLANT SIX - BUT QUICK! THAT NEW PROLE JONES HAS GONE BERSERK
HOLD ON A MOMENT!
NOW!- WHAT'S ALL THIS CHASING ABOUT IN THIS STRIP? I WANT TO KNOW WHAT IS GOING ON
J24
THAT'S EASY. JONES IS DOING HIS NUT IN PLANT SIX...
JONES? OH HIM.- HE'S THE CHAP WHO INSISTS HE WAS BORN IN 1845, SAYS THE SKY FELL ON HIM...
...IN THE FORM OF A HOOP AND THIS HOOP TURNS OUT TO BE THE FOURTH DIMENSION- RIDICULOUS!- HE THEN CLAIMS, HE CLIMBED THROUGH THIS HOOP AND ARRIVES HERE IN 1984, ... I'M NOT A PROLE, HE SAYS. BUT A COWBOY.... A SHERIFF OF BUZZARDS CREEK....
BORN IN 1845.- FINDS A.. A.. SKY HOOP? CLIMBS THROUGH IT, FORWARD INTO TIME SOME HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN YEARS?... BLITHERING IDIOT! IT'S AN INSULT TO THE INTELLIGENCE OF BOTH YOUNG AND OLD... WHAT WITH HIM AND MADDOCKS....
QUITE! BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO?

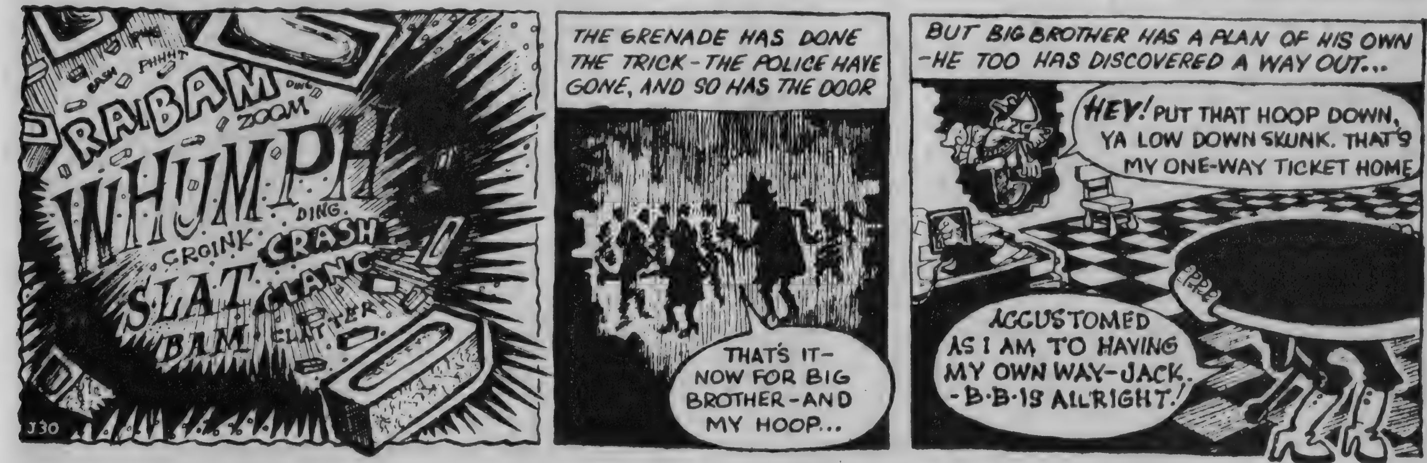

REVOLT IN 1984..
THE DREADED WORD SPREADS. FOUR D. JONES' SPATE OF BAD TEMPER HAS CAUSED A RIOT IN PLANT SIX....
GET TO PLANT SIX QUICK! ...OVER
J25
YOU WILL SUFFER FOR THIS! I HAVE INFORMED THE PEOPLE'S POLICE OF YOUR RIOTOUS ACTIONS AND...
OW..
OOFF
BY HOKEY! OLD CREEP AIN'T KIDDING. HERE COMES THE LAW, AND THEY'RE LOOKIN' IN MY DIRECTION
GET JONES.
LIFT
BRAIN HIM
HIT HIM
FIX HIM
WHICH IS A STROKE OF LUCK FOR JONES..
JONES, YOU'VE HAD YOUR LOT!
OOF... AGH..
DOING

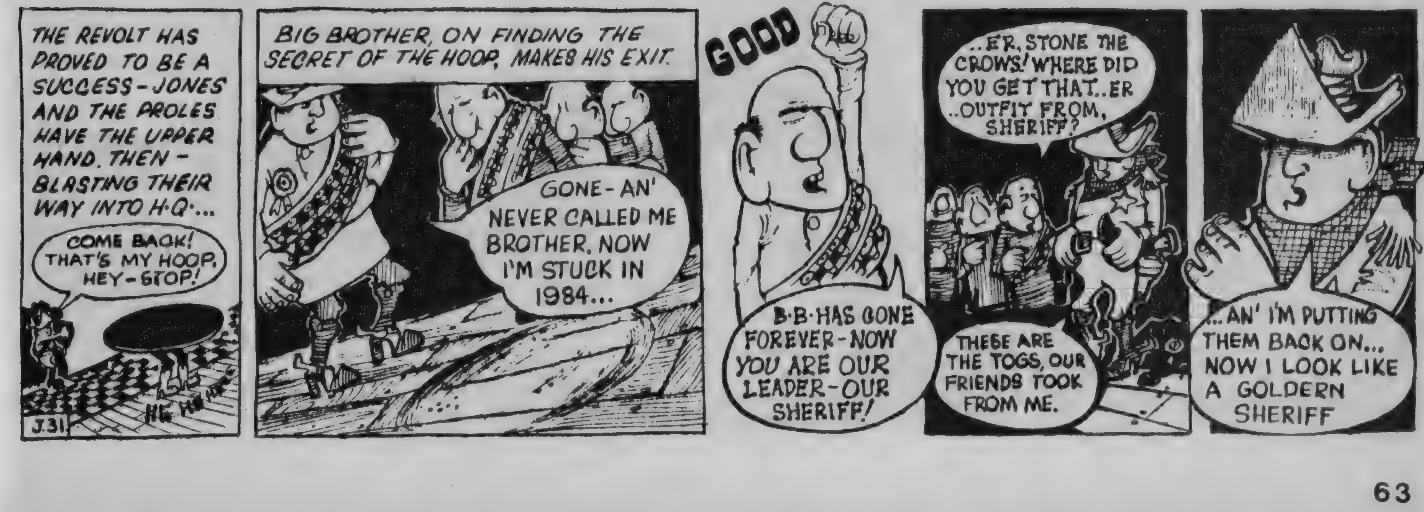

THE STATE POLICE HAD INDEED "PUT THEIR FOOT IN IT."
DID YOU SEE THAT? THEY'VE KNOCKED THEMSELVES OUT. NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO ESCAPE.
ESCAPE? FREEDOM! -THE LIFT
J26
THE PROLES REALISE THEIR CHANCE OF FREEDOM AND PACK INTO THE LIFT.
UP THE REBELS!
LIFT
WWWWHOOSH
THE WORD "REVOLT" SPREADS, AND PROLES FROM ALL SECTIONS OF THE BUILDING FOLLOW THE MODERN PIED PIPER OF HATE WEEK...
REVOLT, MEN, REVOLT! DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER AN' HIS RELATIVES. UP THE PROLES - AND BIRMINGHAM FOR THE CUP! LET'S GET TO THE AMMO STORE AN' TAKE OVER THE JOINT.

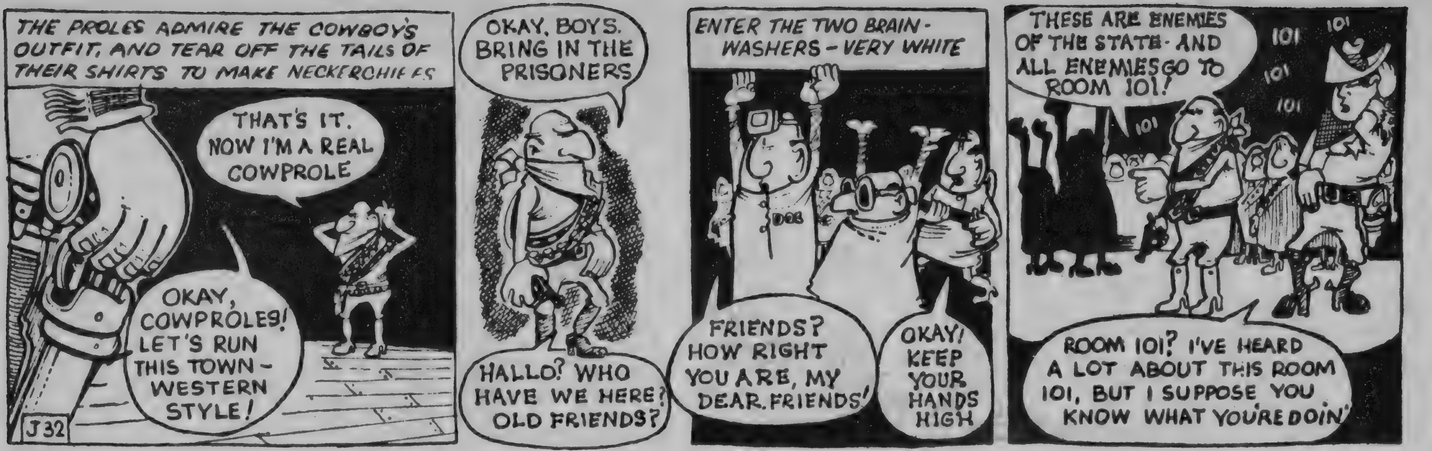

THE STATE POLICE IN CHARGE OF THE AMMO STORE ARE OVERPOWERED IN CINEMASCOPE.- SO JONES AND HIS FOLLOWERS ARM THEMSELVES TO THEIR TEETH. —— AS YOU CAN SEE THIS IS NO FALSE STATEMENT....
OKAY, YOU GUYS.... LET'S CLEAN UP THIS HYAR TOWN. GRAB YOURSELF A SHOOTIN' IRON AND FOLLOW ME!- DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER!
6D202
J27.

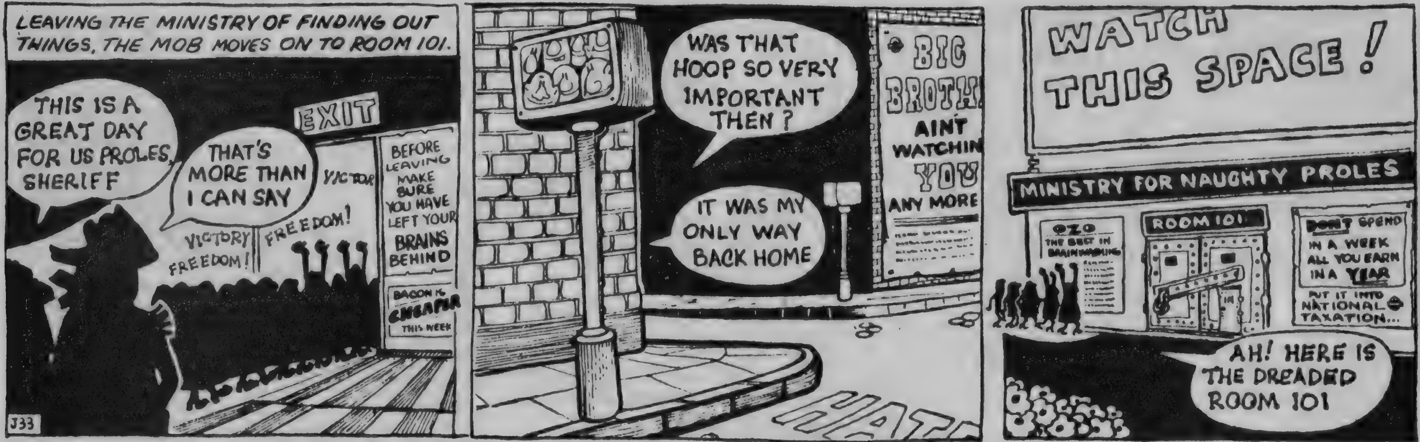

FOUR D. JONES - THE POOR MAN'S ERROL FLYNN - IS VOTED SHERIFF, LEADER OF ALL PROLES... THE POOR TWISTED BOY...
GOSH! - IF ONLY THE BOYS OF BUZZARD'S CREEK COULD SEE ME NOW
HAIL JONES'
JONES FOR SHERIFF
HAIL JONES
LEADER OF PROLES
HAIL
J28.
SHERIFF
WE THE PROLES... AWAIT ORDERS. WHEN DO WE ATTACK H.Q?
H.Q.?
GOSH! THAT'S WHERE MY HOOP IS. I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT THAT.
RIGHT - WE ATTACK H.Q. NOW, AND OVERTHROW BIG BROTHER. - ARE YOU WITH ME?.
YES! YES! YES!
HAIL JONES
HAIL
HAIL
HAIL

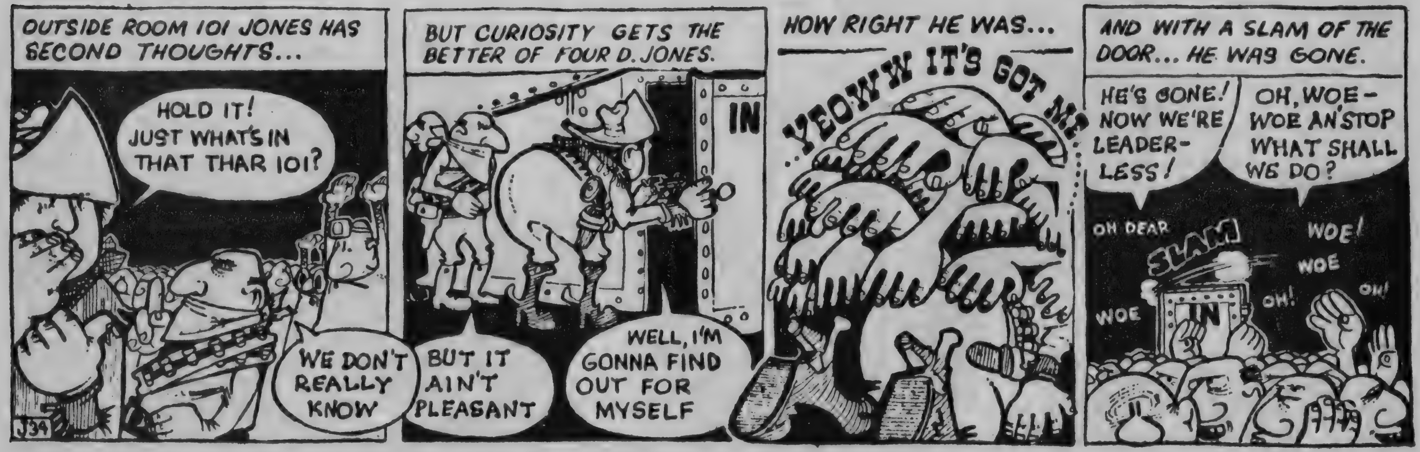

THAT'S H.Q., SHERIFF. DO WE CHARGE THEM?
COME ON, PROLES. WE ARE WAITIN' FOR YOU
BIG BROTHER
HOLD IT BOYS NO POINT IN TAKIN' ANY CHANCES.
J29
I AIN'T SURE JUST WHAT IT IS I'M THROWIN'....
THE COWBOY TOSSES THE GRENADE DOWN THE PASSAGE
... BUT THEY SEEM TO BE MIGHTY POPULAR WITH THE STATE POLICE
YOW! IT'S A GRENADE. RUN FOR IT!
IT AIN'T VERY POPULAR RIGHT NOW

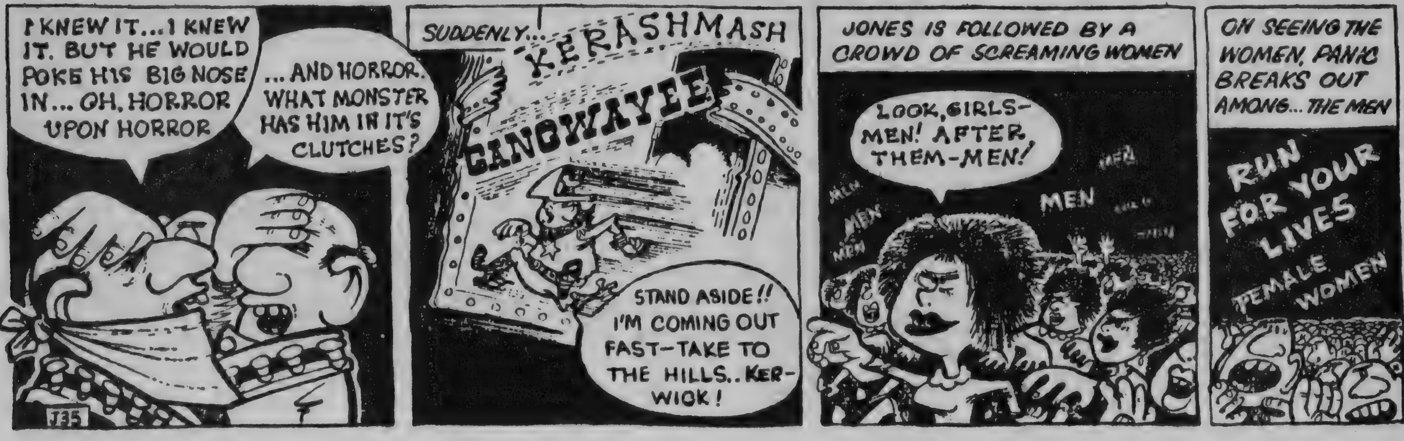

BASH
PHHHT
RA-BAM
DING
ZOOM
WHUMPH
DING.
CROINK
CRASH
SLAT
CLANG
BAM
CLATTER
J30
THE GRENADE HAS DONE THE TRICK - THE POLICE HAVE GONE, AND SO HAS THE DOOR
THAT'S IT - NOW FOR BIG BROTHER - AND MY HOOP...
BUT BIG BROTHER HAS A PLAN OF HIS OWN - HE TOO HAS DISCOVERED A WAY OUT...
HEY! PUT THAT HOOP DOWN, YA LOW DOWN SKUNK. THAT'S MY ONE-WAY TICKET HOME
ACCUSTOMED AS I AM TO HAVING MY OWN WAY - JACK. - B.B. IS ALL RIGHT!

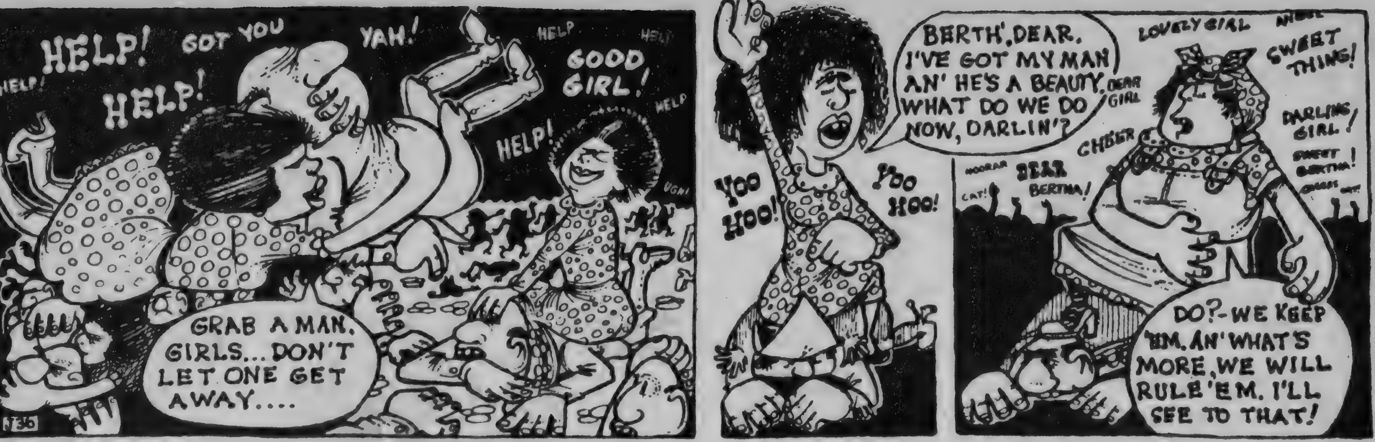

THE REVOLT HAS PROVED TO BE A SUCCESS - JONES AND THE PROLES HAVE THE UPPER HAND. THEN - BLASTING THEIR WAY INTO H.Q....
COME BACK! THAT'S MY HOOP, HEY - STOP!
HE HE HE
J.31
BIG BROTHER, ON FINDING THE SECRET OF THE HOOP, MAKES HIS EXIT.
GONE - AN' NEVER CALLED ME BROTHER. NOW I'M STUCK IN 1984...
GOOD
B.B. HAS GONE FOREVER - NOW YOU ARE OUR LEADER - OUR SHERIFF!
...ER, STONE THE CROWS! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT.. ER ..OUTFIT FROM, SHERIFF?
THESE ARE THE TOGS, OUR FRIENDS TOOK FROM ME.
...AN' I'M PUTTING THEM BACK ON... NOW I LOOK LIKE A GOLDERN SHERIFF

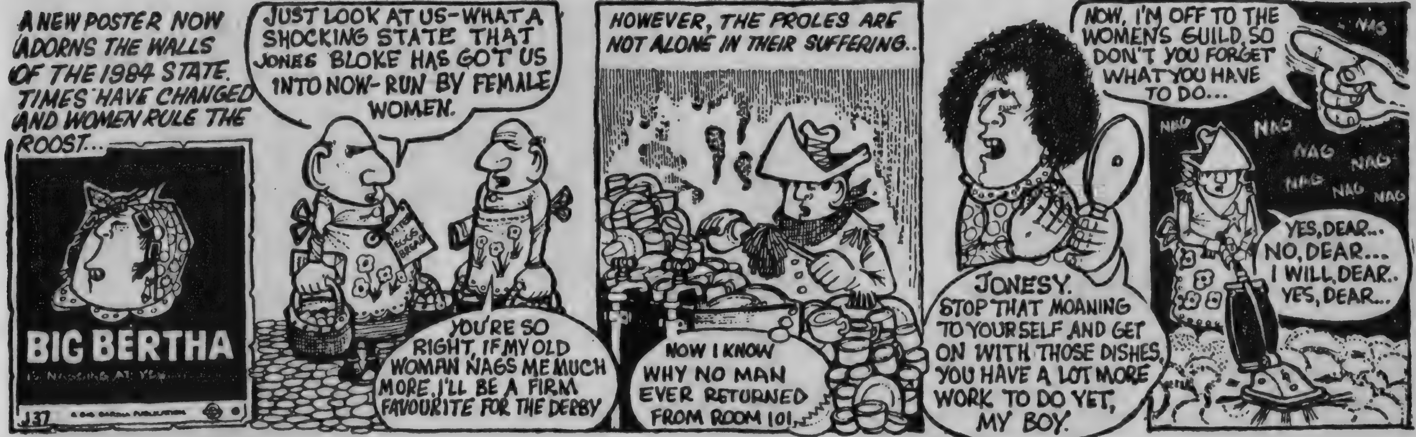

THE PROLES ADMIRE THE COWBOY'S OUTFIT, AND TEAR OFF THE TAILS OF THEIR SHIRTS TO MAKE NECKERCHIEFS
THAT'S IT. NOW I'M A REAL COWPROLE
OKAY, COWPROLES! LET'S RUN THIS TOWN - WESTERN STYLE!
J32
OKAY, BOYS. BRING IN THE PRISONERS
HALLO? WHO HAVE WE HERE? OLD FRIENDS?
ENTER THE TWO BRAIN-WASHERS - VERY WHITE
FRIENDS? HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, MY DEAR FRIENDS!
OKAY! KEEP YOUR HANDS HIGH
THESE ARE ENEMIES OF THE STATE - AND ALL ENEMIES GO TO ROOM 101!
101
101
101
101
101
ROOM 101? I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT THIS ROOM 101, BUT I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN'

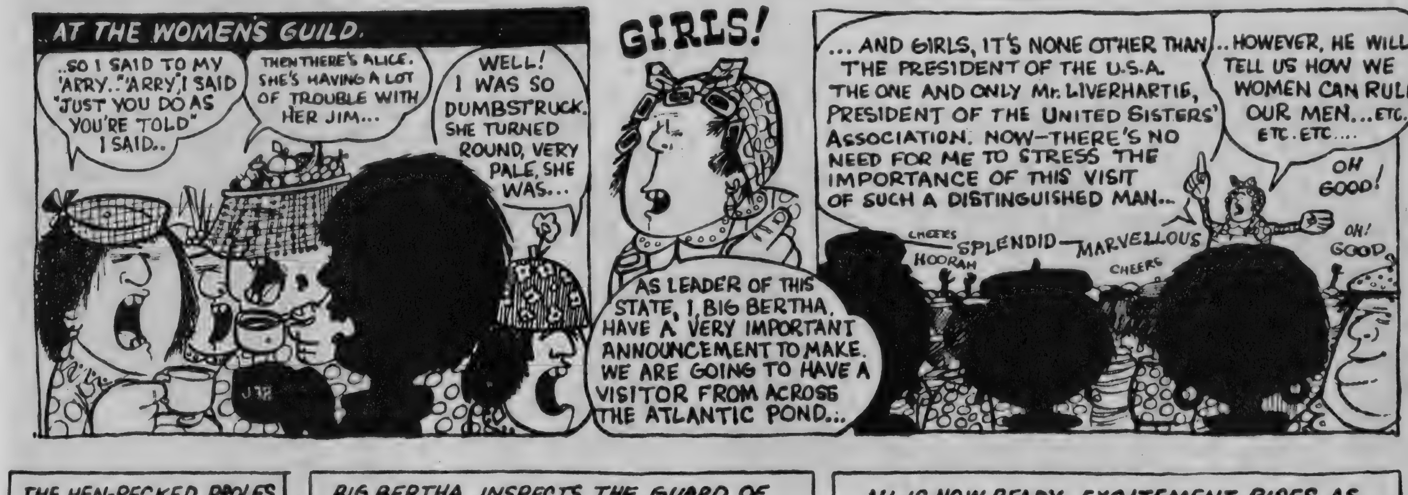

LEAVING THE MINISTRY OF FINDING OUT THINGS, THE MOB MOVES ON TO ROOM 101.
THIS IS A GREAT DAY FOR US PROLES, SHERIFF
THAT'S MORE THAN I CAN SAY
EXIT
VICTORY
VICTORY FREEDOM!
FREEDOM!
BEFORE LEAVING MAKE SURE YOU HAVE LEFT YOUR BRAINS BEHIND
BACON IS CHEAPER THIS WEEK
J33
WAS THAT HOOP SO VERY IMPORTANT THEN?
IT WAS MY ONLY WAY BACK HOME
BIG BROTH AIN'T WATCHIN YOU ANY MORE
HAT
WATCH THIS SPACE!
MINISTRY FOR NAUGHTY PROLES
OZO THE BEST IN BRAINWASHING
ROOM 101
DON'T SPEND IN A WEEK ALL YOU EARN IN A YEAR PUT IT INTO NATIONAL TAXATION...
IN
AH! HERE IS THE DREADED ROOM 101

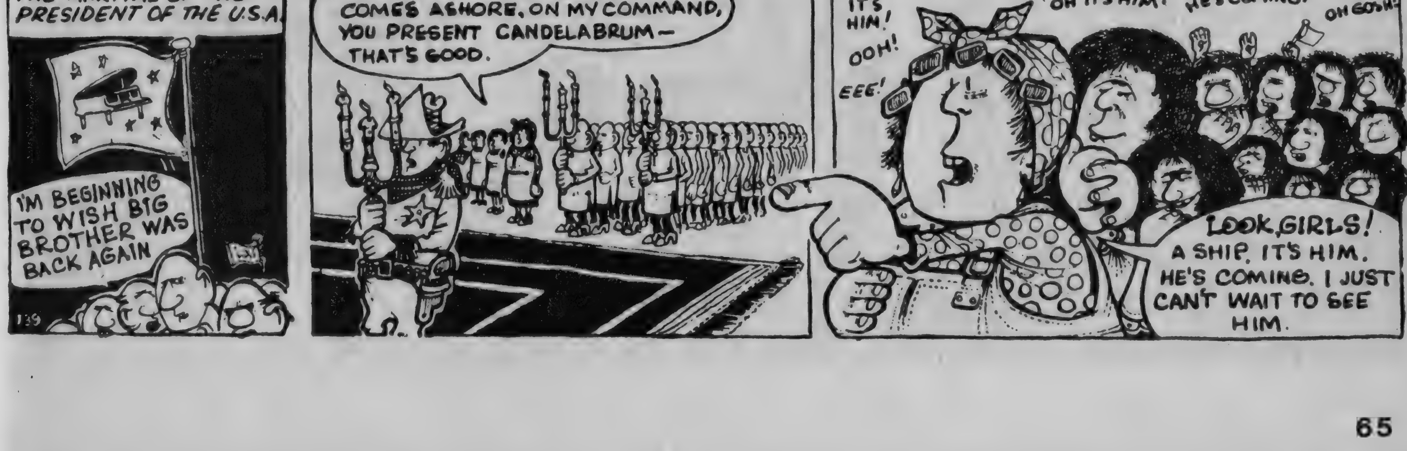

OUTSIDE ROOM 101 JONES HAS SECOND THOUGHTS...
HOLD IT! JUST WHAT'S IN THAT THAR 101?
WE DON'T REALLY KNOW
J34
BUT CURIOSITY GETS THE BETTER OF FOUR D. JONES.
IN
BUT IT AIN'T PLEASANT
WELL, I'M GONNA FIND OUT FOR MYSELF
HOW RIGHT HE WAS...
YEOWW IT'S GOT ME
AND WITH A SLAM OF THE DOOR... HE WAS GONE.
HE'S GONE! NOW WE'RE LEADER-LESS!
OH, WOE-WOE AN'STOP WHAT SHALL WE DO?
OH DEAR
SLAM
WOE!
WOE
OH!
OH!
WOE
IN

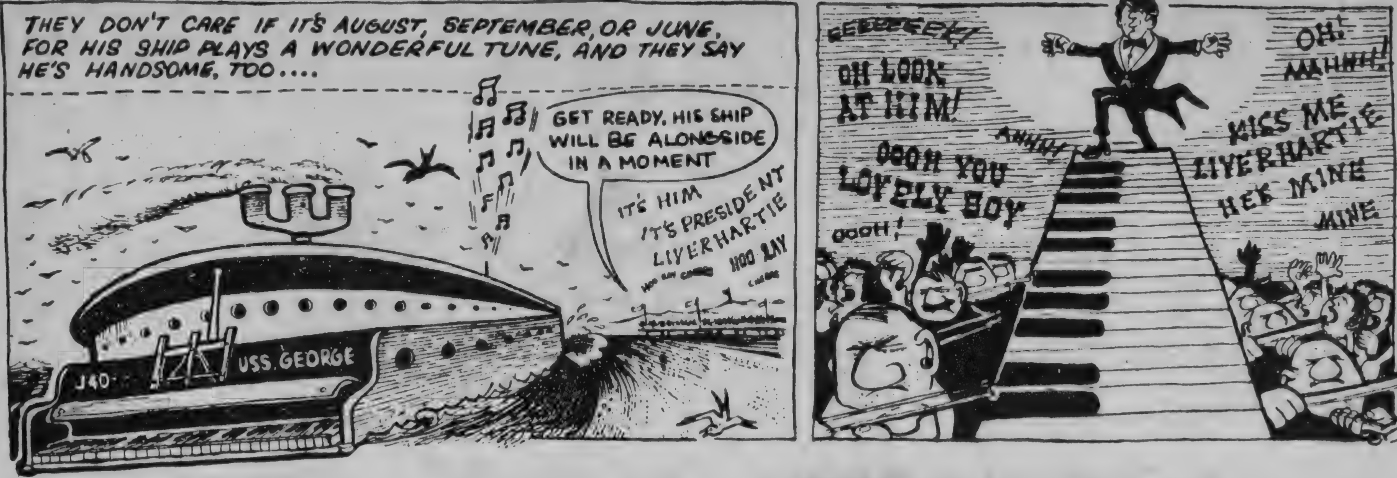

I KNEW IT... I KNEW IT. BUT HE WOULD POKE HIS BIG NOSE IN... OH, HORROR UPON HORROR
...AND HORROR. WHAT MONSTER HAS HIM IN IT'S CLUTCHES?
J35
SUDDENLY...
KERASHMASH
CANOWAYEE
STAND ASIDE!! I'M COMING OUT FAST-TAKE TO THE HILLS.. KER-WICK!
JONES IS FOLLOWED BY A CROWD OF SCREAMING WOMEN
LOOK, GIRLS-MEN! AFTER THEM-MEN!
MEN
MEN
MEN
MEN
MEN
ON SEEING THE WOMEN, PANIC BREAKS OUT AMONG... THE MEN
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES FEMALE WOMEN

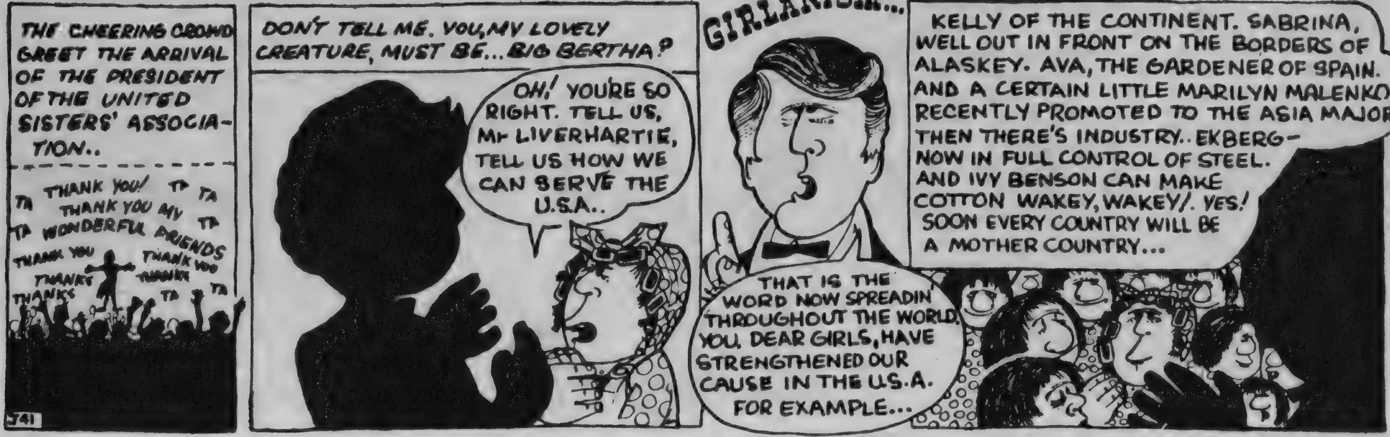

HELP!
HELP!
HELP!
GOT YOU
YAH!
HELP
HELP
GOOD GIRL!
HELP
HELP!
UGH!
GRAB A MAN, GIRLS... DON'T LET ONE GET AWAY....
J36
BERTH', DEAR. I'VE GOT MY MAN AN' HE'S A BEAUTY. WHAT DO WE DO NOW, DARLIN'?
YOO HOO!
YOO HOO!
LOVELY GIRL
SWEET THING!
DEAR GIRL
CHEER
DARLING GIRL!
SWEET BERTHA!
HOORAH
CAT!
DEAR BERTHA!
DO?-WE KEEP 'IM. AN' WHAT'S MORE, WE WILL RULE 'EM. I'LL SEE TO THAT!

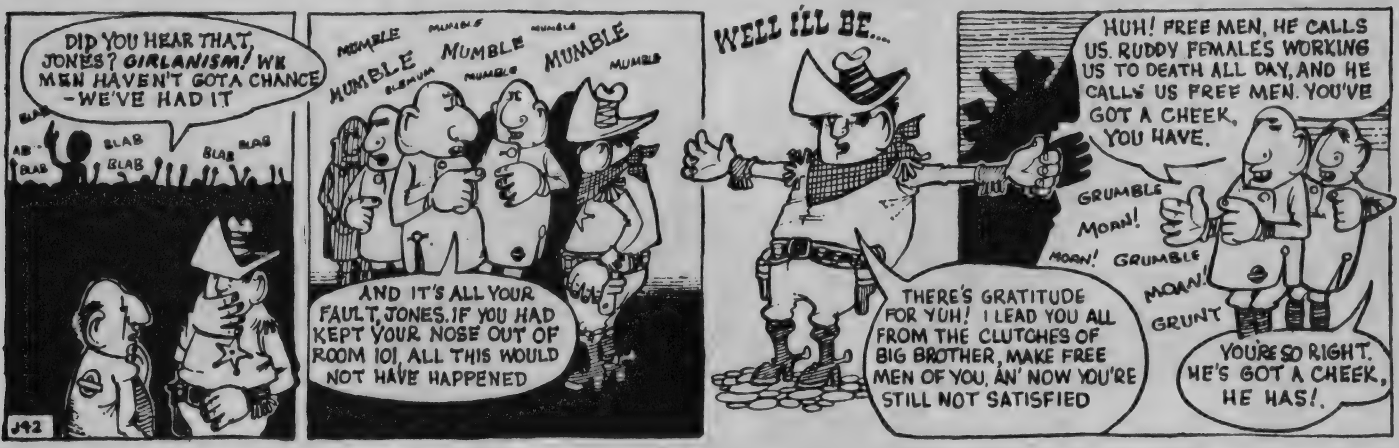

A NEW POSTER NOW ADORNS THE WALLS OF THE 1984 STATE. TIMES HAVE CHANGED AND WOMEN RULE THE ROOST...
BIG BERTHA
J37
JUST LOOK AT US-WHAT A SHOCKING STATE THAT JONES BLOKE HAS GOT US INTO NOW- RUN BY FEMALE WOMEN.
YOU'RE SO RIGHT, IF MY OLD WOMAN NAGS ME MUCH MORE, I'LL BE A FIRM FAVOURITE FOR THE DERBY
HOWEVER, THE PROLES ARE NOT ALONE IN THEIR SUFFERING...
NOW I KNOW WHY NO MAN EVER RETURNED FROM ROOM 101.
NOW, I'M OFF TO THE WOMEN'S GUILD, SO DON'T YOU FORGET WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO...
JONESY. STOP THAT MOANING TO YOURSELF AND GET ON WITH THOSE DISHES, YOU HAVE A LOT MORE WORK TO DO YET, MY BOY.
NAG
NAG
NAG
NAG
NAG
NAG
NAG
NAG
YES, DEAR... NO, DEAR... I WILL, DEAR.. YES, DEAR...

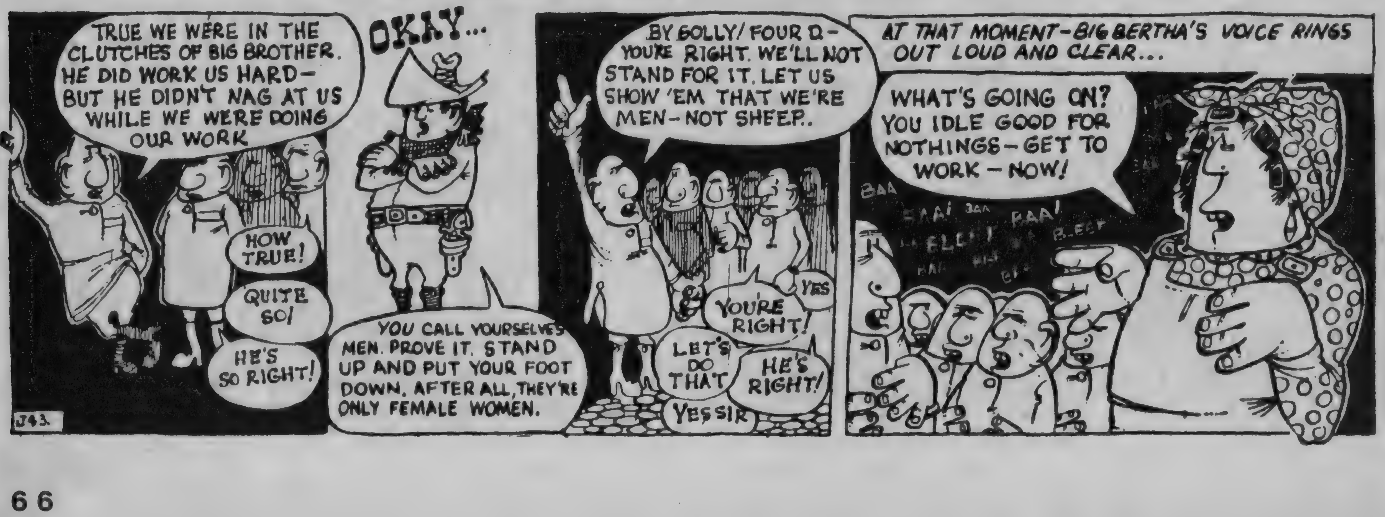

..AT THE WOMENS GUILD.
..SO I SAID TO MY 'ARRY. "'ARRY," I SAID "JUST YOU DO AS YOU'RE TOLD" I SAID..
THEN THERE'S ALICE. SHE'S HAVING A LOT OF TROUBLE WITH HER JIM...
WELL! I WAS SO DUMBSTRUCK. SHE TURNED ROUND, VERY PALE, SHE WAS...
J38
GIRLS!
AS LEADER OF THIS STATE, I, BIG BERTHA, HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO MAKE. WE ARE GOING TO HAVE A VISITOR FROM ACROSS THE ATLANTIC POND...
... AND GIRLS, IT'S NONE OTHER THAN THE PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.A. THE ONE AND ONLY Mr. LIVERHARTIE, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED SISTERS' ASSOCIATION. NOW-THERE'S NO NEED FOR ME TO STRESS THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS VISIT OF SUCH A DISTINGUISHED MAN...
..HOWEVER, HE WILL TELL US HOW WE WOMEN CAN RULE OUR MEN... ETC. ETC. ETC....
OH GOOD!
OH! GOOD
CHEERS
SPLENDID
MARVELLOUS
HOORAH
CHEERS

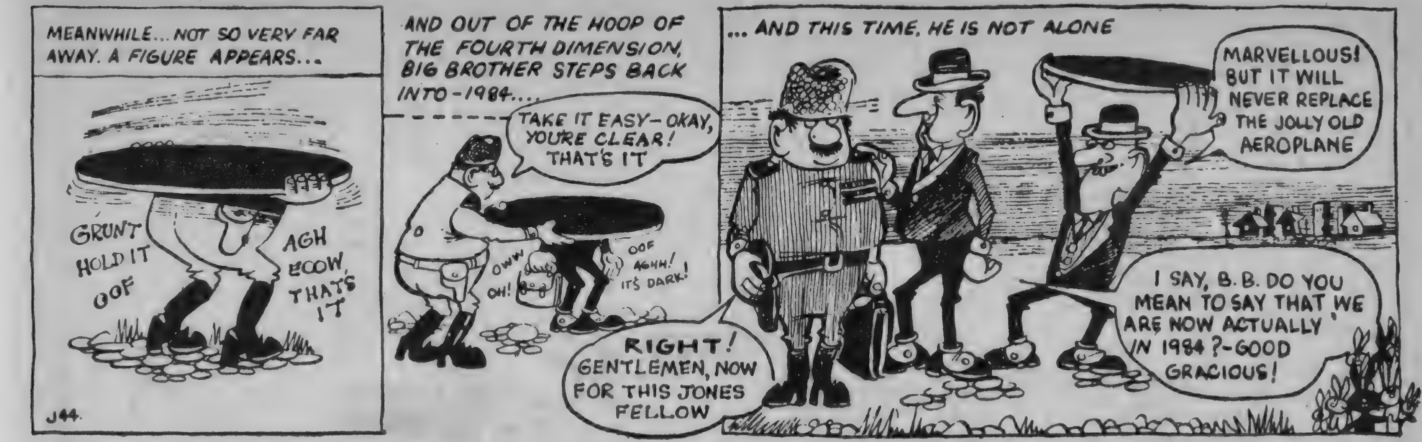

THE HEN-PECKED PROLES SUFFER GREAT NAGS... WHILE PREPARING FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.A.
I'M BEGINNING TO WISH BIG BROTHER WAS BACK AGAIN
J39
BIG BERTHA INSPECTS THE GUARD OF HONOUR LED BY FOUR D. JONES.
NOW, MEN. AS THE PRESIDENT COMES ASHORE, ON MY COMMAND, YOU PRESENT CANDELABRUM- THAT'S GOOD.
ALL IS NOW READY. EXCITEMENT RISES AS THE GIRLS AWAIT THEIR HERO'S ARRIVAL
IT'S HIM!
OOH!
EEE!
OH IT'S HIM!
HE'S COMING!
OH GOSH!
LOOK, GIRLS! A SHIP, IT'S HIM. HE'S COMING. I JUST CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HIM.

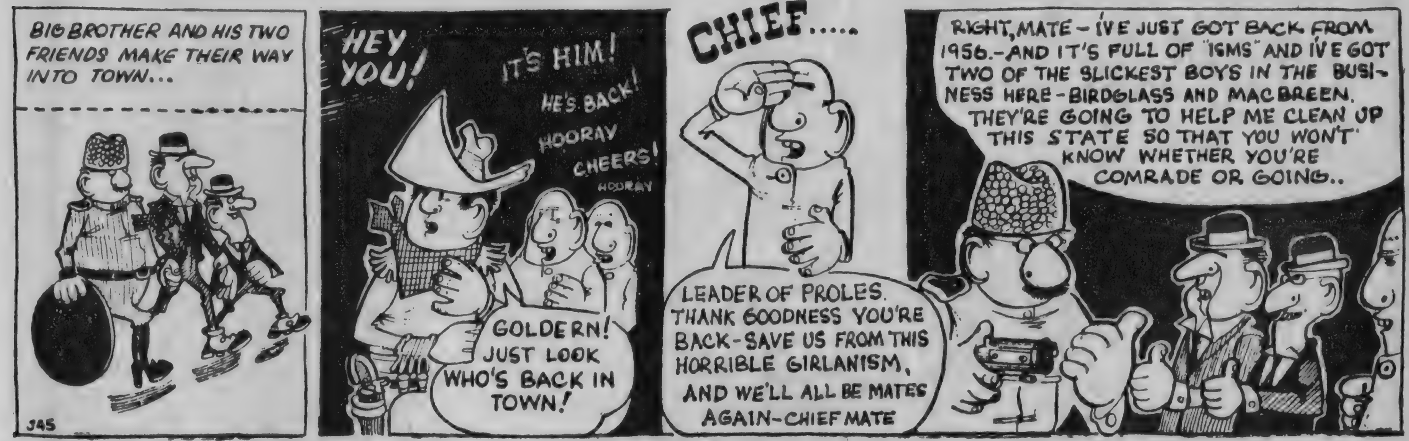

THEY DON'T CARE IF IT'S AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OR JUNE, FOR HIS SHIP PLAYS A WONDERFUL TUNE, AND THEY SAY HE'S HANDSOME, TOO....
GET READY, HIS SHIP WILL BE ALONGSIDE IN A MOMENT
IT'S HIM
IT'S PRESIDENT LIVERHARTIE
HOO RAY
USS. GEORGE
J40
EEEEEEEEK!
OH LOOK AT HIM!
OOOH YOU LOVELY BOY
OOOH!
AHHH!
OH! MAHHH!
KISS ME LIVERHARTIE
HE'S MINE
MINE

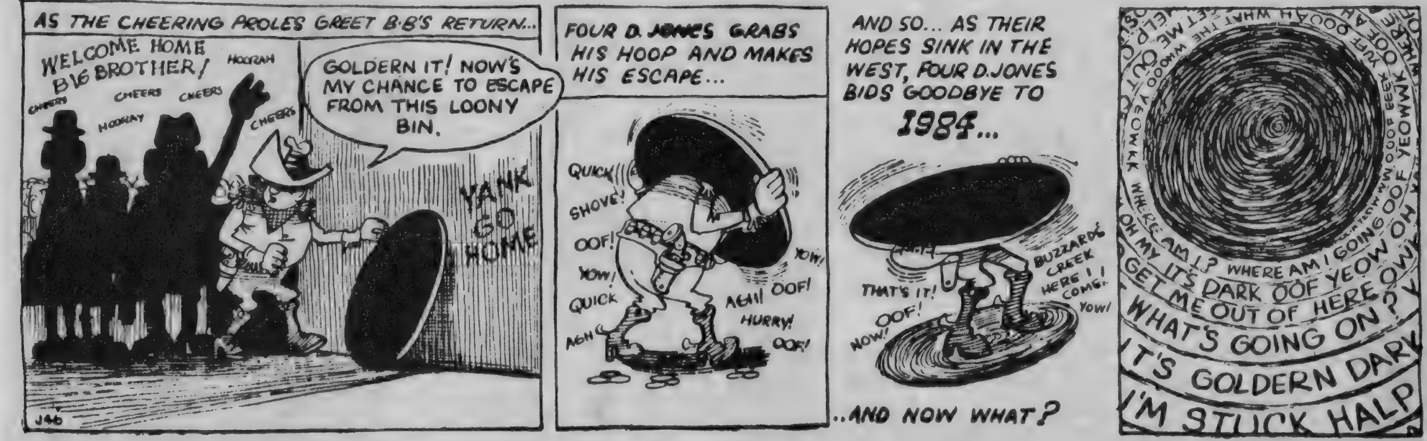

THE CHEERING CROWD GREET THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED SISTERS' ASSOCIATION..
TA THANK YOU! TA TA
THANK YOU MY WONDERFUL FRIENDS
THANK YOU
THANKS
TA
J41
DON'T TELL ME. YOU, MY LOVELY CREATURE, MUST BE... BIG BERTHA?
OH! YOU'RE SO RIGHT. TELL US, Mr LIVERHARTIE, TELL US HOW WE CAN SERVE THE U.S.A..
GIRLANISM...
THAT IS THE WORD NOW SPREADIN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. YOU, DEAR GIRLS, HAVE STRENGTHENED OUR CAUSE IN THE U.S.A. FOR EXAMPLE...
KELLY OF THE CONTINENT. SABRINA, WELL OUT IN FRONT ON THE BORDERS OF ALASKEY. AVA, THE GARDENER OF SPAIN. AND A CERTAIN LITTLE MARILYN MALENKOV, RECENTLY PROMOTED TO THE ASIA MAJOR. THEN THERE'S INDUSTRY.. EKBERG-NOW IN FULL CONTROL OF STEEL. AND IVY BENSON CAN MAKE COTTON WAKEY, WAKEY!. YES! SOON EVERY COUNTRY WILL BE A MOTHER COUNTRY...


DID YOU HEAR THAT, JONES? GIRLANISM! WE MEN HAVEN'T GOTA CHANCE - WE'VE HAD IT
BLAB BLAB BLAB
J42
MUMBLE MUMBLE MUMBLE MUMBLE
AND IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, JONES. IF YOU HAD KEPT YOUR NOSE OUT OF ROOM 101, ALL THIS WOULD NOT HAVE HAPPENED
WELL I'LL BE...
THERE'S GRATITUDE FOR YUH! I LEAD YOU ALL FROM THE CLUTCHES OF BIG BROTHER, MAKE FREE MEN OF YOU, AN' NOW YOU'RE STILL NOT SATISFIED
HUH! FREE MEN, HE CALLS US. RUDDY FEMALES WORKING US TO DEATH ALL DAY, AND HE CALLS US FREE MEN. YOU'VE GOT A CHEEK, YOU HAVE.
GRUMBLE
MOAN!
MOAN! GRUMBLE
MOAN!
GRUNT
YOU'RE SO RIGHT. HE'S GOT A CHEEK, HE HAS!.


TRUE WE WERE IN THE CLUTCHES OF BIG BROTHER. HE DID WORK US HARD - BUT HE DIDN'T NAG AT US WHILE WE WERE DOING OUR WORK
HOW TRUE!
QUITE SO!
HE'S SO RIGHT!
J43.
OKAY...
YOU CALL YOURSELVES MEN. PROVE IT. STAND UP AND PUT YOUR FOOT DOWN. AFTER ALL, THEY'RE ONLY FEMALE WOMEN.
BY GOLLY! FOUR D - YOU'RE RIGHT. WE'LL NOT STAND FOR IT. LET US SHOW 'EM THAT WE'RE MEN - NOT SHEEP..
YES
YOU'RE RIGHT!
LET'S DO THAT
HE'S RIGHT!
YESSIR
AT THAT MOMENT - BIG BERTHA'S VOICE RINGS OUT LOUD AND CLEAR...
WHAT'S GOING ON? YOU IDLE GOOD FOR NOTHINGS - GET TO WORK - NOW!
BAA
BAA! BAA
BAA!
BLEAT


MEANWHILE... NOT SO VERY FAR AWAY. A FIGURE APPEARS...
GRUNT HOLD IT OOF
AGH ECOW, THAT'S IT
J44.
AND OUT OF THE HOOP OF THE FOURTH DIMENSION, BIG BROTHER STEPS BACK INTO-1984....
TAKE IT EASY- OKAY, YOU'RE CLEAR! THAT'S IT
OWW OH!
OOF AGHH! IT'S DARK!
... AND THIS TIME, HE IS NOT ALONE
MARVELLOUS! BUT IT WILL NEVER REPLACE THE JOLLY OLD AEROPLANE
RIGHT! GENTLEMEN, NOW FOR THIS JONES FELLOW
I SAY, B.B. DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT WE ARE NOW ACTUALLY IN 1984 ?- GOOD GRACIOUS!

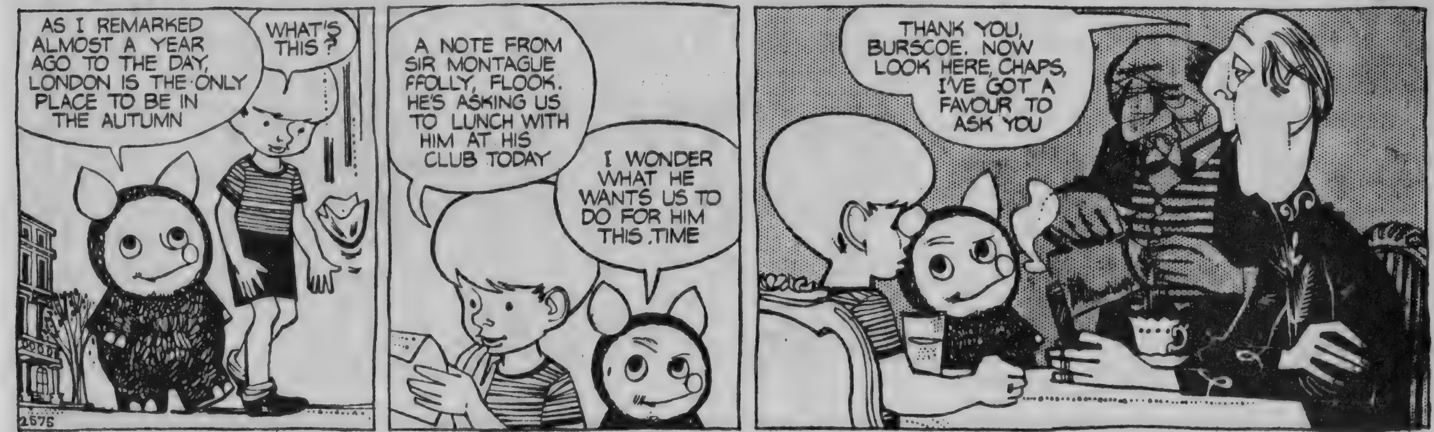

BIG BROTHER AND HIS TWO FRIENDS MAKE THEIR WAY INTO TOWN...
J45
HEY YOU!
IT'S HIM!
HE'S BACK!
HOORAY
CHEERS!
HOORAY
GOLDERN! JUST LOOK WHO'S BACK IN TOWN!
CHIEF.....
LEADER OF PROLES. THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE BACK- SAVE US FROM THIS HORRIBLE GIRLANISM, AND WE'LL ALL BE MATES AGAIN- CHIEF MATE
RIGHT, MATE - I'VE JUST GOT BACK FROM 1956.- AND IT'S FULL OF "ISMS" AND I'VE GOT TWO OF THE SLICKEST BOYS IN THE BUSINESS HERE - BIRDGLASS AND MACBREEN. THEY'RE GOING TO HELP ME CLEAN UP THIS STATE SO THAT YOU WON'T KNOW WHETHER YOU'RE COMRADE OR GOING..


AS THE CHEERING PROLES GREET B.B'S RETURN...
WELCOME HOME BIG BROTHER!
HOORAH
CHEERS
CHEERS
CHEERS
HOORAY
CHEERS
GOLDERN IT! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO ESCAPE FROM THIS LOONY BIN.
YANK GO HOME
J46
FOUR D. JONES GRABS HIS HOOP AND MAKES HIS ESCAPE...
QUICK
SHOVE!
OOF!
YOW!
QUICK
AGH
AGH!
YOW!
OOF!
HURRY!
OOF!
AND SO... AS THEIR HOPES SINK IN THE WEST, FOUR D. JONES BIDS GOODBYE TO 1984...
THAT'S IT!
NOW! OOF!
BUZZARD'S CREEK HERE I COME!
YOW!
..AND NOW WHAT?
OH MY IT'S DARK OOF YEOW
WHERE AM I? WHERE AM I GOING
GET ME OUT OF HERE
WHAT'S GOING ON?
IT'S GOLDERN DARK
I'M STUCK HALP

COMING NEXT MONTH...

FLOOK

by Trog


AS I REMARKED ALMOST A YEAR AGO TO THE DAY, LONDON IS THE ONLY PLACE TO BE IN THE AUTUMN
WHAT'S THIS?
A NOTE FROM SIR MONTAGUE FFOLLY, FLOOK. HE'S ASKING US TO LUNCH WITH HIM AT HIS CLUB TODAY
I WONDER WHAT HE WANTS US TO DO FOR HIM THIS TIME
THANK YOU, BURSCOE. NOW LOOK HERE, CHAPS, I'VE GOT A FAVOUR TO ASK YOU
2575

FANTASY AND FOLKSONG

Part Two

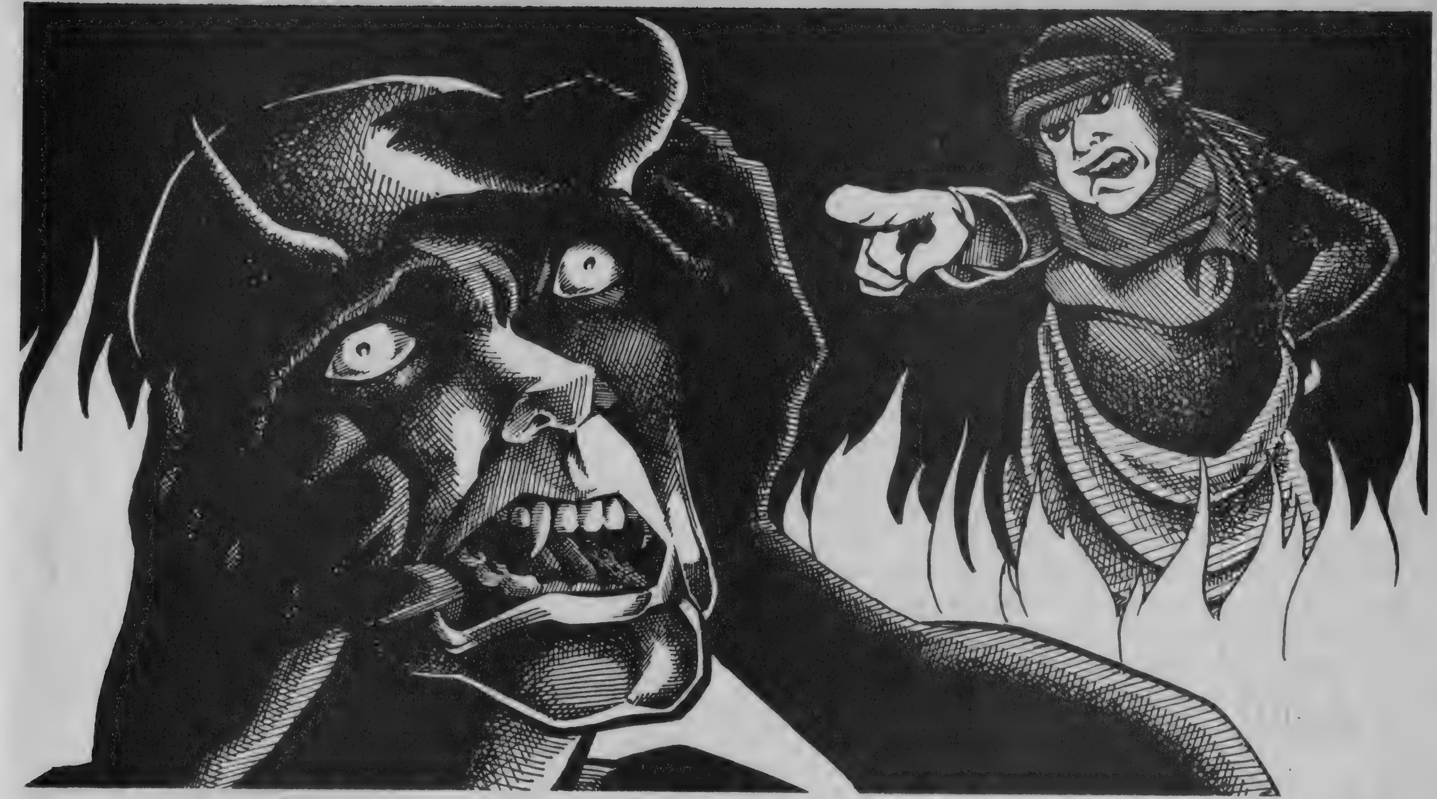
by Robert Coulson

The devil and his trickery have often been the subject of folksongs. Generally, as in fantasy fiction, he's outwitted. "The Farmer's Curst Wife" (also known as "The Old Woman and the Devil," "The Devil and the Farmer's Wife," "Oh, Daddy Be Gay" and probably other titles) is an early warning to never underestimate the power of a woman.

The Devil came to the farmer one day,
Says, "One of your family I must take away."

The farmer puts up an argument until he finds the Devil is only after his wife, at which point he says take her and welcome.

The Devil went packing her off on his back,
And down to Hell he went, snappity-crack.



©1981 Tom Howell

Once in Hell, he finds that he's got more than he bargained for. The woman picks up whatever is handy (versions vary, from a shoe to an ax), and begins dealing out death and destruction on all sides. Imps and junior devils scramble to get out of her way.

Two more little devils leaped over the wall,
Said, "Take her back, Daddy; she'll murder us all!"

Beaten, the Devil returns her to earth. The versions differ on what happens to her. In most, she settles down to henpeck her husband, but in one:

The old woman went whistling over the hill,
Said, "The Devil won't have me; I wonder who will?"

The moral also differs. Most versions end with masculine overtones.

So you see that the women are worse than the men;
When they go down to Hell, they get kicked out again.

But Hally Wood sings it differently, as does Jean Ritchie. Wood's version is:

There's one advantage women have over men;
They can go down to Hell and come back again.

Even schoolboys can outwit the Devil, as in "The False Knight upon the Road" (or "The Devil and the Schoolchild"). Actually, having run into smartass kids myself, I rather feel for the Devil here.

"Who owns thy sheep?"
Quoth the false knight upon the road.
"They're mine and my mother's,"
Quoth the wee boy, and still he stood.

"How many of them are mine?"
Quoth the false knight upon the road.
"All they that have blue tails,"
Quoth the wee boy, and still he stood.

After a few similar rounds, the Devil becomes exasperated (wouldn't you?) and wishes various disasters on the child, all of which the boy manages to top.

"I wish you were in yon sea,"
Quoth the false knight upon the road.
"And a good ship under me,"
Quoth the wee boy, and still he stood.

"With the bottom side turned up,"
Quoth the false knight upon the road.
"Ah, with you under the bottom,"
Quoth the wee boy, and still he stood.

I confess to a bit of folk-processing myself on that one; I combined a printed version by Ruth Manning-Sanders with one sung by Joe Hickerson. Like most of these songs, forms of this one were collected by Child (#3).

"The Devil's Nine Questions" combines the popular "riddle song," in which someone must solve various riddles, with a devilish confrontation; in this song, the Devil will take down to Hell the person who can't answer the questions.

(This is also known in Scotland as "Clootie," another name for the Devil.)

"Oh, what is higher than the tree?
And what is deeper than the sea?"

"Heaven is higher than the tree,
And Hell is deeper than the sea."

And so on, until all questions are answered, and the Devil "flew away in a blazing flame."

On the other hand, sometimes the Devil is not outwitted. "The House Carpenter" (or "The Demon Lover") is on the surface a fairly commonplace account of a woman who marries a laboring man, is later seduced by a nobleman, runs off to sea with him, and is drowned, presumably for her sins. But numerous folklorists have equated the nobleman with the temptation of Satan, and at least one version of the song is fairly explicit in the matter. The woman has run off with her lover, but:

Then she espied his cloven hoof, and wept most bitterly.

By then, of course, it's too late.

He stamped his foot, and the ship spun around,
And sank to the bottom of the sea.

Witches and witchcraft are available in plenty. "Alison Gross" recounts the trials of a young man desired by a witch.

Oh Alison Gross, that lives in yon tower,
The ugliest witch in the north country,
Has trysted me all day up till her bower
And many a fair speech she made to me.

However, he rejects her, and she responds in witchly fashion.

She's turned me into an ugly worm,
And made me toddle about a tree.

Eventually, the Queen of the Fairies takes pity on him and restores him to his "ain proper shape." A similar fate befalls the hero of "The Laily Worm and the Machral." ("Worm," incidentally, denotes what we would call a snake, and "machrel" is presumably mackeral, a fish.)

"I was but seven years old
When my mother she did die;
My father married the worse woman
The world did ever see.

For she has made me the laily worm
That lies at the foot of the tree,
And my sister Masery she's made
The machrel of the sea."

He then stays at the foot of his tree for several verses, occasionally biting (and poisoning) knights who happen by, until his father comes by and the worm relates his story. The stepmother is called in and forced to restore him to humanity.

She has taken a silver wand,
And given him strokes three,
And he has started up the bravest knight
That ever your eyes did see.

Interestingly, as I interpret the song, his sister refuses to be changed back.

"You shaped me once an unseemly shape,
And you'll never more shape me."

After which the father burns his witch-wife, and father, son, and mackeral presumably live happily ever after.

"White" sorcery is evident in "King Estmere," who uses it to fight off the evil King of Spain and his minions for the hand of his lady.

And aye their swords so sore did bite,
Through the help of gramarye,
That soon they have slain the fighting-men
Or forced them forth to flee.

In "Earl Mar's Daughter," the hero turns to sorcery to gain his lady; on her wedding day, he and his men are turned into birds by a friendly witch and spirit the lady away. (Pretty strong birds; well, that's the power of witchcraft.)

Talking animals are so common in folkmusic that I told the Charming Editor that I hadn't even thought about including them, but I suppose they're part of fantasy. (At least, I haven't had any intelligent discourse with the hogs around this place as yet.) We've already had a talking snake, but that could be accounted for by the witchcraft. In "The Three Ravens," also from Child, a trio of birds discusses the prospects of breakfast. A somewhat later version, "The Twa Corbies," was collected in 1803 and provides a graphic—and cynical—description of the prospects.

"In behint yon old fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new slain knight;
And nobody knows that he lies there,
But his hawk, and his hound, and his lady fair.

His hound is to the hunting gone,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl home,
His lady's taken another mate,
So we may make our dinner sweet."

The further description of pecking out eyes, etc., seems a bit graphic for modern tastes.

In "The Gay Goshawk," the lover sends his hawk to the lady with a message, and the hawk protests.

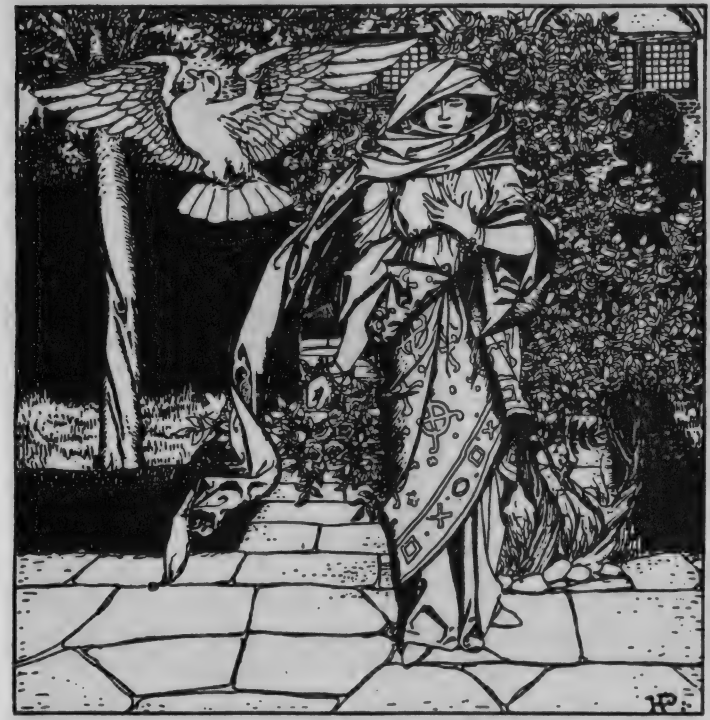
"Oh how should I your true-love find,
Or how should I her know?
When from her mouth I ne'er heard speech
Nor with mine eyes her saw."

The hero describes his love, and the hawk finds her and arranges a tryst.

"You're bidden send your love a send,
For he has sent you five,
And tell him where you'll meet with him,
If you'd find him alive."

The hawk then disappears from the ballad, but the lovers manage to meet and marry despite family opposition.

Several songs feature parrots or other birds that not only talk but carry on intelligent conversations—generally with young women who have just murdered their lovers, as in "May Colvin" or the Child ballad (#68) I quote below, "Young Hunting." (The only recorded versions I've encountered have been Americanized and are generally entitled "Love Henry.") In all versions, the young man tells his lady-friend that he's not going to marry her because he knows another young woman whom "I love thrice better than thee." She promptly stabs him. (Note: it pays to be tactful when you're breaking off a romance.) Unlike most ballad heroines, she remains unrepentent and is mostly worried about how to silence the witness to the crime. The witness is sometimes called a parrot, but in this version is referred to only as a "bird." First she tries sweet talk and bribery.



Howard Pyle, artist, from *The Wonder Clock*, 1887.

"Light down, light down, my bonny bird,
Light down upon my hand:
Oh silver, silver shall be thy hire
And gold shall be thy fee,
And every month into the year
Thy cage shall changed be."

The bird isn't having any.

I willna light down, I shallna light down,
I willna light on thy hand.
For soon, soon would ye do to me
As ye done to Young Hunting."

In some versions she then threatens the bird with vile measures if he doesn't keep his beak shut, but here she gives it up as a bad job and sets about disposing of the body, dressing it for the chase and dumping it in the River Clyde to make the whole thing look like an accident. Eventually Hunting is missed and, scuba gear being unknown in those days:

They have sent for the king's duckers,
To duck for Young Hunting.

They don't find him, but the bird flies over to lay information against the young woman and point out another superstition of the time.

"Oh, he is not drowned in Clyde's water,
He is slain and put therein;
The lady that lives in yon castle
Slew him and put him in.

Leave off your ducking on the day
And duck upon the night;
Wherever that innocent knight lies slain,
The candles will shine bright."

They follow instructions, find the body "with a green turf on his breast, to hold that good Lord down" (that's how it was done before cement was invented) and burn the culprit. No mention is made of a reward for the bird.

Conversations from what are generally regarded as non-living materials are less common in folksong, but they exist. Another Child ballad, "Binnorie," features a talking harp. In this, two princesses are courted by the same man, and the jealous elder sister pushes her sibling into the river. The body floats down to the mill dam, where it is noticed by "A famous harper, passing by."

He made a harp of her breast-bone
Binnorie, oh Binnorie.
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone,
By the bonnie milldams of Binnorie.

The strings he framed from her yellow hair,
Binnorie, oh Binnorie.
Whose notes made sad the listening ear,
By the bonnie milldams of Binnorie.

Well, waste not, want not. He brings the harp around to her father's hall, where the king's court has assembled, and the harp begins to play and sing by itself. (I'll skip the refrain in the following verses.)

He laid the harp upon a stone,
And straight it began to play alone.

Oh, yonder sits my father the king,
And yonder sits my mother the queen.

And yonder stands my brother Hugh,
And by him my William, sweet and true.

But the last tune that the harp played then,
Was, Woe to my sister, false Helen.

"Gil Brenton" features an even more unlikely conversationalist. Gil is one of these men who insist on a virgin bride, and the one he picks isn't. So she pays her serving woman to go to Gil's bed in her place on the first night. All Is Discovered, however; Gil evidently can't tell one woman from another, but certain of his bedroom furnishings can.

Gil Benton and the bonny maid,
Into a chamber they were laid.

"Oh, speak to me, blankets, and speak to me, sheets,
And speak to me, pillows, that under me sleeps:

Is this a maid that I have wedded?
Is this a maid that I have bedded?"

"It's not a maid that you have wedded,
But it's a maid that you have bedded.

Your lady's in her bigly bower,
And for you she suffers many a sharp shower."

Rather surprisingly, it turns out that the lady's only indiscretion had been with Gil himself, when he was in disguise in the woods. So presumably man, maid, and bedclothes live happily ever after. (Though If I'd been her, I'd have redecorated.)

The fantasy superhero is mostly an American invention; among English supermen I've encountered no ballads of King Arthur, and those about Robin Hood are not strictly fantasy. Australia, however, boasts "Bluey Brink," and, appropriately enough, he's a super-drinker. Bluey is an obnoxious sheep-shearer who pesters the local bartender "At morning, at evening, at night and at noon," and eventually the barkeep gets fed up.

One morning as Jimmy was cleaning the bar
With sulfuric acid he took from the jar,
Old Bluey come bawling and screaming with thirst;
"Whatever you got, Jim, just give me the first."

It ain't in the history, it ain't put in print,
But Bluey drunk acid with never a wink,
Saying, "That's the stuff, Jimmy; well strike me stone dead,
This'll make me the ringer of Stevenson's shed."

After he staggers out, the bartender is struck by remorse, but there's nothing to do about it now. Next morning, however, Bluey is not only not dead, but back in the bar, though looking somewhat the worse for wear.

With his eyebrows all singed and his whiskers deranged,
And holes in his hide like a dog with the mange.

Jimmy asks him how he likes "the new stuff" and Bluey says fine; he wants more. But he does have one problem.

"It gives me great courage to shear and to fight,
But why does that stuff set my whiskers alight?
It sets me to coughin', and you know I'm no liar,
But every cough sets my whiskers afire."

The realm of faery has inspired almost as many folksongs as it has fantasy fiction. Some are amusing, as in the Irish ballad of "The Leprechaun," which relates how a man captures one of the Little People and demands the traditional purse of gold for setting it free.

"The purse of gold? It's in her hand,
The lady by your side."
I turned to look, the elf was gone,
And what was I to do?
I laughed to think what a fool I'd been,
And the fairy was laughing, too.

I guess the moral is that you shouldn't believe everything a leprechaun tells you.

Most fairy songs are more serious. "Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight" is one with a large number of variants. The first version I heard was called "The Willow Tree" and wasn't fantasy at all, though the basic story was the same. Briefly, the lady has this elfin (or demon, or just casually brutal) lover, who inveigles her into running away with him and then decides for no good reason to murder her.

"Lie down, lie down, my pretty Polly,
Lie down, lie down," said he.
"For it's six kings' daughters I've drowned here,
And it's you the seventh shall be."

The only logic I can come up with there is that the human kingdoms are perhaps reproducing themselves too rapidly and overrunning the less fecund elves (much as you used to hear stories about the Chinese overrunning the world by sheer numbers) and our villain is out to redress the balance. At any rate, this time our heroine is more than a match for him, though she's aided by his own greed (or perhaps just a finicky nature).

"Now strip yourself, my pretty Polly,
Now strip yourself," cried he,
"For your clothing's too rich and ever-costly
For to rot in the salt of the sea."

"Well, turn your back to the leaves on the tree
And face the salt-water sea,
For it's not right such a false hearted man
A naked woman should see!"

So he turned his back to the leaves on the tree;
And faced the salt-water sea,
And with all of the strength pretty Polly did have
She pushed him into the sea.

And this particular elf couldn't swim. For a villain, he was altogether too trusting.

"King Orfeo" is one of those interminable ballads, but the basic idea is that the King of Faery seduces Orfeo's wife, and the King follows them into Faery and wins her back by playing the bagpipes. (No, the King of Faery doesn't throw them out to get rid of the noise; he's charmed by the music. Fairies are a little strange at times.)

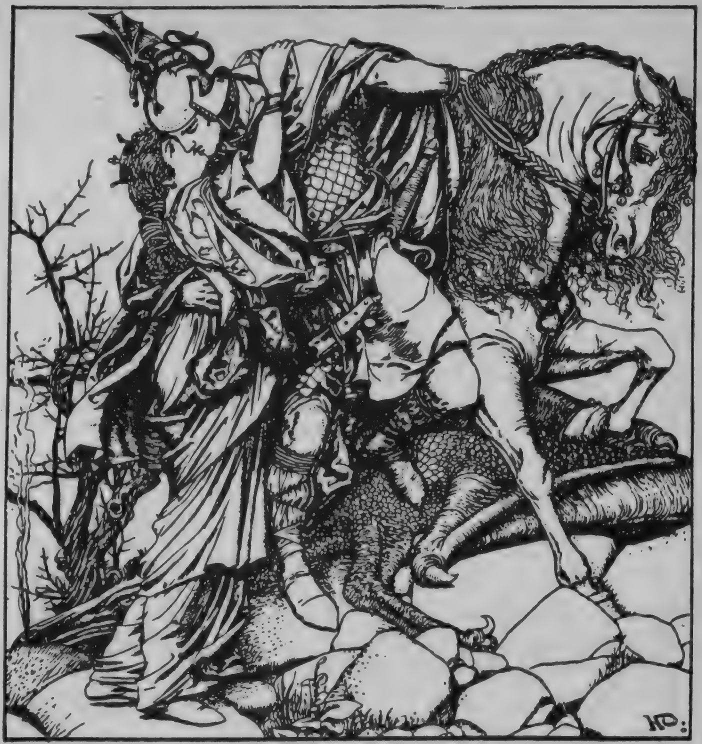
Not all ballad-heroines are as resourceful and strong minded (and strong-armed) as Lady Isabel (or Pretty Polly or whatever she's called in the version you encounter). "The Elfin Knight" is one of those multi-titled songs; it's also known as "The Cambric Shirt," and its best-known title is undoubtedly "Scarborough Fair." In the original, the lady gets the hots for an elf, who says she must perform a task for him before they can get married; she must make him a shirt, sewing it without a needle, and so on.

"And you must wash it in yonder well
Where the dew never wet nor the rain never fell,
And you must dry it upon a thorn
That never budded since Adam was born."

The outraged lady then sets a number of equally impossible tasks for her erstwhile lover, and they decide that they're really not meant for one another. (This is, incidentally, Child ballad #2; I've run across people who think that Simon and Garfunkel wrote it.)

The greatest of the folksongs about a mortal enchanted by Faery is "Tam Lin." There are about as many versions of this as there are singers or ballad books, and once again the title changes according to the version, though it's generally a close approximation of the original, such as "Tamlane" or "Tom Lynn."

"Oh I forbid you maidens all,
That wear gold in your hair,


Howard Pyle, artist, from *The Wonder Clock*, 1887.

To come or go by Carterhaugh,
For young Tamlane is there."

But of course one maiden goes anyway, meets Tamlane, and falls in love with him more or less immediately.

"Oh if my love were an earthly knight,
As he is an elfin bold,
I would not change my love," she says,
"For aught the world can hold."

She is, however, a good Christian, and worries about whether or not Tamlane was ever christened. He says that he was, and began life as a mortal gentleman.

"And once it fell upon a day,
As hunting I did ride,
There came a wind from out of the north,
A sharp wind and a snell,
A deep sleep it came over me,
And from my horse I fell;
And the Queen of the Fairies she took me
In yon green hill to dwell."

And, he says, he rather likes the life, but every seven years the fairies must "Pay a tithe to Hell" and he's afraid that next time it's going to be him. So he throws out a hint to his love-struck miss.

"This night it is good Hallowe'en,
When fairy folk do ride,
And they that would their true-love win,
At Miles Cross they must bide."

She's willing, so he explains how she can recognize him among the faery throng, and how to combat the enchantments that will be aimed at them. She goes to Miles Cross and, as the fairies ride by, she leaps out and pulls Tamlane off his horse. As he told her, the fairies try to trick her into letting go.

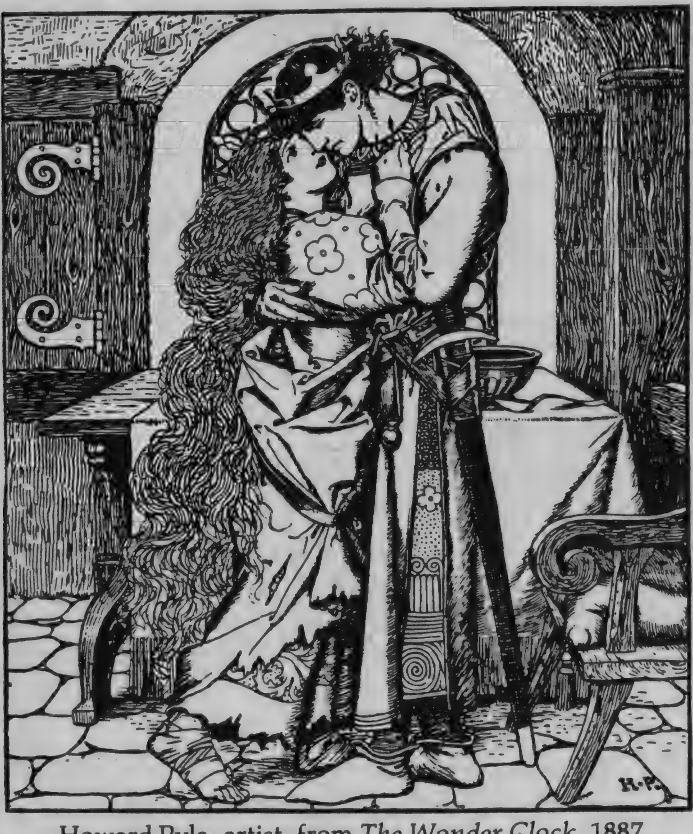
They shaped him in fair Janet's arms,
A lizard and a snake,
But aye she grips and holds him fast,
That he should be her mate.

They shaped him in her arms then,
A swan, likewise a dove;
She held him fast in every shape
To be her own true love.

They shaped him in her arms at last
A mother-naked man;
She cast her mantle over him,
And so her love was won.

For a while, anyway. *Can* a sweet, innocent country girl find happiness with an elf-of-the-world? The song assumes so.

Finally, there is another connection between fantasy and folk music. Fantasy and science-fiction writers often turn to folksongs for inspiration. Dahlov Ipcar made an excellent juvenile romance out of "Tam Lin," changing the background to the U.S. in the 1880's and titling the book *The Queen of Spells,* Viking published it in 1973, and Dell published a Laurel edition in 1975. The first time Janet meets Tom Linn, she is only eleven years old and is annoyed by his talk of princesses and knights and his vow that he'll come back and marry her when she's grown up. "That will be seven days from now." But of course a day in Faery is a year on earth, and when he comes back in seven of his days, she is indeed grown up. And, as in the song, she rescues him from the Faery.


Howard Pyle, artist, from *The Wonder Clock,* 1887.

In the back of the Dell edition, there is an ad for another Dell Laurel book, *Fair Day and Another Step Begun,* by Katie Fletcher Lyle. I've never seen a copy, but according to a quoted review, it "is drawn from an old English ballad, 'Childe Waters.'" Lawrence Yep wrote an excellent novelette titled "The Eddystone Light," which more or less tells what happens to the narrator of the ballad after the mermaid's final departure. Poul Anderson used the old English murder ballad "Sam Hall" as a theme for his novelette of the same title about a future resistance movement; Sam is made into a symbol of ultimate unconformity and rebellion.

"Oh, my name it is Sam Hall,
And I hate you one and all,
You're a bunch of bastards all,
Damn your eyes."

In this case, the original song isn't fantasy but the story made from it is.

Manly Wade Wellman has produced an entire series of short stories and one novel about the fantasy adventures of an Appalachian ballad-singer, John the Minstrel. The short stories were made into a book under the title *Who Fears the Devil?* and into a movie with the idiotic title *The Legend of Hillbilly John.* The movie itself is better than the title, but then it almost *had* to be.) The stories all incorporate folksongs in their plots; the novel *The Old Gods Waken* has less to do with folk music. Generally, Wellman used American songs in his stories. However, "Nine Yards of Other Cloth" is partly based on the old English love song, "Oh, No, John, No," and a variant of "The Wife of Usher's Well" is used in the story "Vandy,Vandy." Wellman opts for the occult definition of grammarie: "I've heard that gramaries is witch stuff, witch knowledge and power." (The nice thing about using folk music in your plots is that you can usually find whatever variation you need to fit the rest of the story.)

Sometimes the connection between story and song isn't so obvious. There are similarities between A.E. van Vogt's novel *The Wizard of Linn* and the English folk ballad "The Heir of Linne," but they're tenuous and may be coincidental. The British authors Ritchie Smith and Thomas Penman wrote a story called "The Banks

of the Nile" for *New Writings in SF#28*, but the story seeks only to evoke the mood of the ballad; the British military fighting for the Empire in a faraway location. It's not a modern version of the ballad, though it was obviously inspired by it.

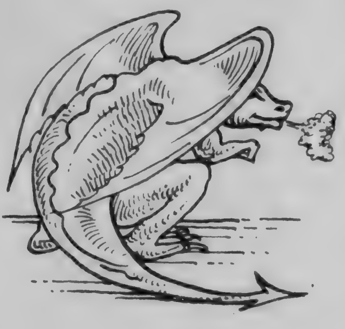
It's easy to run across folkmusic material in science fiction and fantasy, even if you're not looking for it. (After researching this article, I might even say that it's easy *especially* if you aren't looking for it.) But it makes the fiction more enjoyable if you know where it came from and have an idea of what the author is trying to say. And many of the songs are fascinating in their own right, and have far more impact when sung than they do on the printed page. Fantasy music is fun.

Discography

In writing this two-part article, the author used many references, among them the following recorded performances. Not all are still in press, but all are recommended.

Alan Arkin, 'Once Over Lightly" (Elektra EKL-21)
The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, "The First Hurrah!" (Columbia CL-2165)
Richard Dyer-Bennett, "With Young People In Mind" (Dyer-Bennett DYB-6)
Dean Gitter, "Ghost Ballads" (Riverside 12-636)
Cynthia Gooding, "Faithful Lovers and Other Phenomena" (Elektra EKL 1207)
Joe Hickerson, "Fun Songs and Ballads" (Folk-Legacy FSI-69)
"Drive Dull Care Away, Vol. II" (Folk-Legacy FSI-69)
A. L. Lloyd, "Australian Bush Songs" (Riverside 12-606)
Ed McCurdy, "The Ballad Singer" (Riverside 12-601)

Tom Paley and Peggy Seeger, "Tom Paley and Peggy Seeger" (Elektra EKS-7295)
Jean Ritchie and Oscar Brand, "Riddle Me This" (Riverside 12-646)
Susan Reed, "Old Airs" (Elektra EKL-26)
John Roberts and Tony Barrand, "Dark Ships In the Forest" (Folk-Legacy FSI-65)
Buffy St. Marie, "Little Wheel Spin and Spin" (Vanguard VRS-9211)
"Fire and Fleet and Candlelight" (Vanguard VRS-9250)
Andrew Rowan Summers, "The Unquiet Grave" (Folkways FP-64)
Hally Wood, "O Lovely Appearance of Death" (Elektra EKL-10)



EMPIRE of BOOKS

Book Reviews by Don Thompson

Modesty Blaise, the spy comic strip by Peter O'Donnell, has been running in England for some fifteen years now. It has been syndicated throughout the world, though it has proved too violent and sexy for most papers in the United States.

O'Donnell has also written several novels (the first of which, *Modesty Blaise*, was made into a truly terrible movie, a camp travesty) and one book of short stories featuring Modesty and her companion-in-arms, Willie Garvin. All the books are excellent and even more violent and sexually explicit than the strip.

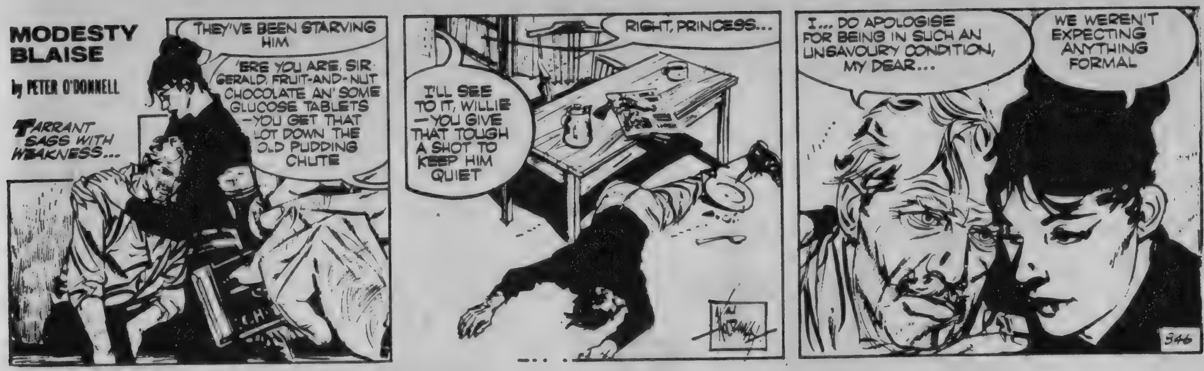
(The strip, using movie rating standards, would be PG; the books might take a firmer PG, hardly an R.)

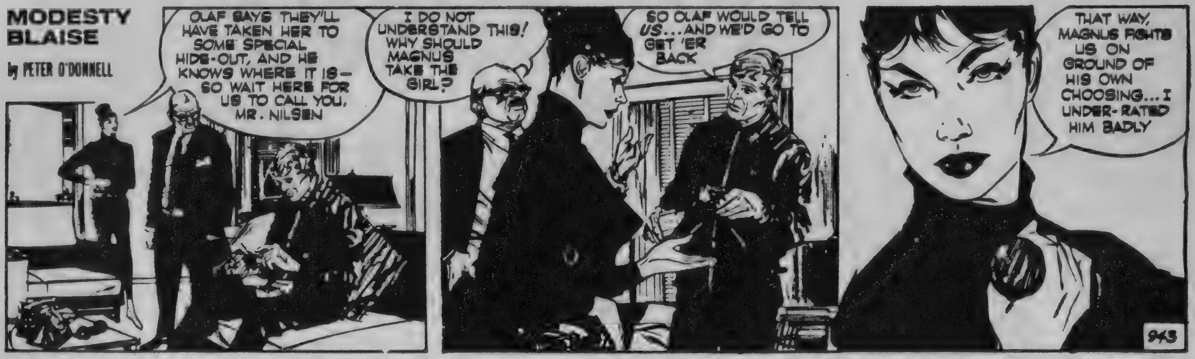
Two collections of the strip, edited by Catherine Yronwode, have been published by Ken Pierce, Box 332, Park Forest, Illinois 60466 U.S.A. They cost $5.95 each and are well worth it.

While most of the stories are not fantasy or science fiction, the strip as a whole has the feel of fantasy, much as *The Avengers* TV series has; even when the stories are nominally realistic, there is an attitude of unreality that attracts fantasy fans. Occasionally, the strip does cross the border into fantasy.

Each of these books contains two stories. Number One has "Top Traitor," in which the head of the British intelligence network for which Modesty and Willie often work is kidnapped, and "The Vikings," in which a group of modern-day Vikings pillage shipping. "The Vikings," while it contains no out-and-out fantasy elements, is far-fetched and feels as much like fantasy as those novels taking place in hitherto-undiscovered countries.

The second book offers "Uncle Happy," with a ruthless gangster and his vicious wife heading a mob with its own fortified island, and "The Mind of Mrs. Drake," which involves a psychic working for a communist spy organization. Regardless of how you feel about Extra-Sensory Perception (ESP), its use in this strong a form and to this


MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
TARRANT SAGS WITH WEAKNESS...
THEY'VE BEEN STARVING HIM
'ERE YOU ARE, SIR GERALD, FRUIT-AND-NUT CHOCOLATE AN' SOME GLUCOSE TABLETS —YOU GET THAT LOT DOWN THE OLD PUDDING CHUTE
RIGHT, PRINCESS...
I'LL SEE TO IT, WILLIE —YOU GIVE THAT TOUGH A SHOT TO KEEP HIM QUIET
I... DO APOLOGISE FOR BEING IN SUCH AN UNSAVOURY CONDITION, MY DEAR...
WE WEREN'T EXPECTING ANYTHING FORMAL
346


MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
OLAF SAYS THEY'LL HAVE TAKEN HER TO SOME SPECIAL HIDE-OUT, AND HE KNOWS WHERE IT IS— SO WAIT HERE FOR US TO CALL YOU, MR. NILSEN
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND THIS! WHY SHOULD MAGNUS TAKE THE GIRL?
SO OLAF WOULD TELL US...AND WE'D GO TO GET 'ER BACK
THAT WAY, MAGNUS FIGHTS US ON GROUND OF HIS OWN CHOOSING...I UNDER-RATED HIM BADLY
943

degree of reliability classifies it as fantasy. (In fact, until it was learned that Ken Pierce planned to publish this story, there were plans to reprint it in *Fantasy Empire*.)

What's more important than whether the stories are or are not fantasy is the fact that the stories are excellent. Modesty and Willie easily and believably outdo James Bond without any of the macho posturing in which Bond indulges. And the art by Jim Holdaway is superb.

* * *

Ballantine Books has reprinted Roald Dahl's novel, *My Uncle Oswald* ($2.95), an R-rated sex story without R-rated language. Dahl tells the hilarious story of the ultimate aphrodisiac and a 1919 method of preserving sperm—resulting in a plan to seduce the greatest men of the time and sell the chance to be the mother of their children to women yet unborn.

Dahl's randy heroine has little trouble seducing royalty, painters, and writers in general, but hits some hilarious snags with the homosexual Marcel Proust, the asexual George Bernard Shaw, and the highly analytical Sigmund Freud, whose mind does not stop working even under the influence of Powdered Sudanese Blister Beetle.

If you don't want to read about sex, do not read this book; sex is all it is about. But it is not erotic sex; it is perhaps the funniest novel about sex ever written.

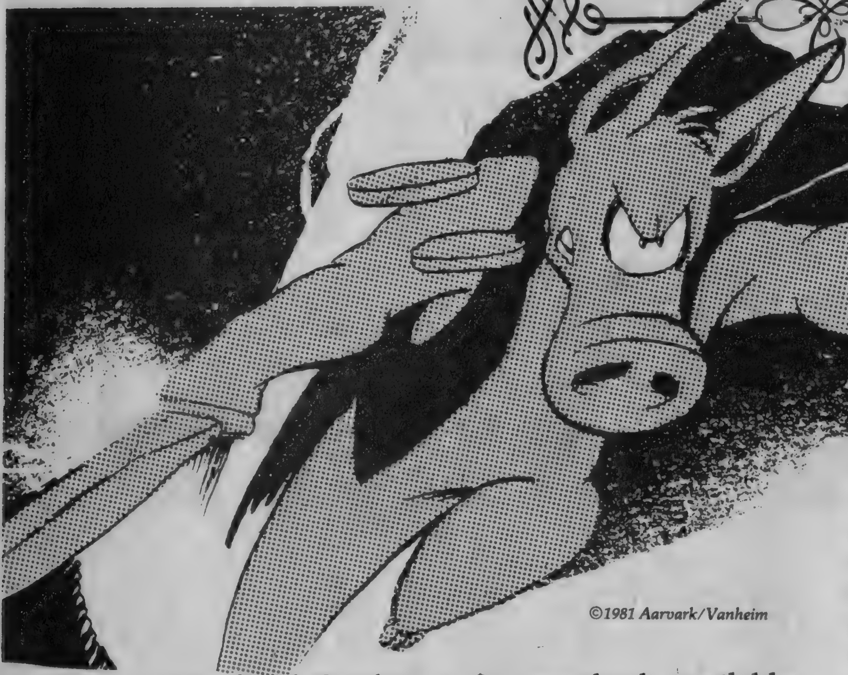
Warner Books offers *Switch Bitch* ($2.50), some wordly novelettes by Dahl. You may also be able to find a copy of *Roald Dahl's Tales of the Unexpected*, a collection of his stories released to tie in with the syndicated TV series. The author of *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* and *James and the Giant Peach* wrote just as unforgettably for adults, on topics from sex to horror—and, occasionally, on both at once.

Ballantine Books' Del Rey Division (named for the company's science fiction editor, Judy-Lynn del Rey, and her husband, fantasy editor Lester del Rey) is putting out, in larger, trade paperback editions, a line of classic SF novels published by Ballantine since 1953. The first two books ($5.95 each in the U.S.A., $6.95 each in Canada) are Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451* and Arthur C. Clarke's *Childhood End*. The former, excellent though it is, does not concern us in a publication devoted to British fantasy except to note it in passing, but the Clarke book is a true classic of British—um, is it fantasy or science fiction? That will depend on the individual's interpretation, but there are many of us who consider this Clarke's best work. (He does not agree, preferring his later works, but authors seldom are the best judges of their own work.)

If you have never read this book, which involves the ultimate Saviors of Earth, you have a real treat in store. If you have read it, here is a chance to get it in a more permanent binding. The regular paperbound edition will remain available.

Incidentally, for those who insist on thinking that the author of a novel believes whatever his characters believe, note this disclaimer on the copyright page of *Childhood's End*: "The opinions expressed in this book are not those of the author."

* * *



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Swords of Cerebus, a $5 paperback available through comics and science fiction shops and by mail from various dealers, reprints the first four issues of *Cerebus the Aardvark*, the comic book by the Canadian genius (the word is one I use sparingly, particularly in comics, but it applies here) Dave Sim. Sim's art and stories started on a high level with *Cerebus #1*, then took quantum leaps forward with each of the next two issues. He is still getting better, with the regular *Cerebus* comic now numbering in the twenties.

Cerebus is, basically, a satire of *Conan the Barbarian*, Marvel's comic-book version of Robert E. Howard's sword-and-sorcery hero. To stop there would be like calling Sherlock Holmes a private detective. True, but inadequate, because there are levels of meaning in each Cerebus adventure and because Sim travels afield to satirize also Red Sonja and Michael Moorcock's Elric of Melnibone ("All right! You ASKED for it, now you must face my sword... SEERSUCKER! That's a joke, son—but no one's going to get it for at least five thousand years..." "TARIM! Who would BELIEVE a sword could get rusty enough to turn BLACK?").

There are several laughs in each of the five stories—in addition to reprints of the first four issues, there is a new story with layouts by Marshall Rogers—and they are *real* laughs, not just smiles.

If you've been missing out on *Cerebus*, this is perhaps your only chance to catch up; those early issues are long out of print and $100.00 has been offered for a copy of the first issue.

I would like to receive review copies of any fantasy or science fiction books by British (including Australian and Canadian) writers, particularly those published in the United Kingdom. More and more science fiction and comics specialty shops are carrying British publications, and there is a rapidly growing American audience for such books. Please send review copies to Don Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor, Ohio 44060.

PLAIN ENGLISH

Even though Fantasy Empire *is a bimonthly (with two months between issues), the time between issues hasn't been long enough to permit #2 to contain letters of comment on our first issue. However, there has been mail from people interested in the magazine. I'd like to hear from you. Remember your name and address will be used unless you specifically request their deletion; you won't be paid, but people all over the world will read what you have to say.*

Nancy Arena
4902 Premiere
Lakewood, California 90712

I saw the proofs on the new book by Jean-Marc Lofficier at his house yesterday. It's in two volumes and it's fantastic! With the help of the BBC and DWAS and several other sources, he has put together a program guide and an index that defies description. The cover of the hardback has the faces of the *five* Doctors very well done (especially Jon Pertwee).

In the second volume (the index), for example, he lists Earth and gives its history from the Doctor's standpoint, which includes all references to Sol 3 past, present, and future in chronological order. H.R. Allen is the publisher, and the set's release date is May 21, 1981. It will be a must for *Who* people.

I've heard that the regeneration scene [in the last episode of *Doctor Who*'s eighteenth season] was very well done, thank goodness. At least, Tom Baker went out with a rousing finish.

Everything I've heard so far about the two-volume work The Doctor Who Programme Guide *has led me to feel that it will turn out to be The Basic Work on the longest-running science fiction show in the world. Each volume is about one hundred thirty pages long: volume one listing all the stories (each with a brief plot outline, cast and credits); volume two offering a list of all the Doctor's companions and, as Nancy says, a one-hundred page concordance/index listing, according to Jean-Marc Lofficier, "all the places, characters, phenomena, themes, etc... of the* Doctor Who *universe." There's also an index of the people involved in making the show, a list of book adaptations, and the like. Come now, could* any *fan of the series pass up this plum?* Fantasy Empire *will be reviewing the book as soon as possible, and I hope U.S. dealers will shortly be importing the set.*

The author has announced that there will be a delay in publication of the paperback edition. He was forced to work from sources that in many *cases did not always include the stories as they were broadcast. (Some films have been lost.) In many cases, changes were made (for example) between the original script and the actual performance. In an effort to correct as many discrepancies as possible, he is currently working with suggestions from the BBC in order to bring the set into total conformity with the episodes as they were originally seen. In the meantime, though, the first hardcover edition is available but expensive.*

◆

John Peel
287 Carlton Hill
Carlton
Nottingham, NG4 1GW
England

Over Christmas, we had two surprises: First, another [Edith] Nesbit story on screen. It was her short short story "The Mystery of the Disappearing Schoolgirls." (The BBC also informed me that in 1968 it did *The Railway Children* as a serial, with Jenny Agutter starring. Of course, she also starred in the 1973 film version—interesting!) Second, there was a new show from Verity Lambert [original producer of *Doctor Who*], *Stainless Steel and the Star Spies*. It's very hard to describe, except to say that it was very, very funny. Ed Bishop did the voice of Stainless Steel, a metalien (made of metal), a Muppet-like creature. The story dealt with the quest of the starship *Compromise*, looking for the Kleptonite ball on Earth. (All coincidental names are the source of jokes.) I assume it's going to become a series. If it is, it could become as cult-producing as the Muppets. Verity Lambert hits another winner.

◆

Jean Airey
6626 Rocky Den Road
Reynoldsburg, Ohio 43068

In November 1980, Columbus' local PBS channel had a fund-raising drive with *fun* in it, and I (on behalf of *Doctor Who*) landed in it with both feet.

It all started when Senior Producer Marge Kehner took my home and work phone numbers "in case someone asks about starting a local DW club." What neither of us anticipated was that her assistant would decide to announce the numbers over the air. The phones rang constantly for an hour. At that point, I knew only one other DW fan in Columbus, but from the response we decided to form a local club, The Prydonian Renegades. My phone numbers were "deannounced" the next night and for the rest of the week: "Jean Airey can't get her work done; if you're interested in the Doctor Who Club, write WOSU, Channel 34." Understand, now, at this point the club was not organized, but I'd decided we'd have a monthly newsletter, some local meetings, and minimal dues (about $3 a year), and we'd try to get members to join NADWAS or DWIN, as well.

Channel 34 was showing *Doctor Who* every weeknight at 6:00 and for an hour on Sundays. For the fund-raising week, Marge asked me to be on during the DW breaks on Sunday and the following Wednesday—in costume. Watching the fund-raiser before I went on, I realized that people were being offered "bonuses" for pledging special amounts to the station (a membership in the Columbus Zoo for a family membership pledge, special certificate/book from Sesame Street, etc.). The station also had, during the DW breaks, items donated by two of our local bookstores, to be given to the person calling in a legitimate pledge on a randomly selected phone. I felt that the local club should show its support for the station and offered a free club membership for anyone calling in a $60 pledge. The station is informing me as the payments are made, and more than forty pledges have been made to date.

Needless to say, I was not expecting that many people being that willing to pledge that amount of money to join a fan club! However, I do think that the offer "paid off" for the station—and certainly demonstrated in very graphic fashion the fact that DW fans are willing to support the show. This is an especially important consideration, since PBS stations are now looking at the funds required to acquire the newest package of *Doctor Who* and, naturally, questioning the worth of the expenditure.

I believe that fans of *Doctor Who* are willing to show their support of the show in such a positive fashion and I'd urge anyone with a PBS station showing the program to contact it to offer whatever support might be appropriate when that station is raising local money.

Have any other readers made similiar efforts to help channels carrying Doctor Who*? Please write to* Fantasy Empire *about your experiences!*

Maggie

COSMIC VISIONS

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1981 will see the start of an authorized comic strip adaptation of Edgar Rice Burrough's last Martian novel, **John Carter and the Skeleton Men of Jupiter**, drawn by Bret Blevins. **RBCC** is the only place that you will find this important comics serial.

RBCC will also cover films and SF. There will be features of the new **Flash Gordon**, as well as coverage of important sf novels and collections, including examinations of Frank Herbert's **Dune** saga and the work of Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

The comics scene will also be covered in features on Steve Ditko's Spider-Man which will examine what made this series unique and why it epitomizes what Marvel comics were all about in the early Sixties. Plus, an editor at one of the comics companies recently told a writer that "Comics are not meant to show feelings." **RBCC** will take that statement to task and show exactly why it's completely wrong.

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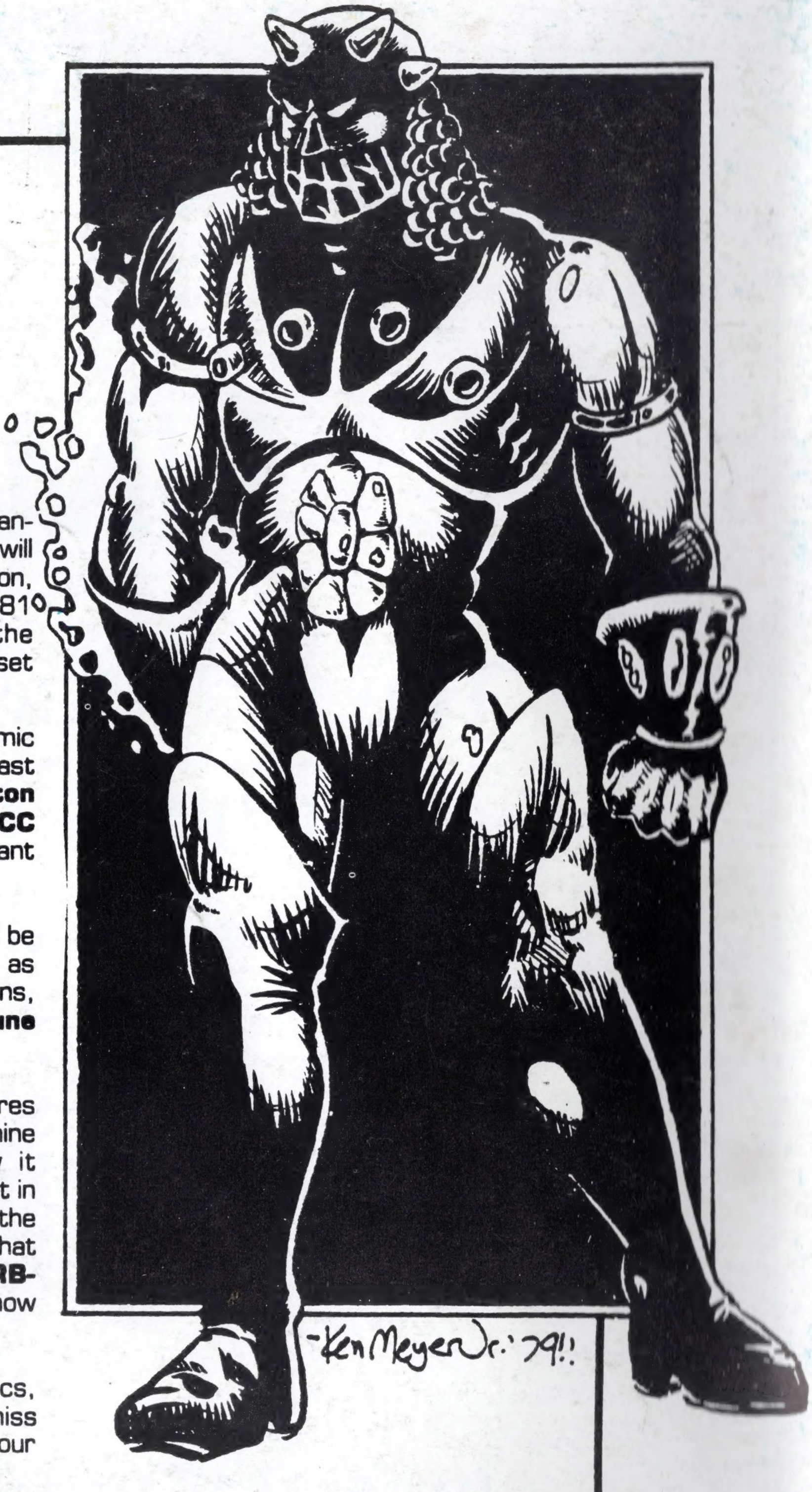
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